Dec. 12, 1983

THE NEW YORKER

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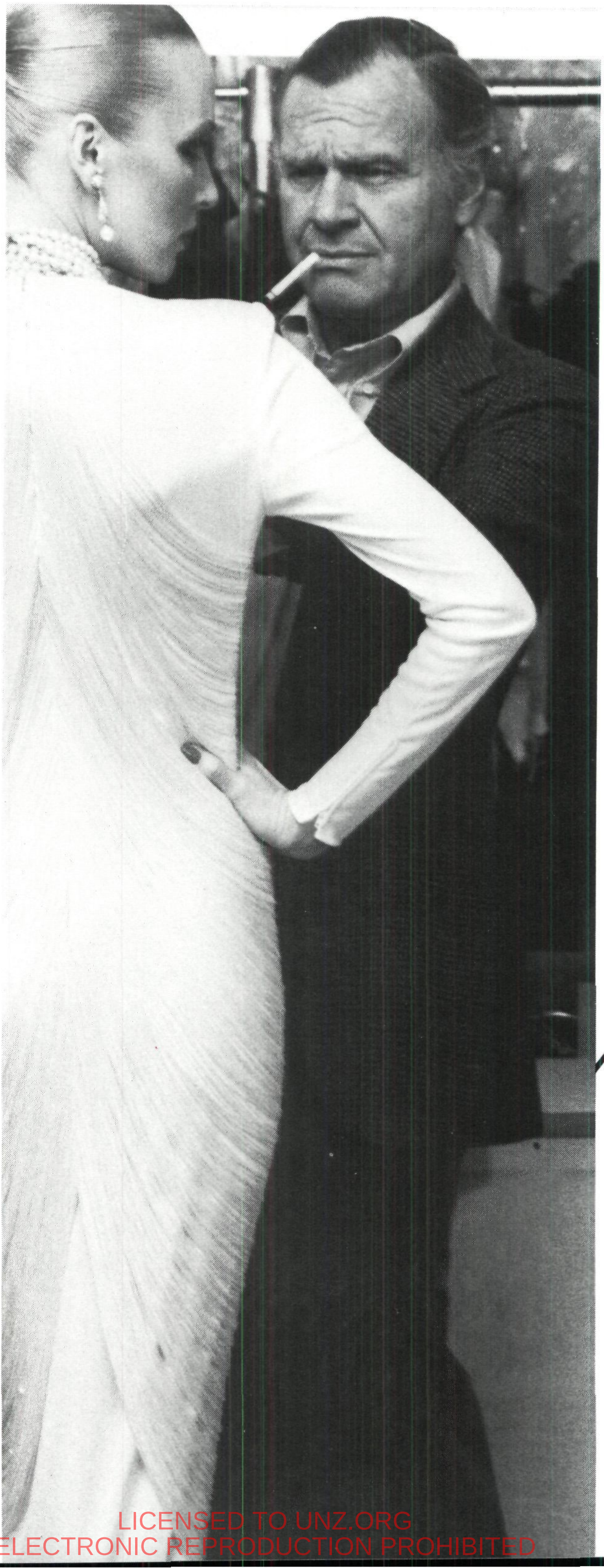
"What I like and don't like so much in a woman."

My dislikes.

1. A woman who talks about dieting all the time.
2. Who does crossword puzzles in ink.
3. A woman who jogs and tells.
4. A woman whose perfume is too loud for her looks.
5. A woman who can't pass a mirror without looking into it.
6. A woman who won't gossip.
7. Who worries about getting her hair wet in the rain.
8. Who won't admit she reads cheap novels.
9. Who wouldn't spend her last few bucks on perfume.



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My likes.

1. A woman who seems to be listening, even if she isn't.
2. A woman who loves a good laugh.
3. Who can get gorgeously dressed in 15 minutes flat.
4. Who can cuss in five languages.
5. Who prefers almost any thing to white wine.
6. Who's a great dancer.
7. Who's a big eater.
8. A woman who doesn't cry at weddings.
9. Loves clothes, but doesn't talk about them.
10. Who would spend her last few bucks on perfume. Hopefully mine.

Bill Blas

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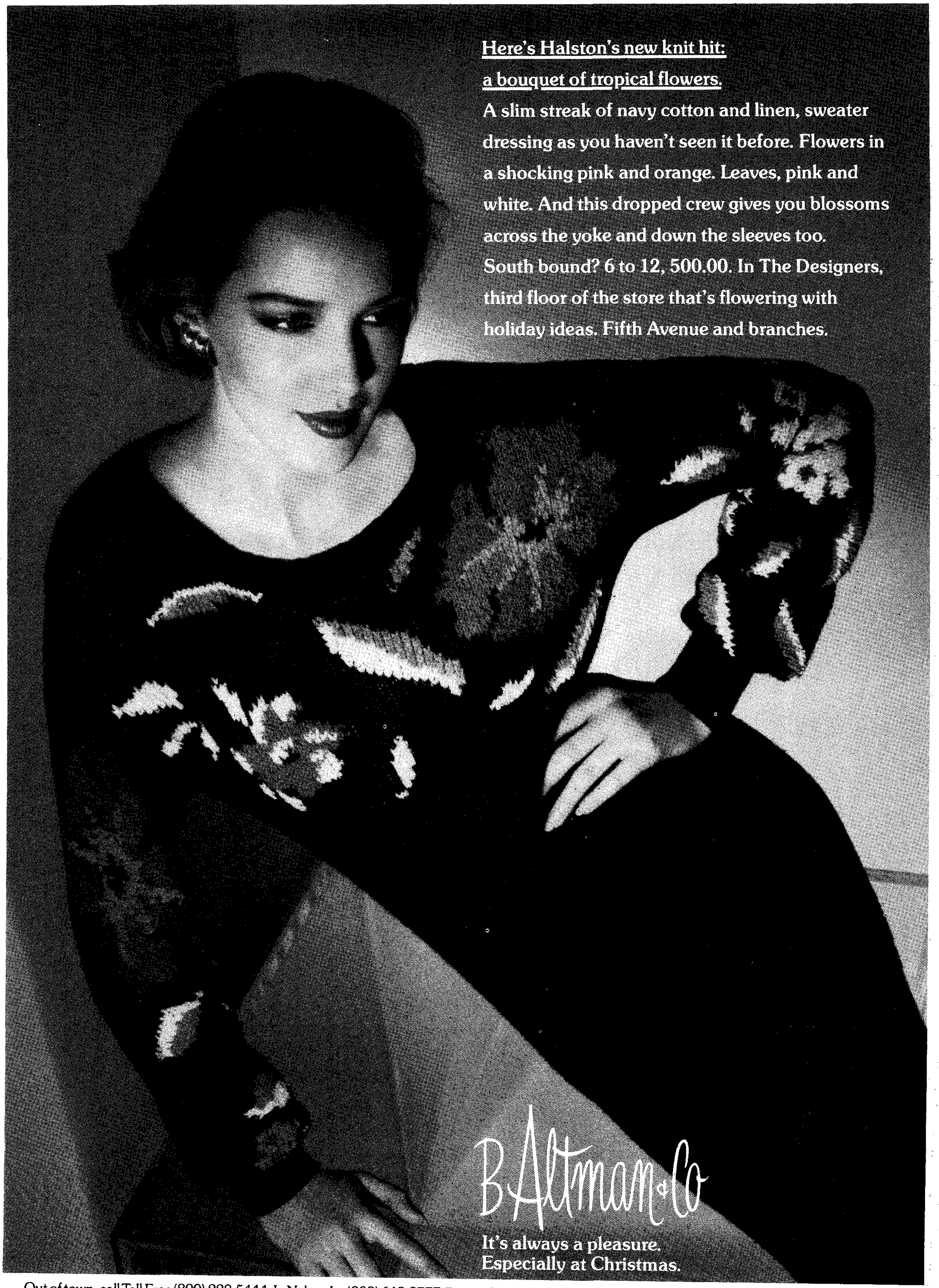
At the Ultima II counter.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—James O'Neill played in "The Count of Monte Cristo" for many decades, and Al Pacino is likely to do the same with David Mamet's harsh comedy about grifters in the lower depths of Chicago. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/83.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A pleasant comedy about life in England during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor and directed by Terry Kinney. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby—A musical that is just the ticket for gynecologists and obstetricians, but of less interest to ordinary theatregoers. The cast is numerous and oddly enthusiastic. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby with the Bathwater—Christopher Durang is, line by line, one of the funniest satirists around. The target, this time, is parents. They are played by Christine Estabrook and W. H. Macy; Keith Reddin is their put-upon offspring; and Kate McGregor-Stewart and Leslie Geraci appear in multiple roles. All of them perform to perfection under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks. (11/21/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A dismal revival of Chekhov's THE SEA GULL, but with an enchanting set by John Lee Beatty. A number of able actors are on hand. (12/5/83) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 730-9393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Company—Frederick Neumann in a return engagement of the monologue adapted by him and Honora Fergusson from Samuel Beckett's narrative work. With music by Philip Glass. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

Damnée Manon, Sacrée Sandra—A drama by the Canadian playwright Michel Tremblay, translated by John Van Burek. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Doonesbury—Garry Trudeau's celebrated comic strip comes agreeably to life in a musical that demonstrates Trudeau's gift for writing clever lyrics. The music is by Elizabeth Swados. (12/5/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Oliver Hailey's 1973 play FOR THE USE OF THE HALL is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Glass Menagerie—An admirable production of Tennessee Williams' first big success. Jessica Tandy is a formidable Amanda Wingfield; also in the cast are Bruce Davison, Amanda Plummer, and John Heard. John Dexter directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Heartbreak House—Rex Harrison, Rosemary Harris, and Amy Irving head the cast, and Anthony Page is the director for this production of Shaw's play. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 7. (Circle in the Square, 50th St., west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Jewish Gypsy—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 8, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2 and 5:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role. (11/21/83) (Susan

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Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Lady and the Clarinet—A woman presumably in her thirties recounts and reënacts the three most telling sexual adventures of her life for the benefit of a clarinettist who responds only musically. Michael Cristofer's script has its shortcomings, but it is undeniably theatrical and sometimes funny. The acting, under Gordon Davidson's direction, is first-rate. Stockard Channing is the lady, and Kevin Geer, Paul Rudd, and Josef Sommer are the objects of her affections. Jay Dryer is the eloquent clarinettist, who plays Stanley Silverman's music. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Leftovers—This evening, composed of the improvisations by three fat women—on diets, daydreams about food and sex, and related subjects—is a bore, but Marcia Kimmell, the fattest of the women, is a talented actress. (AMDA Theatre, in the Ansonia Hotel, Broadway at 73rd St. 206-9393/787-5300. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A new company presenting two revivals as the opening productions in a season of six plays performed in alternating repertory. Previews through Friday, Dec. 9. Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS** opens officially on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 10, and Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST**, starring Geraldine Page, opens officially that evening. (Mirror Theatre, 320 W. 46th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 279-4200.)

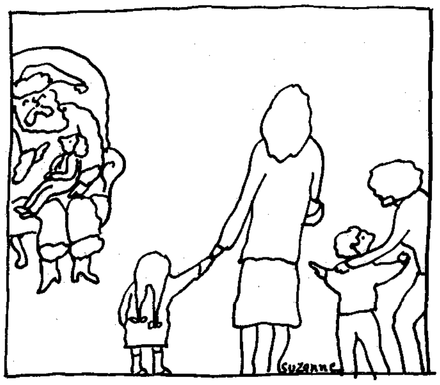
My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The enthralling jazz saxophone of Wendell Brooks propels the action of **PUPPETPLAY**, a poetic story of two young women who are held captive by a masculine puppet. Pearl Cleage is the dramatist, Seret Scott and Phylicia Ayers-Allen are the women, and Brad Brewer designed and manipulates the puppet. Clinton Turner Davis directed the fine performance for the Negro Ensemble Company. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—A comedy by Michael Frayn, with Dorothy Loudon, Brian Murray, and Paxton Whitehead. The director is Michael Blakemore. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 10. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 11. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Galina Panova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peg—Peggy Lee stars in her autobiographical musical, with original songs by Paul Horner and herself to supplement her standard repertoire. Previews through Tuesday, Dec. 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 14. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Private View—Three sharp satiric comedies by the brave Czech dissident Vaclav Havel. Stephen Keep (a ringer for Joseph Papp) is very good in the leading role of each of them, and everybody else does well, too. Vera Blackwell was the impeccable translator; Lee Grant directed. (12/5/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Frances Cuka. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS**. (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Secret Honor *The Last Testament of Richard M. Nixon—A play by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone, with Philip Baker Hall in the leading role. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sound and Beauty—A pair of one-acters by the extremely gifted young playwright David Henry Hwang. The first of them is a fantasy based on a novel by Yasunari Kawabata; the second is a satire about an Oriental warrior who sees himself in more heroic terms than does the unfortunate woman he falls in love with. John Lone, who directed both plays, is very good as the lead in the second. With Victor Wong, Ching Valdes, and Natsuko Ohama. (11/21/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Marni Nixon, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—The ghost of a woman dead for two years continues to appear to her husband, who is immobilized by grief, and eventually straightens him out. The play, by Michael Brady, despite some good lines, may prove too sweet for most palates, but the performance is commendable. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

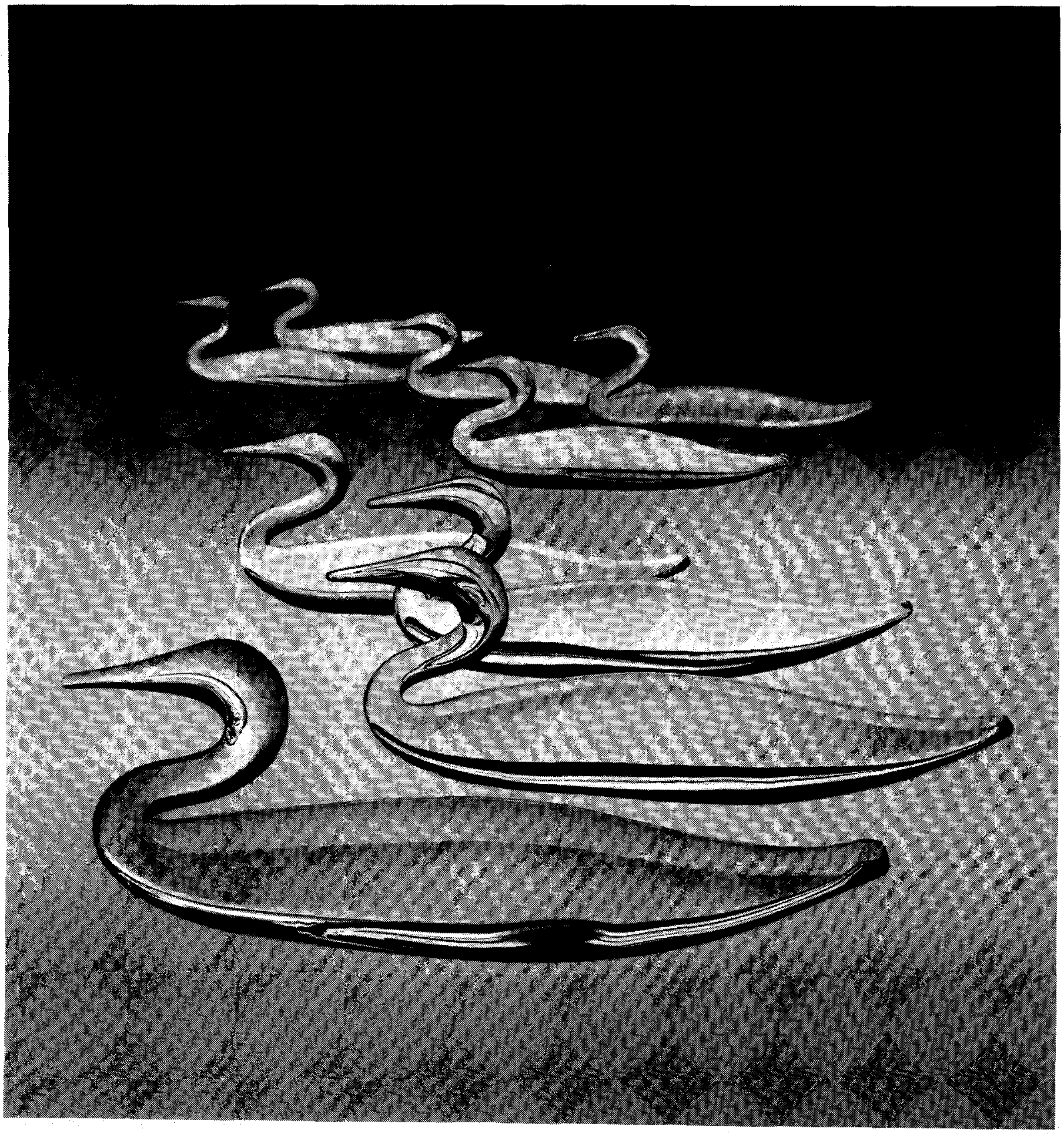
La Tragédie de Carmen—A truncated version of the Bizet opera, with Carmen as a doomed slut and Don José as a murderer four times over. The chief instigator of this travesty is the director, Peter Brook. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wednesday—Sada Thompson plays a Yorkshire woman who insists upon taking care of her grown son, a dangerous idiot, in this so-so melodrama by Julia Kearsley. There is nothing so-so about the fine performance, under Geraldine Fitzgerald's direction. John Bowman is the idiot, and Mia Dillon and John Cunningham appear in other roles. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 18.)

You Can't Take It with You—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Eddie Albert and Colleen Dewhurst. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Moves on Tuesday, Dec. 13, to the Royale, 242 W. 45th St., 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Robert Westenberg. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—CATS: A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,824 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . .



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42ND STREET: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of Dennis Quaid and Randy Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11. Matinées Wednesdays at 5:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 9, and Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 2:30; Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 15-16, at 2:30. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4.)

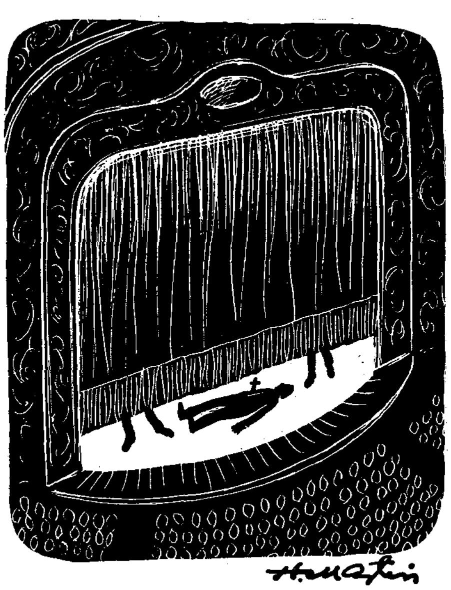
Big Apple Circus—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and three elephants are some of the attractions. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 8, at 6:30 (a benefit performance); Friday, Dec. 9, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 10-11, at 1 and 4; Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 7:30; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 14-15, at 11 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 16, at 7:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17-18, at 1 and 4. Through Monday, Jan. 2. For information about tickets, call 362-2500.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE GONDOLIERS.** (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2. For information about tickets, call 243-6281.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Saturday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 7-8, at 6; Friday, Dec. 9, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 11, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 13-15, at 6; Friday, Dec. 16, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, Dec. 7: "Songs Without Words," "Love Songs," "Lullabye for a Jazz Baby" (New York première), and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 9: "Isba," "A Song for You," "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 10: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," "Concerto in F," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 10: "Fontessa and Friends," "Treading," "Lullabye for a Jazz Baby," and "Blueshift." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 11: "Memoria," "Songs Without Words," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 11: "Phases," "Inside," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 13: "Fontessa and Friends," "Love Songs," "Lullabye for a Jazz Baby," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 14: "Research," "Inside," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 15: "Landscape," "The Stack Up," and "Blueshift." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 16: "Concerto in F," "Treading," "Lullabye for a Jazz Baby," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 17: "Isba," "Inside," "Research," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 17: "Phases," "Cry," "Songs Without Words," and "The Stack Up." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 18.)



Batsheva Dance Company of Israel—A brief engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 7-8, and Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2 and 7:30; and Monday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—Tuesday, Dec. 13; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 15-16; and Sunday, Dec. 18, all at 8: "Dance for Six," "Bagatelles," "Journey," "Ragtime," and "Koan." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 14, and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3: "Butterfly," "Four Etudes," "Passing Time," "Movin'," and "Four Temperaments." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Mark Morris—With his company, in two programs of his own works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Program I: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 8-10, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3. . . . ¶ Program II: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 15-17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3.)

City Center Fortieth Anniversary Gala—Among those taking part in a benefit program will be Leonard Bernstein, Beverly Sills, Tom Bosley, Cynthia Gregory, Natalia Makarova, and the Paul Taylor Dance Company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing a tribute to Noël Coward in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

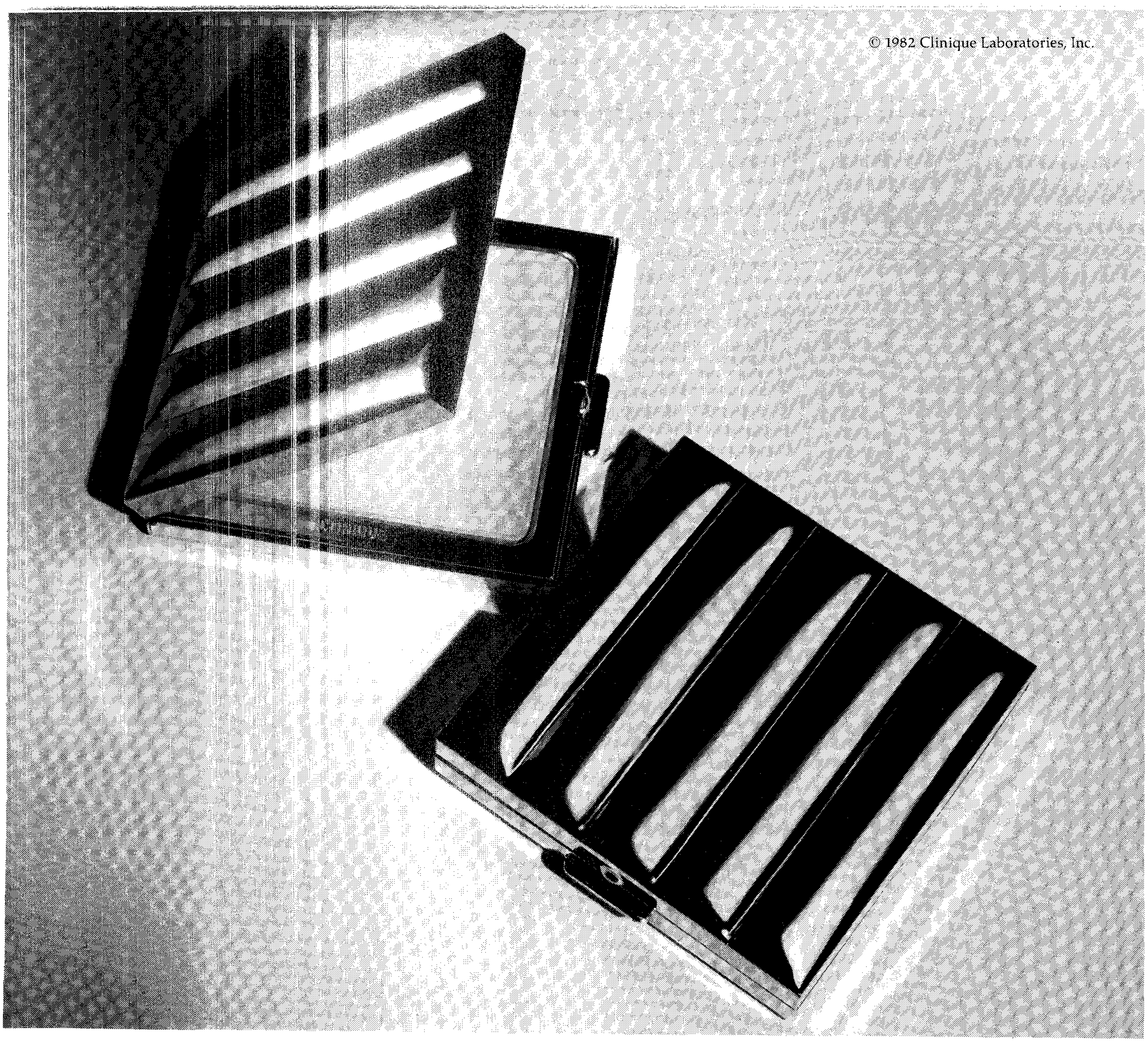
Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, pianist **JIM MC NEELEY** will lead a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, showboating hummer-bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will work out. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** mans a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 11; on Monday, Dec. 12, the Carla White–Manny Duran band will be present; and on Tuesday, Dec. 13, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will move in. Sets begin after nine-thirty. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 7-8, rock guitarist **NILS LOFGREN;** Friday, Dec. 9, country folkie **JOHN HARTFORD;** Saturday through Monday, Dec. 10-12, Pieces of a Dream; Thursday, Dec. 15, **BILL MONROE & THE BLUEGRASS BOYS;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** and drummer **ALPHONSE MOUZON.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians are pianists and bassists: **RICHIE BEIRACH** and **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, Dec. 10; **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER**



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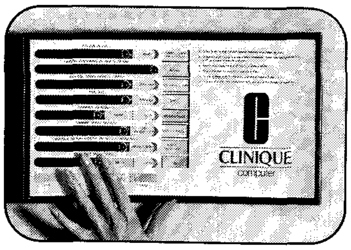

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WILLIAMS Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 12-13; and **CEDAR WALTON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** beginning Wednesday, Dec. 14. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** has reinstated himself in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. On Saturday, Dec. 17, **ALBERTA HUNTER** will be on hand in place of Mr. Short. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** a delicate, elegantly swinging piano soloist given to playing short, abbreviated sets, works here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Dec. 7, G.C. Greene, Kidstuff, Guitar Pete, and the Spinouts; Thursday, Dec. 8, Screen Test, End to End, They Might Be Giants, and True West; Friday, Dec. 9, Sylvain Sylvain, Get Lost, Danny & the Bleeders, and the New Toys; Saturday, Dec. 10, Certain Generals; and Sunday, Dec. 11, Vertical and None of the Above. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** who sings the blues, chants the blues, talks the blues, and writes the blues, performs through Saturday, Dec. 10. Shows begin at nine-thirty. On Monday, Dec. 12, **CARRIE SMITH** will begin singing here at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Wednesday, Dec. 7, Peter Bellamy; Saturday, Dec. 10, the Cranberry Lake Jug Band; and Saturday, Dec. 17, **SKYLINE,** a bluegrass band led by banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA.** Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Dec. 11, Glenn Zottola's quintet will drop by. On Mondays, Ed Polcer's band has the floor; on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio can be heard. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic, electrified jazz-funk violinist, is here with his band through Sunday, Dec. 11; on Tuesday, Dec. 13, **BETTY CARTER,** the risk-taking jazz singer, will arrive. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Dec. 7, the Rain People and the Trypes; Friday, Dec. 9, Catskill folk rockers **HAPPY** and **ARTIE TRAUM,** with Jay Unger; Saturday, Dec. 10, the Tom Pacheco band; Sunday, Dec. 11, Jane Brucker; Monday, Dec. 12, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, Dec. 13, Steve and Mark; Wednesday, Dec. 14, Panther Burns, the Del Fuegos, and Barence Whitfield & the Savages; Friday, Dec. 16, Bleaker Street Incident, with Ann Magnuson, and Kristian Hoffman & Robert Mache; and Saturday, Dec. 17, guitarist **DANNY KALB** and Jack Weber. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. The roster: Wednesday, Dec. 7, pianist **HAL SCHAEFER** and bassist Linc Milliman; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 8-10, **JOE LEE WILSON,** the bluesy, gutbucket, Betty Carter-inspired jazz singer who ought to be famous, and pianist **MICKEY TUCKER;** Sunday, Dec. 11, pianist **PHIL MARKOWITZ** and bassist **MARC JOHNSON;** Tuesday, Dec. 13, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 15-17, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran, Jack Dryden, Bob Devos, and Mike Moran can all be heard Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays pianist Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to Emme Kemp, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **ART HODES,** whose sets are less like sets and more like History of the Jazz Piano 101 as he dips into the blues, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie's early and late blue periods, is here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard on Sundays, and Mondays belong to **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five Dixieland players and trumpeter Spanky Davis hit it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to fine piano-bass duos: **HANK JONES** and **MICHAEL MOORE** are here through Saturday, Dec. 10; **JOHN LEWIS** and **MARC JOHNSON** will come in on Tuesday, Dec. 13; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** show up every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Dec. 7, Chicago-blues singer and harmonica virtuoso **JAMES COTTON** and blues singer and guitarist **BROWNIE MC GHEE;** Thursday, Dec. 8, soul singer **WILSON PICKETT** and B. Willie Smith; Sunday, Dec. 11, Johnnie & Joe and Arlene Smith; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 13-14, **JERRY JEFF WALKER,** the good old Texas boy from Oneonta, N.Y., and Buddy Cage; and Thursday, Dec. 15, Max Creek. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** leads a macho Latin-jazz quintet, which features trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI,** through Sunday, Dec. 11; on Tuesday, Dec. 13, bebop altoist **PHIL WOODS** will bring in his quintet. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**—**JACKIE & ROY** to their ardent fans—sing sublime, jazzy duets with their backing crew, Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine fifteen. Closed Sundays. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Dec. 7, Clive Stevens & Brainchild; Thursday, Dec. 8, Darryl Foster; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, crooner **JON LUCIEN;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Dec. 7, the Broken Promises, the Tickets, and Spinout; Thursday, Dec. 8, J.G. & the Initials, the Hometown Rockers, and No Vacancies; Friday, Dec. 9, Bill Chinnock and the Pushups, featuring Thomas G. Waits; Saturday, Dec. 10, Carol MacDonald, Entity, and the Falgares; Sunday, Dec. 11, singer-bassist Rob Stoner; Monday, Dec. 12, J.C. & the Microtones, Frozen Concentrate, and the Knobs; Wednesday, Dec. 14, Troy & the Tornados, Art Halperin, and Carlson Smith & Outrage; Thursday, Dec. 15, the Adventurers, Yahoo Yahotts, and Bricks Mortar; Friday, Dec. 16, Doug Harris; and Saturday, Dec. 17, George Theiss, Grape Jam, and the Pinch. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, Dec. 9, Panther Burns and the Gun Club; Saturday, Dec. 10, 999; Friday, Dec. 16, reggae-ist Mikey Dread; and Saturday, Dec. 17, the Ballistic Kisses. Wednesdays and Thursdays are in the hands of the resident d.j.s and v.j.s. Live music from after eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor where **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, Dec. 8, Danny Spanos; Saturday, Dec. 10, the Suburbs; Monday, Dec. 12, **THIRD WORLD;** Tuesday, Dec. 13, at nine, Clarence Fountain & the Five Blind Boys of Alabama, the Young Delegation, and Urban Blight; Wednesday, Dec. 14, saxophonist Clarence Clemons and the Redbank Rockers; Thursday, Dec. 15, the Alarm; Friday, Dec. 16, the Bongos; and Saturday, Dec. 17, Cyndi Lauper. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Dec. 7, a band called Daniella, which fea-

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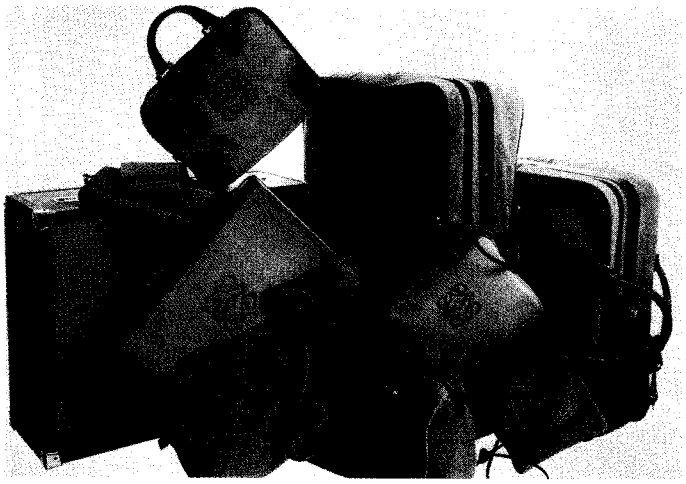

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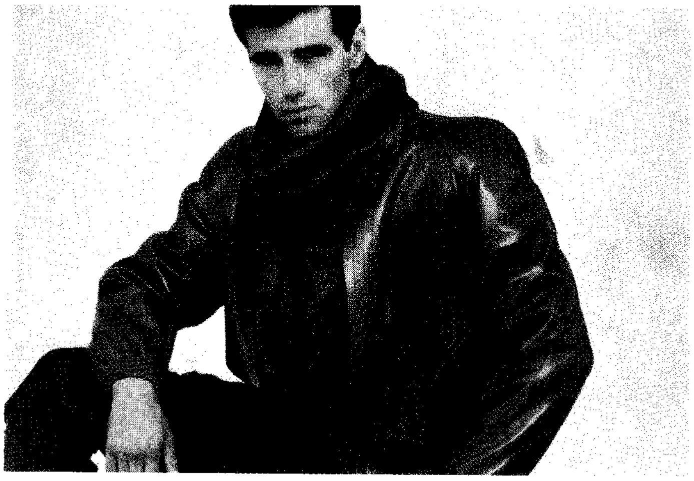

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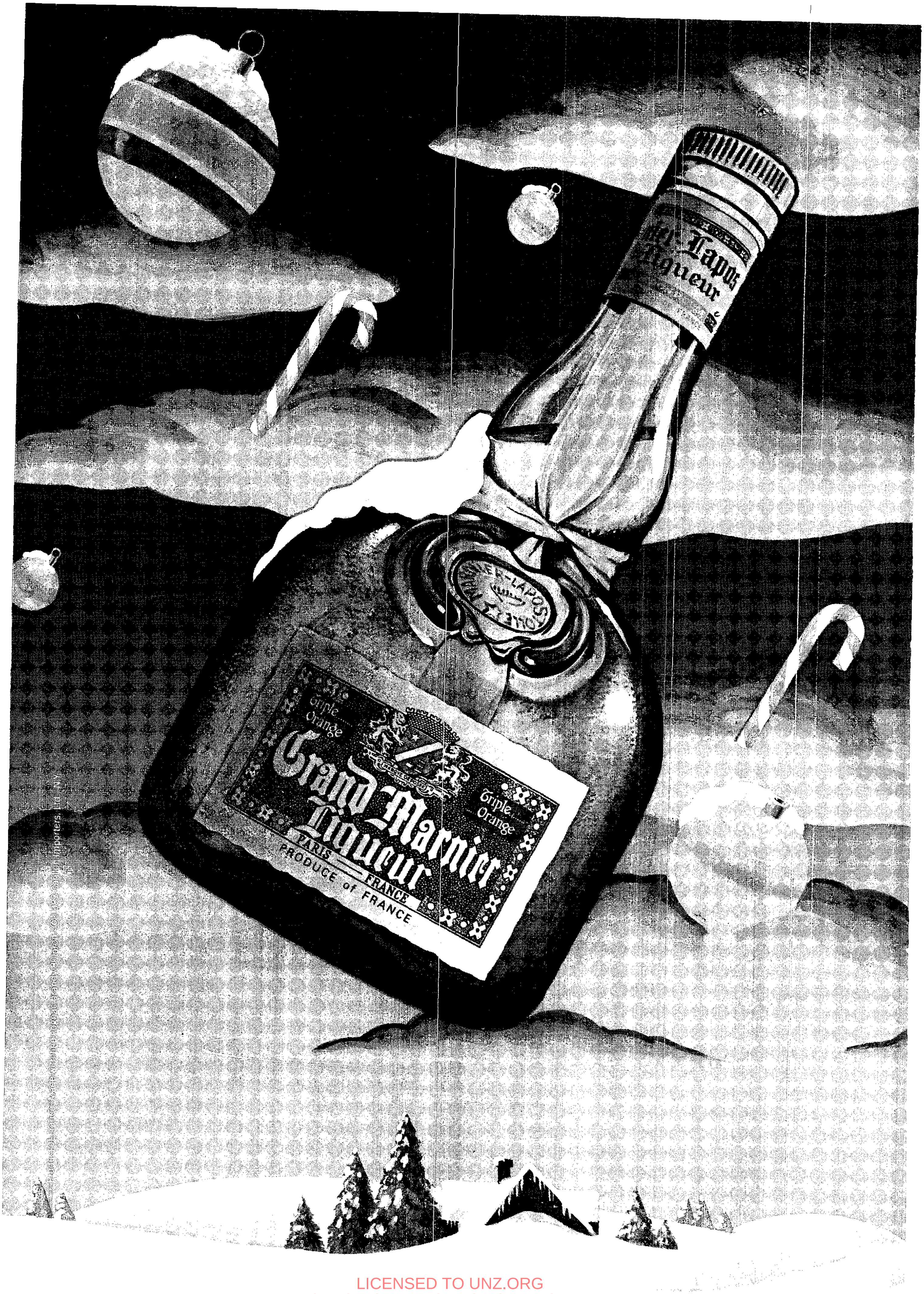
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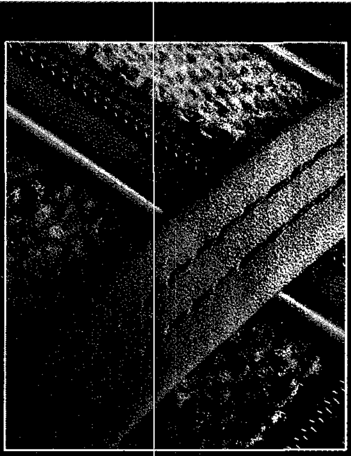

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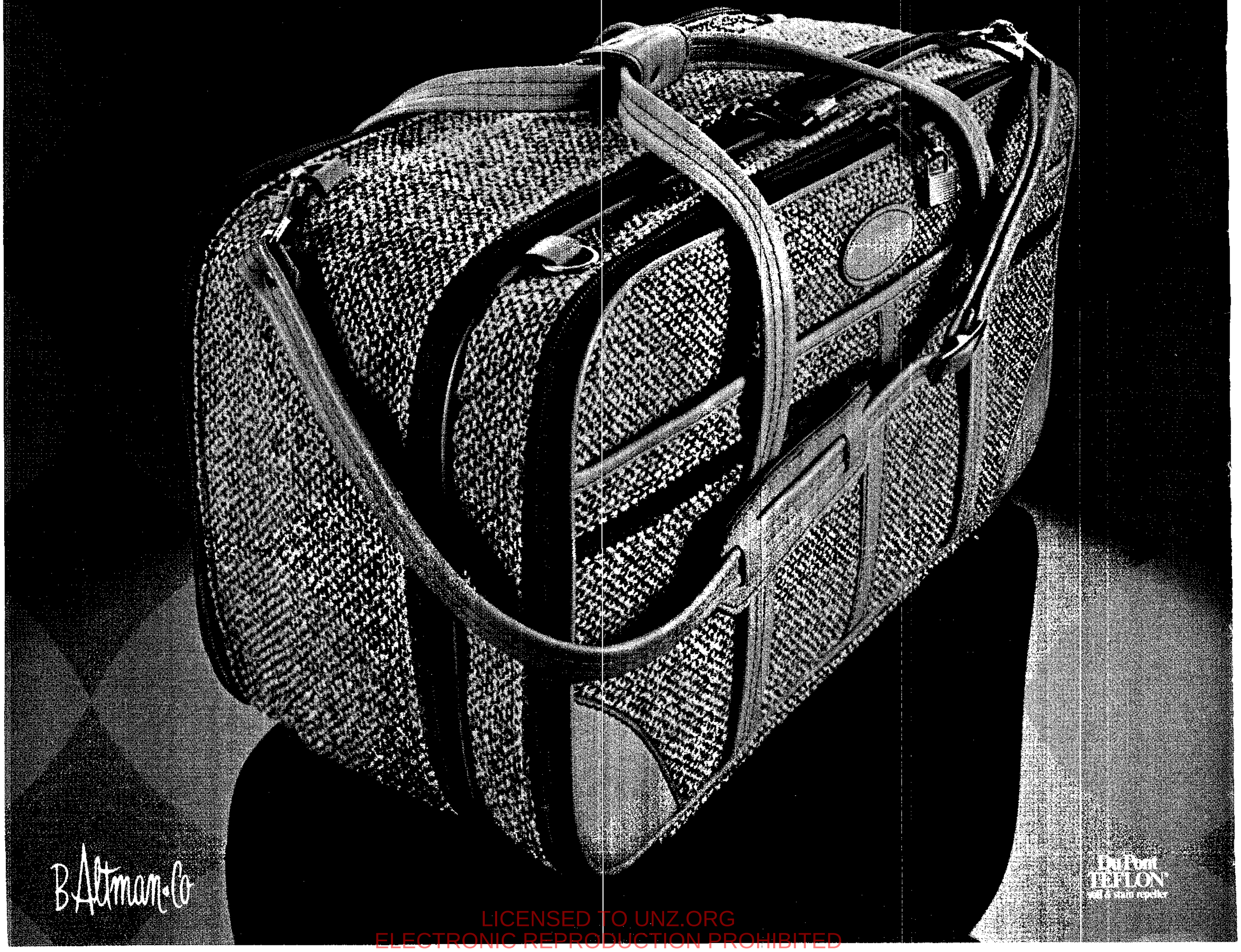

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tures pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND** and drummer **KEITH COPELAND**; Thursday, Dec. 8, Cathy Salit; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 9-11, bassist **CHARLIE HADEN'S** quartet; Monday, Dec. 12, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**; Tuesday, Dec. 13, Vivian Prince; Wednesday, Dec. 14, Dee Sharp; Thursday, Dec. 15, singer Carmen Cuesta with guitarist **CHUCK LOEB** and a backing quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, **BOB MINTZER'S** big band. Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and mysteriously resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. The roster: Wednesday, Dec. 7, Mixed Grill; Thursday, Dec. 8, Gumbe Sounds; Friday, Dec. 9, Brazuca; Saturday, Dec. 10, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Tuesday, Dec. 13, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI'S** band, which will feature **SLIDE HAMPTON** on trombone; Wednesday, Dec. 14, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL** and his sextet; Thursday, Dec. 15, the promising-sounding African Heritage Dancers and Drummers; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 16-17, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. A brace of ex-Mingus hands, pianist **DON PULLEN** and trumpeter **JACK WALRATH**, work with a quintet through Saturday, Dec. 10; Sunday, Dec. 11, will belong to a quartet called Riffs; and on Tuesday, Dec. 13, **MEMPHIS SLIM**, the pride of Paris, will arrive to lovingly wallop the piano and sing blues songs—among them, perhaps, his own classic, "Mother Earth"—in his pleasantly piercing baritone. Mondays are given over to a big band led by tenor saxophonist-composer **DAVID MURRAY**, whose bands tend to be all-out, let-'em-rip aggregations. Mr. Murray said recently, "For the last two years, all the bands, even the avant-garde bands, have started to swing. . . . It's like during the Depression—Count Basie saved a lot of people. He was able to keep them happy by swinging." Shows from about ten; Mondays from nine-thirty. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights: on Dec. 12, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and the **BAD STREET BOYS** will share the stage, along with guest jazz soloist, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE.** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, flutists **HERBIE MANN** and **DAVE VALENTIN** lead a band. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** handle piano-bass duets after nine until Saturday, Dec. 10; on Wednesday, Dec. 14, **ROLAND HANNA** and **RON MC CLURE** will take charge. And, in addition, each Tuesday is graced by jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN.** . . . ¶ Upstairs, at Bananas at the Gate, the Smothers Brothers can be found through Sunday, Dec. 11, at nine and eleven.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Tenor saxophonist-composer **JIMMY HEATH** co-pilots a quintet with trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** through Sunday, Dec. 11; on Tuesday, Dec. 13, **SONNY FORTUNE**, the driving, hard-edged alto player who can actually make you grateful for the age of the long, extended solo, will descend the stairs. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** supplies Monday-night music. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Brazilian singer Leny Andrade goes on at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The pianists: Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 8-11, Sarah Nagourney and Joy Askewu; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 12-14, Esther Blue; and Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 15-18, Ted Rosenthal. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. Tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** performs through Saturday, Dec. 10; on Sunday, Dec. 11, altoist **LEE KONITZ** will drop by; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 12-13, will be claimed by guitarist **CHRIS FLORY**; and on Thursday, Dec. 15, saxophonist Haywood Henry will come in for three nights. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians you'll find there: pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff through Saturday, Dec. 10; guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** starting Monday, Dec. 12; and pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** on Sundays. Music every night from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jerry Garcia Band—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Dec. 9, at 7:30 and 11.

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8.

John Lindberg, Marty Ehrlich, and J. D. Parran—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8.

Gloria Lynne and the Earl May Trio—With Warren Chiasson and Chuck Wayne. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The third in a series of five concerts, this one performed by Roland Hanna and Roger Kellaway. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

George Winston—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 8.

Josephine Livotti—With Bross Townsend, Bob Cunningham, Michael Carvin, and Arnie Lawrence. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

New Yor-Uba, a Musical Celebration of Cuba in America—With Orlando (Puntilla) Rios, Michele Rosewoman, Rufus Reid, Butch Morris, and others. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Highlights in Jazz—Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans and the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Roger Kellaway—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday, Dec. 16, at 10 and midnight, and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 9 and 11.

Jazz Center of New York—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, at 8: Abbey Lincoln Aminata Moseka. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3: Armen Donelian trio. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8: Willene Barton quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 8: Keisha St. Joan quintet. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

Benefit Concert—Dizzy Gillespie, Jon Faddis, Hilton Ruiz, and Carmen Lundy's quartet, in a benefit for the Mary Lou Williams Foundation. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

John Anderson / Lorraine Shemesh—Recent sculptures. / Paintings, drawings, and quilts. Through Jan. 6. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Romare Bearden—Childhood memories of rural North Carolina are captured in these new works, done in oil with collage, a new procedure for this veteran artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Billy Al Bengston—Three-dimensional watercolor collages, plus five small wood tables. Through Jan. 14. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Jacobo Borges—Fleeting recollections of people and events captured in paint by a Venezuelan artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

William Calfee and Patricia Friend—Paintings (interior scenes with figures, still-lifes with landscapes), each by one of two artists from Washington, D.C. Through Dec. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Bernard Cathelin—Scenes of Venice, flowers in vases, and nudes painted in soft colors, more with a palette knife than with brushes. The artist is French. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Bruno Civitico—Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, and allegorical subjects. Through Dec. 21. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—A selection of boxes and collages inspired by ballerinas, past and present. Through Jan. 20. (Feigen, 113 E. 79th St.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

David Hockney—Impressions of America in paintings and drawings from the sixties and seventies. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St.)

Harriet Korman—Abstractions in oil, watercolor, and charcoal. Through Dec. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Still-lifes and seascapes, executed in oil, plus jewelry designed and made by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 30. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Sculptures, paintings, and prints dealing primarily with his favored theme of the horse and rider. Through Jan. 14. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Thirteen oils and a bronze, plus works by a number of his peers (Braque, Léger, Archipenko, among others). Through Dec. 23. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ A large show of his prints is currently on view at the Brooklyn Museum.

George Rickey—Kinetic sculptures from the past three decades, including one new large-scale piece set up in the adjacent sculpture garden. Through Dec. 24. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Hugo Robus (1885-1964)—Figure sculptures in bronze. Through Dec. 24. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kikuo Saito—Recent color-field acrylics on canvas. Through Dec. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Emilio Sanchez—Recent paintings and works on paper in which architectural details predominate—porticoes, balconies, and clapboard, for example. Through Dec. 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Barbara Schwartz—Colored, cast-bronze abstract wall sculptures. Through Dec. 30. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Burton Silverman—Oils and watercolors by an artist who is a frequent contributor to *The New Yorker.* Through Dec. 28. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jaune Quick-To-See Smith—Large paintings that amount to maps of Western expanses, with rivers, mountains, camps, and so on represented by Indian symbols, an exception being the artist's horse, which appears as a realistic sketch in all of them. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **colnaghi,** 26 E. 80th St.: Nineteenth-century watercolors and drawings by French, Italian, and German artists. Through Dec. 22. (Open Mondays) . . . **elkon,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: In a memorial show honoring the late dealer Robert Elkon, twelve or so of the artists he represented (including William Tucker, Edward Avedisian, and Friedl Dzubas) are showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through Dec. 30. . . . **noortman & brod,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings and watercolors—primarily landscapes and figures—by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English artists (Turner among them) and nineteenth-century French artists (Harpignies). Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An early Feininger watercolor is included in a show of recently acquired works. Through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: Two small works apiece by forty-two artists, among them Kit-Yin Snyder, Mary Ann Unger, and Charles Seplowin. Through Jan. 3.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Paul Cadmus—A selection of drawings, mostly figure studies, ranging over a period of nearly sixty years. Through Dec. 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Russell Cowles (1887-1979)—A memorial exhibition of paintings by an artist who experimented with a number of styles. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Abstractions in oil. Through Dec. 30. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Early, pre-abstract paintings dated 1913-19. Through Dec. 23. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Peter Ellenshaw—Precisely executed landscapes (the Himalayas, Venice, Big Sur) by a peripatetic artist. Through Jan. 7. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alan Falk / Margo Barnes—Paintings of beach scenes and resort areas, partly real and partly imaginary. / Lush, summery vegetation in the backwoods of the Hamptons, rendered in oils. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Francisco / Richard Nonas—Watercolors. / Sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Large new works in which streaks of thick, poured-on paint are superimposed on the colorful stains characteristic of her canvases. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1882-1946) / **Abraham Walkowitz** (1878-1965)—Portraits of family and friends from the twenties. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elisabeth Frink—Works by this British sculptor, including colossal bronzes of stern visages as impassive as the Easter Island monoliths. Through Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Hard-edge semi-abstract works in pencil and acrylic depicting the Brooklyn Bridge, the sea, and the Greek ruins at Paestum. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

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John Held, Jr. (1889-1958)—Linocuts from the twenties which were done for some of the popular magazines of the day, including this one. Through Dec. 30. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Hogarth (1697-1764)—A retrospective of prints. Through Dec. 30. (Donson, now located at 24 W. 57th St.)

Ian Hornak—Recent realist landscapes. Through Dec. 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Judith Hudson / David Craven—Still-lifes consisting of, say, a torn-off piece of bread, a bitten peach, a knife, all set widely apart on a background of exceptionally rich colors. / Stylized figures, usually in violent motion, whose outlines are sometimes strips of collage and sometimes elongated brushstrokes. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Gershon Iskowitz—Twenty new abstract paintings; also, six drawings done during the forties, while this Polish-born artist was interned at Auschwitz and at Buchenwald. Through Dec. 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Collage paintings, most of them incorporating found objects from Tibet (pieces of old rugs, of manuscripts). Through Jan. 3. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alfred Jensen (1903-81)—Heavily impastoed paintings, done in vivid colors, showing this artist's interest in geometric and numerical patterns. Through Jan. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Philip Johnson—A retrospective of photographs and original models, both of his designs for private residences (including his own) and for public buildings (the A.T. & T. headquarters, still under construction in New York). Through Dec. 31. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Steve Keister / Donald Sultan—Sculptures. / Charcoal drawings. Through Jan. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Kirschen-Cole / Forrest Moses—Collages fashioned from handmade paper, stamps, bits of thread, and pieces of canvas. / Recent landscapes. Through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kay Kurt—Christmas candy is the subject of superrealist pencil drawings, and one oil. Through Dec. 23. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Kushner / Kevin Boyle—Large-scale fabric collages, large-scale drawings of male and female nudes, and figurative and floral grillwork. / Photographic portraits. Through Dec. 24. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sherrie Levine—Watercolors derived from modern masters—Léger, Mondrian, de Kooning—as seen in the color plates of art books. Through Dec. 22. (Baskerville + Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lobdell—Recent abstract paintings and monotypes. Through Jan. 7. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

David Lund—Mountain scenery and coastlines, some of them verging on the abstract, done in oils and pastels. Through Dec. 22. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker (1876-1907)—A hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by a German modernist. Through Jan. 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

XMAS
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W GOLDSTEIN

Tom Otterness—Drawings by this sculptor include a huge horse rampant, done directly on the wall, and a number of smaller works, some of them earthy. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

David Reed / Richard DeVore—Long, narrow, horizontal abstract paintings. / Half a dozen specimens of this potter's work. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Brightly colored shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Chaim Soutine (1893-1943)—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by this School of Paris painter. Through Jan. 28. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Late paintings, done in his native Uruguay after a forty-odd-year absence in Europe, which show a strong Constructivist feeling. Through Jan. 28. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

James Valerio—Large figurative paintings of an intensely realist nature, plus related drawings in pencil and charcoal. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

George Woodman—Large paintings and screens in which human figures are seen among the decorative patterns, usually floral. Through Jan. 7. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **heidenberg,** 50 W. 57th St.: A small, sterling-silver reclining figure by Henry Moore is included in an exhibit of primarily twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, and graphics. Through Jan. 10. . . . **janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: "Post-Graffiti" has paintings and sculptures by eighteen young artists who, as the title suggests, first practiced their talents on city streets and subways. Keith Haring, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Futura 2000, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Eleanor Antin—This artist's latest fantasy work revolves around a medieval loser—a quixotic knight in armor called "El Desdichado" ("The Unlucky One"), who is almost life-size and made of corrugated cardboard, as are his horse and his surroundings. Through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Jeffrey Brosk—Abstract wall sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Steven Campbell—A two-gallery show of narrative paintings by a Scottish artist who depicts outlandish events with monumental seriousness—for instance, a man hiding under a sheepskin and trying to capture an eagle. Through Dec. 23. (Toll, 146 Greene St., and Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Dale Chihuly / Jacques Henri Lartigue—Recent abstract blown-glass sculptures. / Photographs, recently printed from the original negatives, of life in France from La Belle Époque to the mid-thirties. Through Dec. 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Reverend Howard Finster—Visionary paintings and objects inscribed with such statements as "Hell is no place for nice people." Through Wednesday, Dec. 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Keith Haring—Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Through Jan. 7. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Recent paintings and a sculpture at Castelli (420 West Broadway) and a mural at another Castelli (142 Greene St.). Both through Jan. 14.

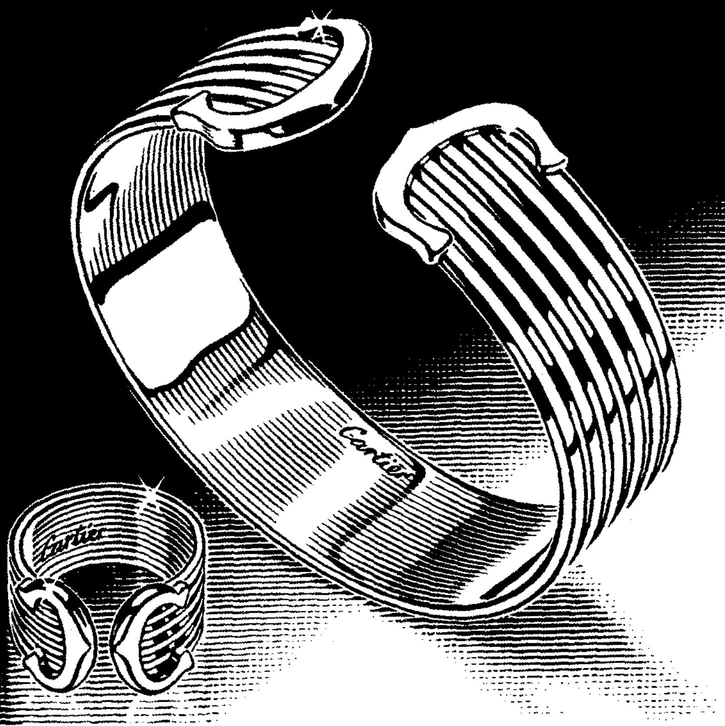
Lizbeth Mitty—Landscapes of middle-class urban areas painted in a funky style on acrylic-stained canvas. Through Dec. 31. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Vera Schupack / Rosa Silverman—Abstract sculptures—wall pieces and freestanding. / Paintings inspired by a recent trip to Kenya; the canvases are collaged with twigs and cigarette-length reeds. Through Dec. 18. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Helen Soreff—Abstract drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Dec. 23. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Barbara Strasen—Mural-size landscape paintings interrupted here and there with photo-

Cartier



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

graphs or inset drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

CORA KELLEY WARD—Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 14. (112 Greene Street Gallery. Open until 7.)

PHILIP WOFFORD—Large abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

DAISY YOUNGBLOOD / DAVID NELSON—Figurative sculptures done in unglazed, low-fired clay. / Sculptural lamps done in the Bauhaus tradition. Through Jan. 5. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BOONE,** 417 West Broadway: Paintings by a dozen gallery artists, among them Eric Fischl, Markus Lüpertz, and Julian Schnabel. Through Dec. 31. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works either on or of paper by eight new artists, including Joseph Goodwin's small abstracts and Scott Sherk's striking shadow works, in which paper cutouts, deployed on a transparent shelf and lighted from beneath, cast images of landscapes and still-lifes on the wall. Through Dec. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **14 SCULPTORS,** 164 Mercer St.: A tenth-anniversary exhibit of works by founding and present members of this coöperative. Accounted for are Margaret Miller, Allan Cyprys, and David Brooks, among others. Through Jan. 7. (Open Sundays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

CARL ANDRE / MARY HEILMANN—A single T-shaped carpetlike sculpture composed of a hundred and fifty-two slabs of granite from Quincy, Massachusetts, where Andre grew up. / Large, bold abstractions in sharply contrasting colors. Through Dec. 18. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

ARCH CONNELLY—Abstractions from nature painted on panels and punctuated by fake gems glued to the surface. Through Jan. 8. (Garet Kohn, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—An exhibition of sets and costumes designed for Merce Cunningham and Trisha Brown, and for theatrical adventures of his own. Also, photographs (by the artist and others), original props and objects, and videotapes and slides (the latter can be seen on Tuesdays and Saturdays from noon until 2, and again from 4 until 6). Through Dec. 22. (Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building at Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

CHRISTOPHER SPROAT—Constructivist sculptures, made of wood (painted black) and incorporating neon lamps. Through Dec. 30. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

DAVID WOJNAROWICZ—Stencilled images applied with spray paint to Masonite and to found materials such as driftwood by an artist whose themes are sex, drugs, and war. Through Dec. 23. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

GROUP SHOW—The Grey Art Gallery at New York University has chosen from its permanent collection a group of paintings and works on paper (mostly) by twentieth-century artists. Included on the predominantly American roster are Milton Avery, Agnes Martin, Robert Rauschenberg, and Rosemarie Castoro. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

CAST-IRON SCULPTURE—Primarily one-of-a-kind pieces by twenty-one contemporary artists, including Jene Highstein, Jay Wholley, Robert Morris, and Beverly Pepper. Through Dec. 23. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

EVE ARNOLD—Fifty color prints of the United States—coast to coast. Through Jan. 7. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

FRANK GOHLKE—About forty aerial views of the Midwest, from snow-blanketed farms in Minnesota to the small towns lining the Mississippi. Through Dec. 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—Distortion photographs taken by

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the artist fifty years ago for the French magazine *Le Sourire.* Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Pace-MacGill, a new gallery at 11 E. 57th St.)

GRACE KNOWLTON—Platinum prints that present further refinements of her subject—corners. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

RALPH EUGENE MEATYARD (1925-72)—Fifty vintage surreal prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

DOUG PRINCE—Photographic works (some surreal, some just straight prints) from the past dozen years. Through Jan. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

URSULA WOLFF SCHNEIDER (1906-77)—Photographs of Germany in the thirties by a photojournalist. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

AARON SISKIND—An eightieth-birthday show of photographs completed in the past four years, plus a few earlier prints. Through Jan. 7. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HIROSHI SUGIMOTO—The dioramas at the American Museum of Natural History are the subjects of a series of black-and-white prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

RUTH THORNE-THOMSEN—Inventive photographs, made with a pinhole camera, that look like full-size views of their subjects (a leaning tower, pyramids) but are actually views of paper constructions set up on a beach. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ROMAN VISHNIAC—About fifty prints by a photographer who, at risk to himself, recorded life in Jewish communities of Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939. Through Jan. 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **JEWISH MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: Two exhibits representing recent efforts to document Jewish experience in the Soviet Union: "Hidden Lives," a collaboration by Nodar Djindjihashvili and Albert Ben-Zion, has fifty-five prints and is the realization of a two-year, twenty-thousand-mile surreptitious odyssey. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight works by Bill Aron, whose subjects live in Leningrad, Minsk, and Moscow. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Works from the past six decades by Barbara Morgan, figure studies (male nudes and ballerinas) by George Platt Lynes, and hand-colored, hand-altered still-lifes by Christopher James. Through Jan. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **SCHOMBURG CENTER,** 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.: "14 Photographers," a show with ten times that many works, which are either allegorical (Albert Chong, Jon Thomas) or documentary (Marilyn Nance, Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe). Through Jan. 24. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century painter and exponent of Impressionism. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of Chinese garden and flower paintings, twelfth century to nineteenth, from the museum's collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—A hundred drawings from the museum's collection which are eminent examples of all the major artistic movements from Post-Impressionism to the abstract figurative styles of the fifties. Seurat, Ernst, Dali, Pollock, Diebenkorn, others. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915-1933," the second of three exhibits (being held at two-year intervals) examining his output in the context of the artistic milieu of his period. Supplementary works by Russian avant-garde artists and Kandinsky's Bauhaus colleagues. Starts Friday, Dec. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective exhibit of the drawings of Willem de Kooning, offering nearly a hundred and thirty works from the past seven decades. (A show of the artist's paintings and sculptures is scheduled to open on Thursday, Dec. 15.) (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than two hundred and fifty prints by Picasso from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso, none of which have been exhibited in public before. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of prints from the past two years by American artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderson, Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Through Jan. 22. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Something from the Sky Is Falling Department: Wethersfield (1971) and Wethersfield (1982), the meteorites named after the town in Connecticut where they landed, are on display in the Arthur Ross Hall of Meteorites. Their travelling days are over. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by close to threescore artists (Wolf Kahn, Ed Paschke, and Susan Rothenberg among them) have been mounted in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show; some of the works will be bought by the Academy/Institute and donated to museums. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky and Jack Tworkov, and sculptures by Theodore Roszak and José de Creeft. Both shows through Dec. 18. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of Korean folk art. Starts Thursday, Dec. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculptures, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ A group of ornamental silver objects (many of them overlaid with a thin coat of gold) created by European goldsmiths during the Renaissance and after. From the Schroder Collection of Great Britain. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of a hundred drawings and watercolors of flowers

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which date from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; most of the painters of these botanical studies were either Dutch, French, or German. From the Fitzwilliam Museum of Great Britain. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of folk dolls dating back to the early eighteen-hundreds; most of them, in their simplicity and their distance from the factory-made mannequins of today, will probably captivate adults more than children. But take the kids anyway. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of paintings of New York City by two dozen contemporary artists, among them Rackstraw Downes, Yan Hsia, Philip Sherrod, and Anna Goth Werner. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-two portraits of artist-members (such as Asher B. Durand, Thomas Eakins, and Andrew Wyeth) provide a survey of the academy's collection and, by extension, of portrait styles since 1826. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Barbara Duyfjes (performance), Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Yoshiko Chuma & the School of Hard Knocks (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 8-11, at 8:30; the Ned Sublette band and Beastie Boys (music), Monday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation, by Kiki Smith, which contains the kinds of photographs usually found in medical offices—X-rays, for instance. Through Dec. 24.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directing performances of a medieval pageant, "Daniel and the Lions," with a French text. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 10-11, at 4. For tickets, call 666-2133.)

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New Calliope Singers and Chamber Orchestra—Peter Schubert directing a Bach-Vivaldi program, with Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor, and other soloists. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8. For tickets, call 864-6765.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Catherine Melhorn and Kendall Rafter directing a benefit concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 371-2139.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with Peter, Paul & Mary and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30 and 8.)

Western Wind and Ananda Dancers—A program of songs and dances for the season. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 10 at 2:30 and 8, and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Philharmonia Orchestra—Peter Schubert directing Parts IV-VI of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with George Stauffer, organ. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the second in a series of four programs of Renaissance and twentieth-century music, this one called "A Festival of Carols." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Hunter College Choir—Ralph Hunter directing a benefit concert, with two bell choirs and an orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

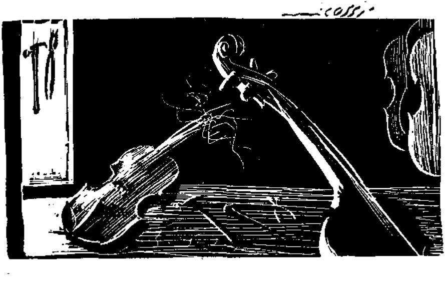
New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing, with Karen Huffstodt, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Eight performances of "The Christmas Story," a pageant about the Nativity based on medieval music manuscripts. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 14-17, at 7 and 9:15. For tickets, call 666-1260.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost directing a performance of Berlioz' oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with Patricia Schuman, mezzo-soprano; Abram Morales, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; Terry Cook, bass; and the Orpheon Chorale. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Chorus and Orchestra—Newell Jenkins directing a program that includes the first contemporary performance of Jan Dismas Zelenka's "Missa Nativitatis Domini." With Margaret Ahrens, soprano; Mimi Lerner, mezzo-soprano; Michael Brown, tenor; and Ben Holt, baritone. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8. For tickets, call 765-8008.)

Handel's "Messiah"—Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra: David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst and Michael Crouse, tenors; Richard Crist and Michael Burt, basses; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 2 and 6:30.) . . . **Musica Sacra:** Richard Westenberg directing, with Arleen Auger, soprano; Paul Esswood, countertenor; David Gordon, tenor; and Julien Robbins, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 12, and Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30.) . . . **St. Thomas Choir:** Gerre Hancock directing, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Peter Becker, countertenor; Mark Bleeke, tenor; Wilbur Pauley, bass; and the Concert Royal. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)



OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Frederica von Stade, Patricia Craig, William Lewis, and Jerome Hines; conducted by Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Nicole Lorange, Richard Fredricks, and Ezio Flagello; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 1: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Frederica von Stade, Patricia Craig, William Lewis, and Jerome Hines; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 10, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Hildegard Behrens, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Frederica von Stade, Eleanor Bergquist, William Lewis, and Jerome Hines; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; Klaus Tennstedt. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 15, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Hildegard Behrens, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Frederica von Stade, Eleanor Bergquist, William Lewis, and Jerome Hines; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 1:30: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; Klaus Tennstedt.

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Puccini's "La Bohème." Staged by Graziella Sciutti, with the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Jorge Mester. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 8-10, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Wednesday through Friday.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting—Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8; Friday, Dec. 9, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 7:30: A Joseph Schwantner–Rachmaninoff–Mendelssohn program, with Cecile Licad, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 15-17, and Tuesday, Dec. 20, all at 8: A Morton Gould–Bartók–Rachmaninoff program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting Tchaikovsky's "The Nutcracker," with Martin and Janet Bookspan, narrators. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Morton Gould conducting a program of his own works, in honor of his seventieth birthday. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Lilian Kallir, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony Orchestra—David Gilbert

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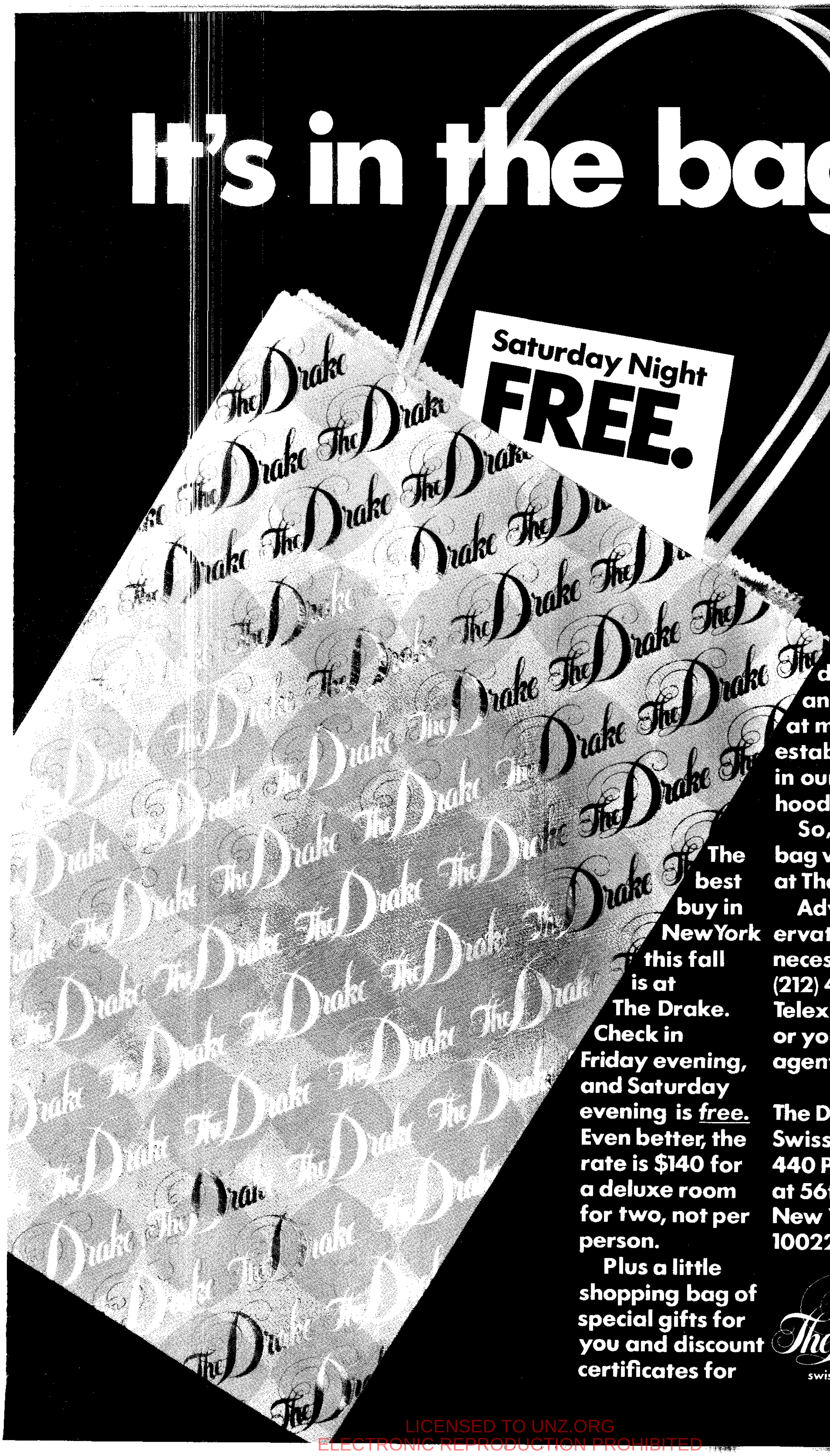

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conducting, with Steven Mayer, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting a Saint-Saëns–Beethoven program, with Erick Friedman, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting a program of contemporary music, with Jane Bryden, Kimball Wheeler, and Pamela Wood Ambush, all sopranos; Alan Feinberg and Ursula Oppens, piano; and Linda Chesis, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Mannes Chamber Ensemble—Per Brevig conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New England Conservatory Chorus and Orchestra—Lorna Cooke deVaron and Daniel Lewis directing an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 3.)

Vienna Choir Boys and the Chorus Viennensis—Uwe Christian Harrer directing, with the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing, with John Aler, tenor; Carlotta Wilsen, soprano; and Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Nan Nall, soprano; Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Michael Burt, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

RECITALS

André Emelianoff—Cello, with Margaret Chalker, soprano, and John van Buskirk, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Steven and Nadya Gordon—Duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 8-9, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The inaugural concert by the League's Chamber Players, with Susan Jolles, harp, and Mark Schuman, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Jorge Morel—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Hiroko Yajima, violin; Gary Hoffman, cello; and Diane Walsh, piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Linda Eckard—Mezzo-soprano, in a one-hour recital. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Emerson String Quartet; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Lee Luvisi, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Leo Castelli Gallery, 142 Greene St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday, Dec. 11, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 12-13, at 7:30.)

Robert Mann and Yefim Bronfman—Violin and piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Richard Goode, piano; Joseph Swensen, violin; and Colin Carr, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2.)

Arminda Canteros—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one performed by the Haydn Baryton Trio. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Kyung Hak Yu—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 5:30.)

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Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Donald Palma and Robert Black conducting an all-Elliott Carter program, honoring the composer's seventy-fifth birthday, with Jon Garrison, tenor, and David Starobin, guitar. Mr. Carter will be present. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Mannes Percussion Ensemble—Howard van Hyning directing, with Hidemi Horibe, marimba. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Mozart program, with Jaime Laredo, violinist-conductor; Eugene Istomin, piano; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Michael Tree, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 13-14, at 8.)

Manhattan String Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Stefan Wolpe Society—A program of rarely heard vocal and instrumental Wolpe works, presented by this newly formed group. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

David Ziegler—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With Thomas Riebl, viola, and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—With Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of contemporary music, with Sol Greitzer, viola; Richard Goode, piano; and Neil Rolnick, synthesizer. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Elly Ameling and Rudd van der Meer—Soprano and baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—A Brahms-Haydn program, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Mark Peskanov—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

New Amsterdam Theatre Company—Evans Haile directing a chorus and orchestra in a concert version of Victor Herbert's operetta "Sweethearts," with Judy Kaye, Cris Groenendaal, Christopher Hewett, and Roderick Cook. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Thursday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Dec. 17. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Denver, Sunday, Dec. 11, at 7:05.

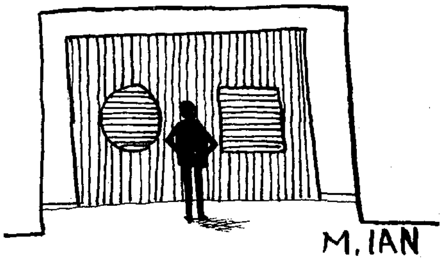
Professional Football—Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 12:30.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Seattle Seahawks, (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 1.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Miami. Friday, Dec. 16.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Washington. Saturday, Dec. 17.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Monday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Wednesday, Dec. 14. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 17, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 10, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 10, and the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Saturday, Dec. 10, through Tuesday, March 13.

Skating—Mita Pro Skate Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8.



ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Zoe Caldwell, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach in a benefit reading of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." (Trans-Lux Seaport Theatre, 210 Front St. Monday, Dec. 12, at 7:15. For information about tickets, call 669-9400.) . . . ¶ Amanda Plummer reading a selection of Emily Dickinson's poetry and letters. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ Bernard Malamud, Amy Clampitt, Israel Horovitz, and Oscar Hijuelos in a benefit reading from their own works. (Grace and St. Paul's Lutheran Church, 123 W. 71st St. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesdays and Thursday, Dec. 7-8, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry and watches. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 7, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 8-9, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints, paintings, and ceramics, together with Japanese and Chinese works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 8, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 9, at 10:15, and Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2: English ceramics, furniture, and decorations, and Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Dec. 15, at 10:15: Russian works of art, *objets de vertu*, and Russian and Greek icons. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 10:15: Books and manuscripts, including musical manuscripts. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 15, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Dec. 16, at 10:15: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, plus dance, theatre, and opera memorabilia. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 15, at 2: English and Continental silver. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 10. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, Dec. 9, at 10 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Childe Hassam. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 11: Furniture, decorations, and rugs. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Dec. 7, from 10 to 5.)

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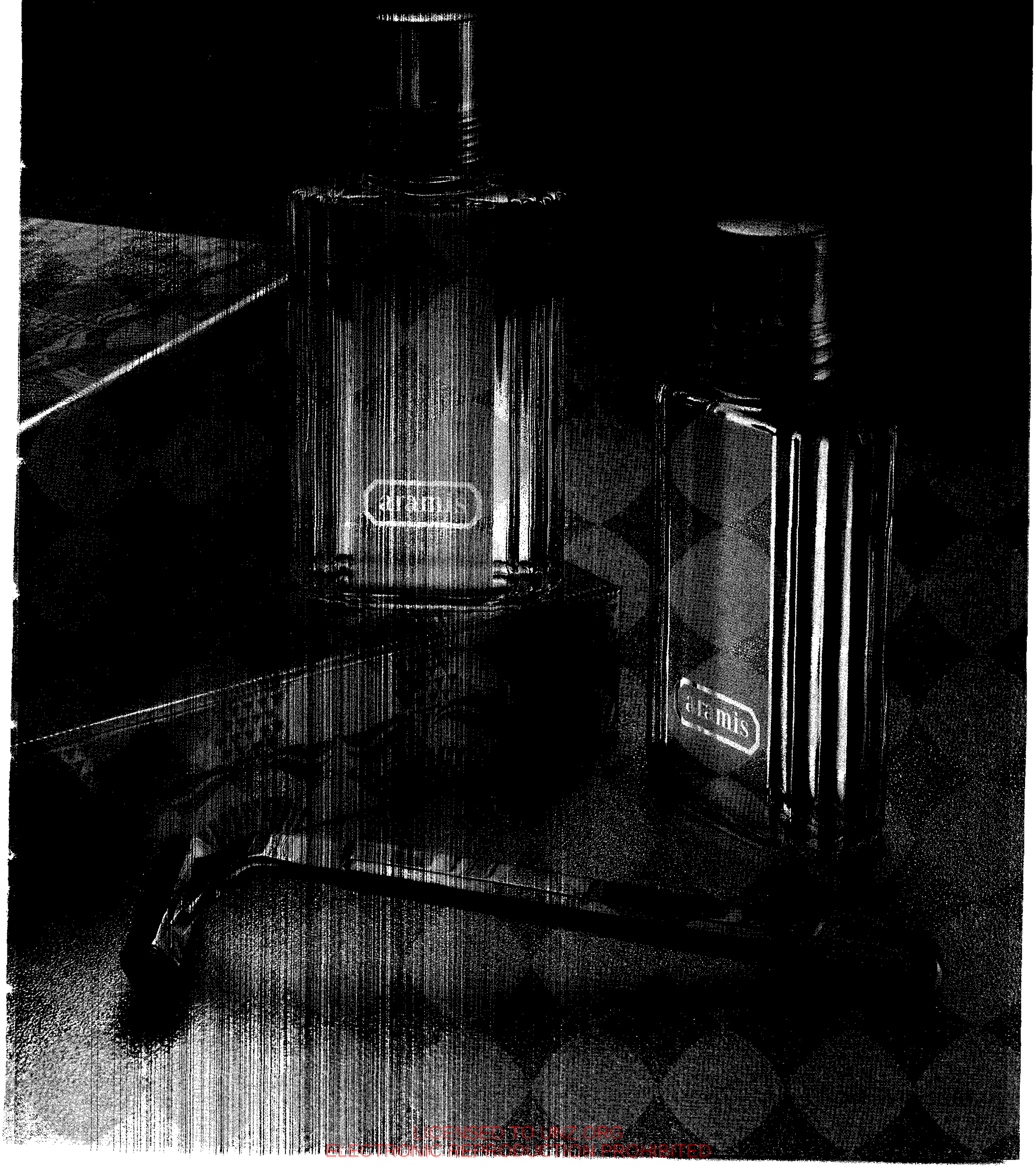
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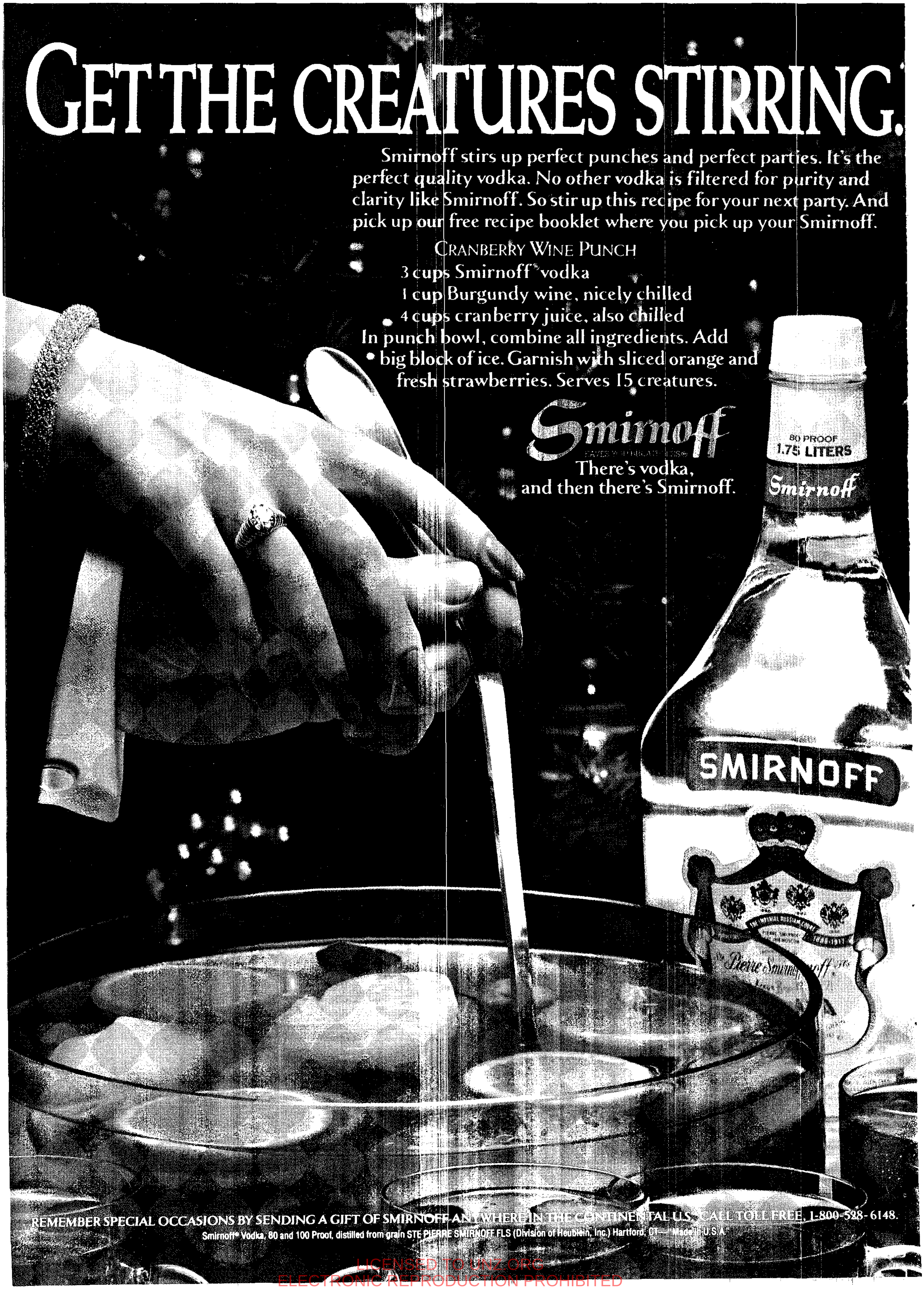

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Dec. 11: The final programs in a two-week retrospective of dance film from 1894 to 1983.
Dec. 13-14: "The Sea Gull" (1977; directed by Marco Bellocchio; in Italian); and "Fists in the Pocket" (†).
Dec. 15-16: "The Sea Gull;" and "China Is Near" (†).
From Dec. 17: "The Sea Gull;" and "Victory March" (1976; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 15: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
From Dec. 16: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 8: "Lonely Hearts" (†); and "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.
From Dec. 9: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 8: A festival of gay films.
Dec. 9-15: To be announced.
From Dec. 16: "Educating Rita" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 8: "The Right Stuff" (†).
From Dec. 9: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 15: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
From Dec. 16: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 3: "Educating Rita" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heart Like a Wheel" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 15: "Zelig" (†).
From Dec. 16: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney studios.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Educating Rita" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 15: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.
From Dec. 16: "To Be or Not to Be" (Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

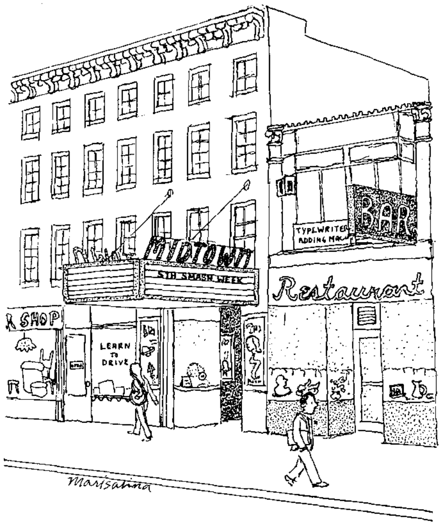
MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Local Hero" (†). Dec. 9-15: "Sudden Impact." From Dec. 16: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Star 80" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Never Cry Wolf" (†). From Dec. 9: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Fire and Ice" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. Dec. 9-15: "Scarface." From Dec. 16: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Dec. 7: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
From Dec. 8: "Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?" (Henry Jaglom), with Karen Black and Michael Emil.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 13: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.
From Dec. 14: "Silkwood" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Kurt Russell.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 15: "Beyond Reasonable Doubt" (John Laing), with David Hemmings and John Hargreaves.
From Dec. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 8: "Making Out" (Walter Boos), with Jessie St. Clair.
Dec. 9-15: "Piranha 2."
From Dec. 16: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon; and "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster. From Dec. 9: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.
Theatre 2: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 8: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.
From Dec. 9: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale. Dec. 9-15: "Sudden Impact." From Dec. 16: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "First Contact" (directed by Bob Connolly and Robin Anderson); and "Trobriand Cricket" (1975; Jerry W. Leach and Gary Kildea).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "The Searchers" (1956; John Ford), with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond. Dec. 9-10: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda. Dec. 11-12: "Barry Lyndon" (†). Dec. 13: "The Woman in the Window" (†) and "The Night of the Hunter" (†). Dec. 14-15: "Claire's Knee" (†) and "La Salamandre" (†). Dec. 16-17: "1900" (†).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. From Dec. 9: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 8: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams. From Dec. 9: "Beyond Reasonable Doubt" (John Laing), with David Hemmings and John Hargreaves.
Theatre 4: "Under Fire" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 15: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.
From Dec. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Yentl" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 8: "Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).
From Dec. 9: Theatre temporarily closed.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Star 80" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: A program of new Italian films. From Dec. 14: "The Eyes, the Mouth" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Lou Castel and Angela Molina.
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: "The Return of Martin Guerre"

(Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor. From Dec. 9: "Heart Like a Wheel" (†).
Theatre 2: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 9: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Never Cry Wolf" (†). From Dec. 9: "Scarface."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 15: "The Big Chill" (†). From Dec. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 8: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Under Fire" (†). From Dec. 16: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor. From Dec. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan. From Dec. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 8: "Making Out" (Walter Boos), with Jessie St. Clair. From Dec. 9: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 8: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon; and "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster. From Dec. 9: "Piranha 2."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Dec. 9: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: "Amityville 3-D" (Richard Fleischer), with Tony Roberts and Candy Clark.
Theatre 3: "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 15: "A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins. From Dec. 16: "To Be or Not to Be" (Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.
Theatre 5: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 6: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Dec. 15: "Nate and Hayes" (Ferdinand Fairfax), with Tommy Lee Jones. From Dec. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

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Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams. From Dec. 16: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 15: "Flashdance" (†). From Dec. 16: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon; and "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster. From Dec. 9: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 8: Theatre closed.
Dec. 9-15: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
From Dec. 16: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Dec. 15: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.
From Dec. 16: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Of Unknown Origin" (George P. Cosmatos), with Peter Weller and Jennifer Dale. Dec. 9-15: "Piranha 2." From Dec. 16: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin. Dec. 9-15: "Piranha 2." From Dec. 16: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "7 Doors of Death" (Louis Fuller), with Katherine MacColl; and "Making Out" (Walter Boos), with Jessie St. Clair. From Dec. 9: "Scarface" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Fire and Ice" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. Dec. 9-13: "Scarface." From Dec. 14: "Silkwood" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Kurt Russell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "The Right Stuff" (†). From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "The Big Score" (Fred Williamson), with Williamson. From Dec. 9: "Sudden Impact."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 13: "Passion" (1983; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla.
From Dec. 14: To be announced.

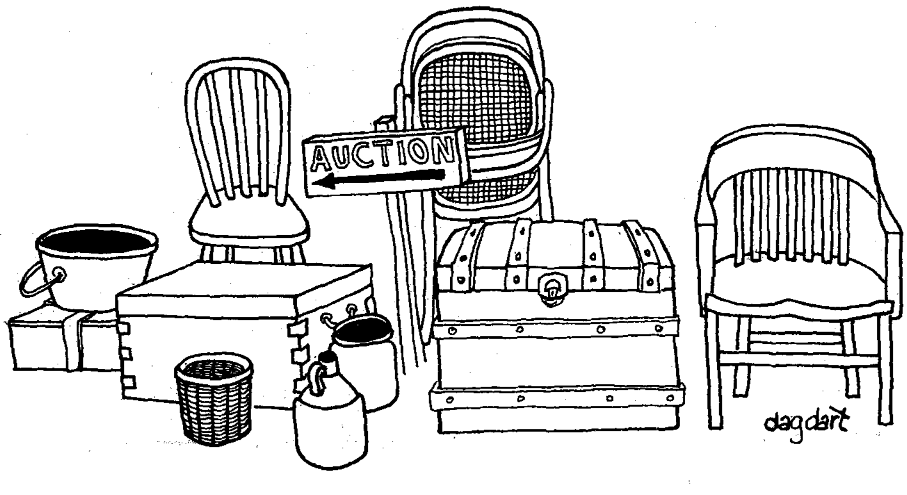
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Vassa" (1983; Gleb Panfilov; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 8: "Bound for Glory" (1976; Hal Ashby), with David Carradine; and "Alice's Restaurant" (1969; Arthur Penn), with Arlo Guthrie, Pat Quinn, and James Broderick.
Dec. 9-10: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair; and "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.
Dec. 11-13: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen; and "Conversation Piece" (†).
Dec. 14-15: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (†); and "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin.
Dec. 16-17: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Abuse" (1983; Arthur Bressan).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Dec. 7: "Stalag 17" (1953; Billy Wilder), with William Holden, Don Taylor, Otto Preminger, and Robert Strauss; and "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa.
Dec. 8: "Friendly Persuasion" (1956; William Wyler), with Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire, Marjorie Main, and Anthony Perkins; and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.
From Dec. 9: An erotic film festival.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Dec. 7: "Arthur" (1981; Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud; and "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
Dec. 8-10: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.
Dec. 11-12: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
Dec. 13-14: "The Four Musketeers" (1975; Richard Lester), with Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York; and "The Duellists" (1978; Ridley Scott), with Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel.
Dec. 15-17: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 8: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977; Bruno Bozzetto; in Italian), a six-episode animated and live-action musical film; and "Wizards" (1977; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
Dec. 9-10: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott),



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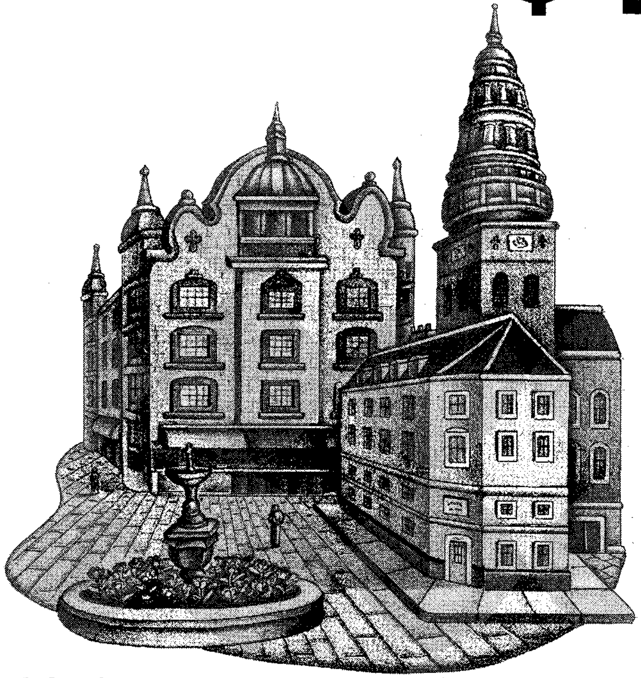

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*Prices—$495 from New York. $595 from Chicago. $645 from Seattle, $695 from Los Angeles, based on double occupancy. Available through Dec. 13, 1983; Jan. 3 through Feb. 29, 1984. (Through March 31, 1984 from Chicago and Los Angeles.) Prices higher during other periods. Prices subject to change without prior notice. †Available Nov. 1983 through Feb. 1984.

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with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.

Dec. 11: "La Traviata" (1983; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo; and "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Dec. 12-13: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.

Dec. 14-15: "Pink Flamingos" (1974) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both films directed by John Waters, with Divine.

Dec. 16-17: "My Favorite Year" (†) and "The Stunt Man" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Dec. 7: "Distant Thunder" (1973; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali), with Soumitra Chatterji; and "Devi" (1962; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali), with Sharmila Tagore.

Dec. 8: "The Battle of Chile, Part III" (1976; Patricio Guzmán); and "The Promised Land" (1974; Miguel Littin; a Chilean film, in Spanish).

Dec. 9: "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.

Dec. 10: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).

Dec. 11: "Our Hitler" (1980; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German). One showing, starting at 2, of the complete seven-hour film.

Dec. 12: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Accattone!" (†).

Dec. 13: "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.

Dec. 14: "The Quiet Man" (†) and "The Informer" (†).

Dec. 15: "Alsino and the Condor" (1983; Miguel Littin; a Nicaraguan film, in Spanish), with Dean Stockwell and Alan Esquivel; and "The Jackal of Nahueltoro" (1969; Miguel Littin; a Chilean film, in Spanish).

Dec. 16: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1981; Ettore Scola; in French), with Harvey Keitel, Marcello Mastroianni, and Laura Betti; and "The Rise of Louis XIV" (†).

Dec. 17: "Breathless" (1983; Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Dec. 7: "The L-Shaped Room" (1963; Bryan Forbes), with Leslie Caron and Tom Bell; and "10 Rillington Place" (1971; Richard Fleischer), with Richard Attenborough and John Hurt.

Dec. 8-10: "Richard III" (1956; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Claire Bloom, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Cedric Hardwicke.

Dec. 11-12: "The Prisoner" (†); and "The Nun's Story" (1959; Fred Zinnemann), with Audrey Hepburn, Peter Finch, and Dean Jagger.

Dec. 13-14: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "A Doll's House" (†).

Dec. 15-17: "This Happy Breed" (1947; David Lean), with Celia Johnson, Robert Newton, John Mills, Kay Walsh, and Stanley Holloway; and "The Browning Version" (1951; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent, and Brian Smith.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 7: "Five Bounty Hunters" (1969; Eichi Kudo; in Japanese); and "The Legend of the Wicked in Japan" (1971; Shinji Murayama; in Japanese).

Dec. 8: "The Great Moment" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Joel McCrea, Betty Field, and Harry Carey; and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.

Dec. 9-10: "The Knight" (1980; Lech J. Majewski; in Polish); and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski).

Dec. 11: "La Signora de Tutti" (1934; Max Ophuls; in Italian), with Isa Miranda; and "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Dec. 12: "La Femme Infidèle" (†) and "The Sleeping Car Murder" (†).

Dec. 13: "The Baker's Wife" (1938; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu; and "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (†).

Dec. 14: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "The Burmese Harp" (†).

Dec. 15: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Edmund Gwenn, and Natalie Wood.

Dec. 16-17: "The Wages of Fear" (†); and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 7: "Detective Story" (1951; William Wyler), with Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, and William Bendix; and "Ace in the Hole" ("The Big Carnival;" 1951; Billy Wilder), with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling.

Dec. 8: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

Dec. 9: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Dec. 10-11: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, and Virginia Dale.

From Dec. 12: Theatre temporarily closed.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Dec. 8 at 2:30: "The Creation of Woman" (1960; directed by Charles Schwep); and "The Householder" (1963; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 6: "The Courtesans of Bombay" (1983; Ismail Merchant), with Saeed Jaffrey; and excerpts from "The Bostonians" (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jessica Tandy. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "Mahatma and the Mad Boy" (1974; Ismail Merchant); and "Autobiography of a Princess" (1975; James Ivory), with James Mason and Madhur Jaffrey. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6: "Jane Austen in Manhattan" (1980; James Ivory), with Anne Baxter, Robert Powell, and Sean Young. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at noon: "Spaces: The Architecture of Paul Rudolph" (1983; Bob Eisenhardt); and "Making Music: The Emerson String Quartet" (1982; Robert and Marjory Potts). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2:30: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor, Felicity Kendal, and Geoffrey Kendal. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5: "Roseland" (1977; James Ivory), with Geraldine Chaplin, Christopher Walken, Teresa Wright, Lilia Skala, and Lou Jacobi. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at noon: "Spaces: The Architecture of Paul Rudolph" and "Making Music: The Emerson String Quartet." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2:30: "The Guru" (1969; James Ivory), with Michael York, Rita Tushingham, Utpal Dutt, and Saeed Jaffrey. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 5: "The Wild Party" (1974; James Ivory), with James Coco, Raquel Welch, and Perry King. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:30: "The Delhi Way" (1964; James Ivory); and "The Courtesans of Bombay." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 6: "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Bombay Talkie" (1970; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor, Jennifer Kendall, and Zia Mohyeddin. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 6: "Return to Appalachia" (1983; Constance A. Marks) and "So Far from India" (1982; Mira Nair), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2:30: "Shakespeare Wallah." . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 6: "Mahatma and the Mad Boy" and "Autobiography of a Princess." . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2:30: "Roseland." . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 6: "Savages" (1972; James Ivory), with Kathleen Widdoes, Sam Waterston, Salome Jens, Susan Blakely, and Ultra Violet. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at noon: "The Strong Man" (1926; Frank Capra; a silent film), with Harry Langdon. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 2:30: "Bombay Talkie." . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 5: "The Sword and the Flute" (1959; James Ivory); and "Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures" (1978; James Ivory), with Peggy Ashcroft, Saeed Jaffrey, Victor Banerjee, and Aparna Sen. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Dec. 11: "Primarily Speaking" (1981-83), an audiovisual environment by Gary Hill. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

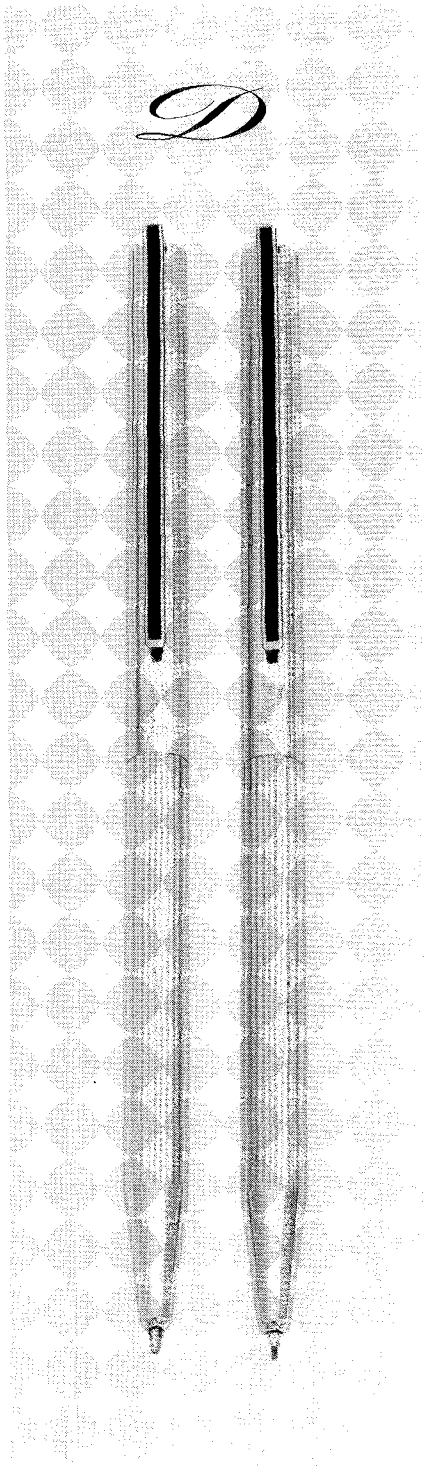
SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Accattone! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Barry Lyndon (1975)—Thackeray wrote a skittish, fast-moving parody of romantic, sentimental writing. It was about the adventures of an Irish knave who used British hypocrisy for leverage. However, it must have been Barry's ruthless pursuit of wealth and social position rather than his spirit that attracted Stanley Kubrick. His images are fastidiously delicate in the inexpressive, peculiarly chilly manner of the English painters of the period—the mid-eighteenth century—and it's an ice pack of a movie, a masterpiece in every insignificant detail. Kubrick suppresses most of the active elements that make movies pleasurable. The film says that people are disgusting but things are lovely. And a narrator (Michael Hordern) tells you what's going to happen before you see it. It's a coffee-table movie; the stately tour of European high life is like a three-hour slide show for art-history majors. With Ryan O'Neal, Marisa Berenson, Patrick Magee, Hardy Krüger, Diana Koerner, André Morell, Murray Melvin, Godfrey Quigley, Leonard Rossiter, Gay Hamilton, and Marie Kean. Production design by Ken Adam; cinematography by John Alcott; adaptation by Kubrick. (185 minutes.) (Film Forum; Dec. 11-12.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 16.)

The Burmese Harp (1956)—A Japanese likeness of "Antigone," directed by Kon Ichikawa,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

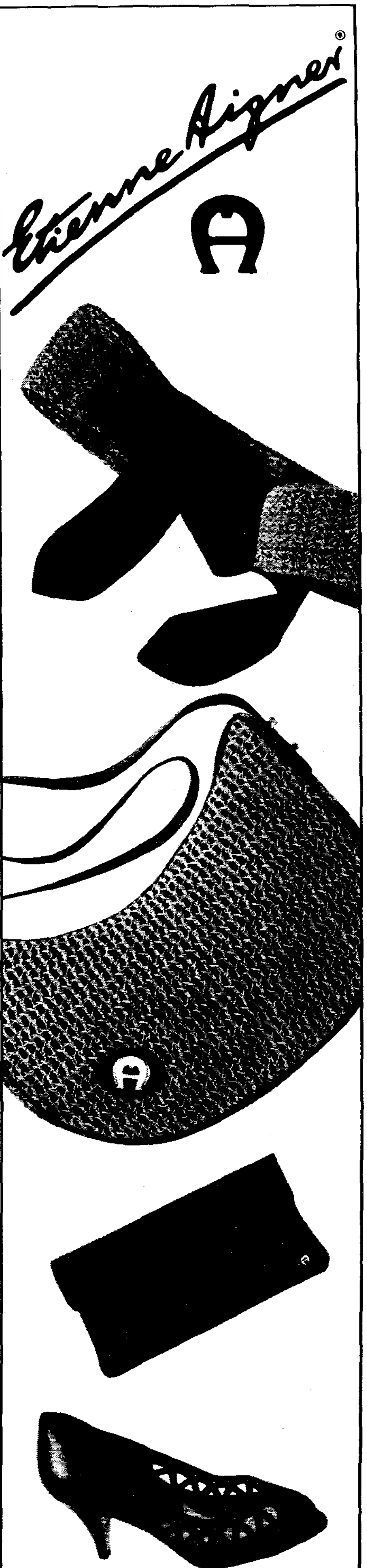
about a Japanese private in Burma near the end of the Second World War who has a driving need to bury the dead in expiation for the crimes of war. A strange, gentle film; the poetry is uneven but unmistakably authentic. In Japanese. (Thalia; Dec. 14.)

China Is Near (1968)—A witty, subtly freakish modern comedy about sex and politics, directed by the prodigiously talented twenty-seven-year-old Marco Bellocchio in a fluid style that is full of surprises. Bellocchio's characters are as much a private zoo as Buñuel's; the five principals, who are so awful they're funny, use one another in every way they can, with the film structured like a classic comic opera. (It has the intricacy and the boudoir complications.) Among the five are a pair of working-class lovers—a secretary and a Socialist functionary—who scheme to marry into the rich landed gentry. Their targets are a potbellied professor (Glauco Mauri), who is running for municipal office on the Socialist ticket, and his sister (Elda Tattoli), a great lady who lets every man in town climb on top of her but won't marry because socially they're all beneath her. The fifth is the younger brother in the rich household—a prissy, sneering seventeen-year-old Maoist (who provides the title when he scrawls "China Is Near" on the walls of his brother's campaign headquarters). As the pairs of lovers combine and recombine and the five become one big, ghastly family (with a yapping little house pet as an emblem of domesticity), Bellocchio makes it all rhyme. The camera glides in and out and around the action; it moves as simply and with as much apparent ease as if it were attached to the director's forehead. The script is by Bellocchio and Miss Tattoli (she was also the art director); cinematography by Tonino Delli Colli; music by Ennio Morricone. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 15-16.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and a captivatingly gawky teen-age actress, Béatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. With Laurence De Monaghan as Claire, and Aurora Cornu as the novelist. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 14-15.)

Conversation Piece (1975)—The theme is "Death in Venice" all over again, with Burt Lancaster playing Aschenbach to Helmut Berger's Konrad (a garish, grownup Tadzio). But the director, Luchino Visconti, is in a jovial mood, and the dignified older man—a retired American professor—isn't destroyed; on the contrary, he is recalled to life. Visconti pictures have often had an undercurrent of silliness, and in this one the silliness is very close to the surface; however, there's grandeur in the director's follies and in his allowing his sexual and political obsessions to be displayed so openly. As Konrad, who moves into an apartment in the professor's house, Berger flaunts the mannerisms that many other actors avoid. A petulant little nymph, Konrad is being kept by a venomous, tantrummy Countess (Silvana Mangano), but he's also supposed to be a revolutionary. In Visconti's view, Konrad is a victim of those to whom he sells his favors, and at the end he stands revealed as a saint. It's an idiosyncratic film; it's cuckoo—an old man's film (partly directed from a wheelchair)—but it's very likable. With Claudia Marsani and Stefano Patrizi, and brief appearances by Dominique Sanda and Claudia Cardinale. Written by Suso Cecchi D'Amico, Enrico Medioli, and Visconti. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Dec. 11-13.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed



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than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

A Doll's House (1973)—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the feminist aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. Directed by Patrick Garland. (Regency; Dec. 13-14.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Dec. 16.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—This Claude Chabrol film is an exquisitely detailed, impeccably acted, stunningly directed suspense story about adultery and passion among the bourgeoisie. Yet there isn't a breath of life in it. You observe Michel Bouquet's foxy little performance as the cuckold, the glossy beauty of Stéphane Audran (she looks like a rich, chic Jeanne Hébuterne) as the wife, and Maurice Ronet's assured professionalism as the seducer, and you see the points being made about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. But the expertise is so tired, so masterly and perfectly slick, that the film looks as if Chabrol polished it until he ran out of spit. With Michel Duchaussoy. Chabrol wrote the script; cinematography by Jean Rabier. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 12.)

Fists in the Pocket (1965)—This first film by Marco Bellocchio must surely be one of the most astonishing directorial débuts in the history of movies, yet it is hard to know how to react to it. The direction is exhilaratingly cool and assured, and the whole movie is charged with temperament, but the material is wild. It's about a bourgeois family of diseased monsters; epileptic fits multiply between bouts of matricide, fratricide, and incest. The material is so savage that the movie often seems intended to be funny, but *why* it was so intended isn't clear. It features the best strange-brother-and-sister act since "Les Enfants Terribles": Lou Castel, with his pug-dog manner, and Paola Pitagora, looking like a debauched gazelle. Cinematography by Alberto Marrama; music by Ennio Morricone. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 13-14.)

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Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Embassy; through Dec. 15.)

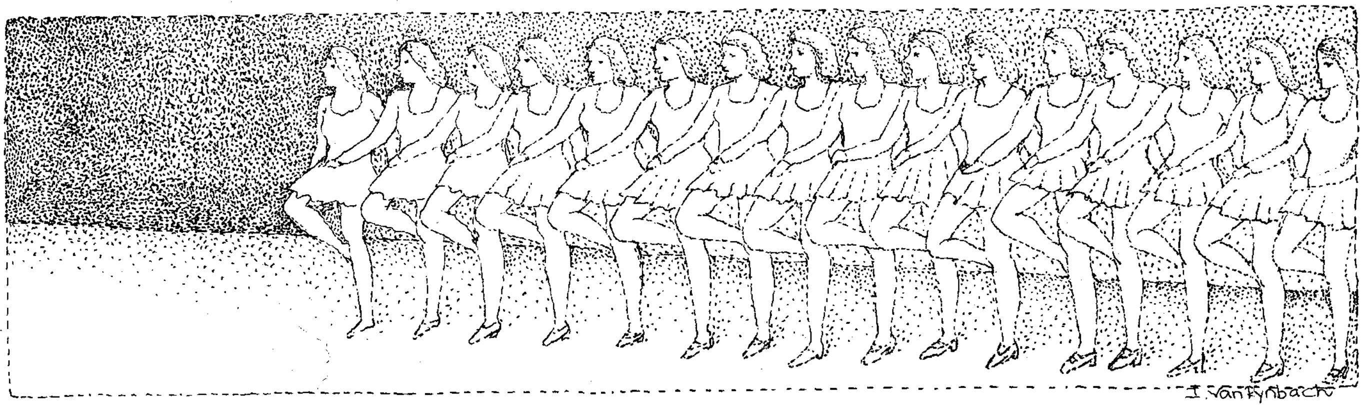
Heart Like a Wheel—A friendly movie with a cold center, this biographical film is about what it cost the drag racer Shirley Muldowney to win out over men in what was previously considered the domain of macho daredevils. Hoyt Axton plays Shirley's earthy and congenial father; Leo Rossi plays the mechanic-husband who tools up the cars she races; and Beau Bridges brings his marvellous radiance to the role of the impulsive, rowdy Connie Kalitta, who becomes Shirley's partner. Bonnie Bedelia, who plays Shirley from sixteen to forty, brings to the role a dry and precise irony. But her Shirley is a planner and a pusher who thinks everything out—the thrill sport of drag racing is a fulfillment of nothing visible in her character. Directed by Jonathan Kaplan from a script by Ken Friedman. With Anthony Edwards, Paul Bartel, Dean Paul Martin, and Dick Miller. (11/14/83) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 9.)

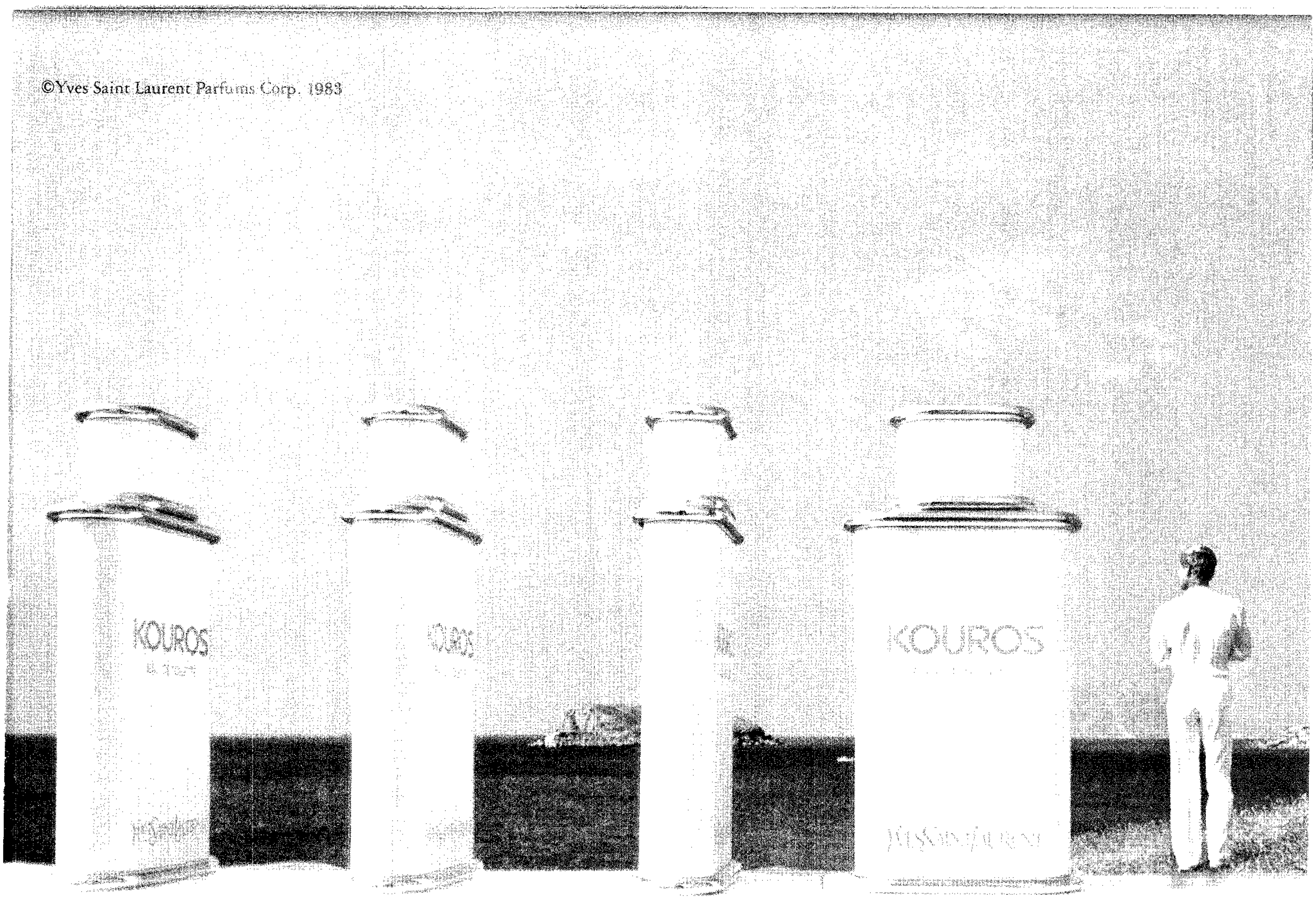
The Informer (1935)—Victor McLaglen in his Academy Award-winning role as Gypo Nolan, the Dublin drunkard who turns stool pigeon and betrays his friend (Wallace Ford) to the police for the reward. The period is 1922, during the Sinn Fein rebellion. This John Ford film, taken from Liam O'Flaherty's fine novel, is perhaps too pure and diagrammatic for modern tastes—Gypo's frenetic, desperate squandering of the reward money, his spasms of fury, of pleasure, of terror, are more clarified than we require now. But if the scenarist, Dudley Nichols, and the director clinched their points, they also had the discipline to keep the work all of a piece—naïve yet powerful. (They also won Academy Awards.) It is part of Hollywood legend that Ford got McLaglen boozed up so that he was bewildered and couldn't do his usual brand of acting—and it's probably true. With Preston Foster, Heather Angel, Una O'Connor, Margot Grahame, Joe Sawyer, and J. M. Kerrigan. The score is by Max Steiner. (Remade, with a black cast, as "Up Tight" in 1968 by Jules Dassin.) (Metro Cinema; Dec. 14.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy-handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Manhattan; through Dec. 8.)

Lonely Hearts—This movie is very casually strung together. It's an Australian variant of the comfy-cozy Ealing comedies of the fifties, but it doesn't have their precise construction—it moves from one small slapstick diversion to the next. As the timid, sexually repressed heroine, Wendy Hughes is lovely in the standard fine-actress-playing-dowdy-aging-virgin performance. As the piano tuner who courts her, Norman Kaye has a furtive, childlike prankishness, and that's what keeps the movie alive. The core idea is moist, but the film's humor is dry and sometimes darting and sneaky. Directed by Paul Cox, who wrote the script with John Clarke, the film has a cheerless look and dreary, crabbed cinematography. You have to settle for the flyspeck jokes and the acting; it's all mildly satirical, mildly romantic, and mildly engaging. With Jonathan Hardy as the piano tuner's amiable, innocent brother-in-law and Jon Finlayson as the flamboyant director of an amateur theatrical group. (10/3/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 8.)

My Favorite Year (1982)—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol

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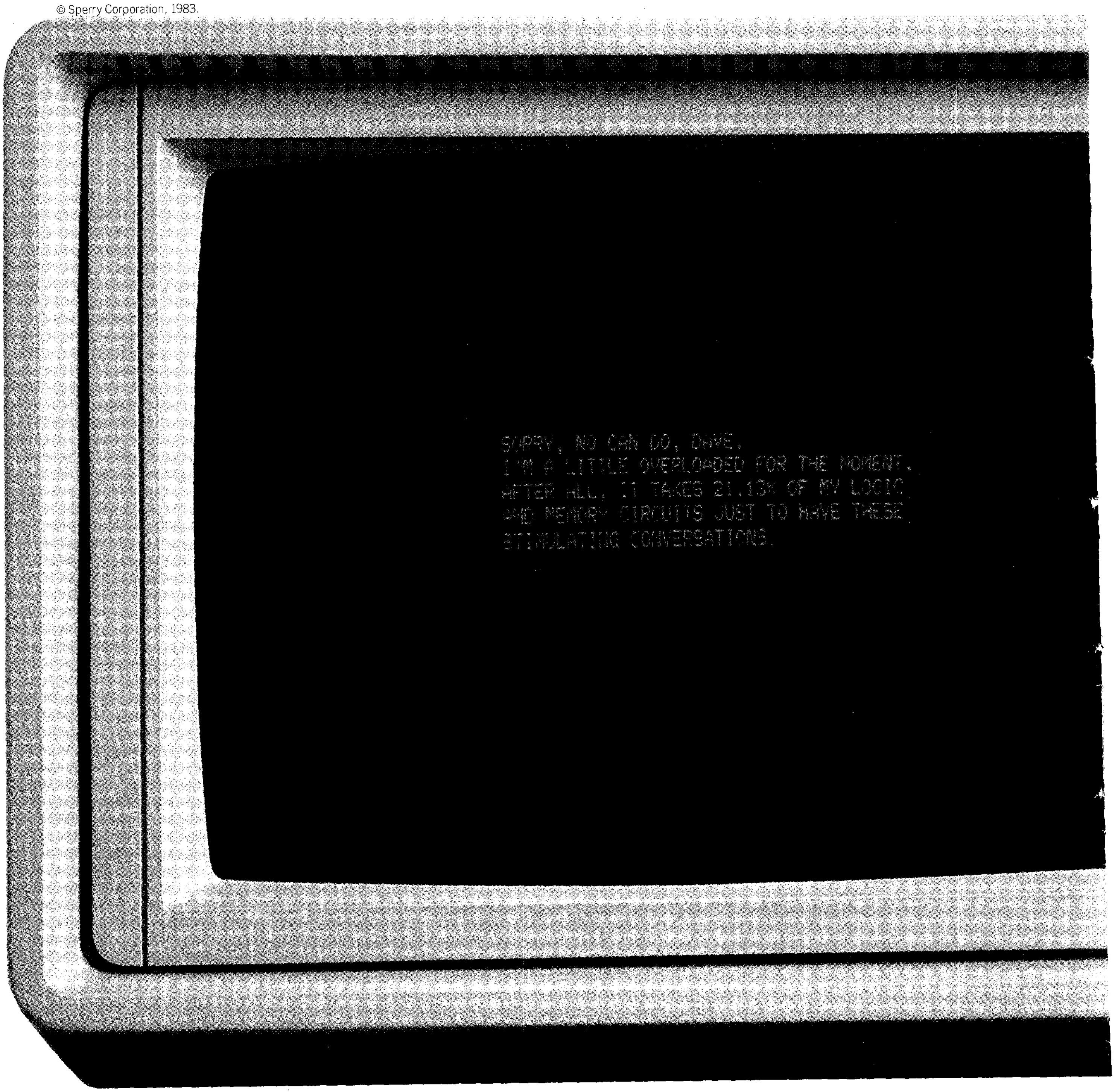

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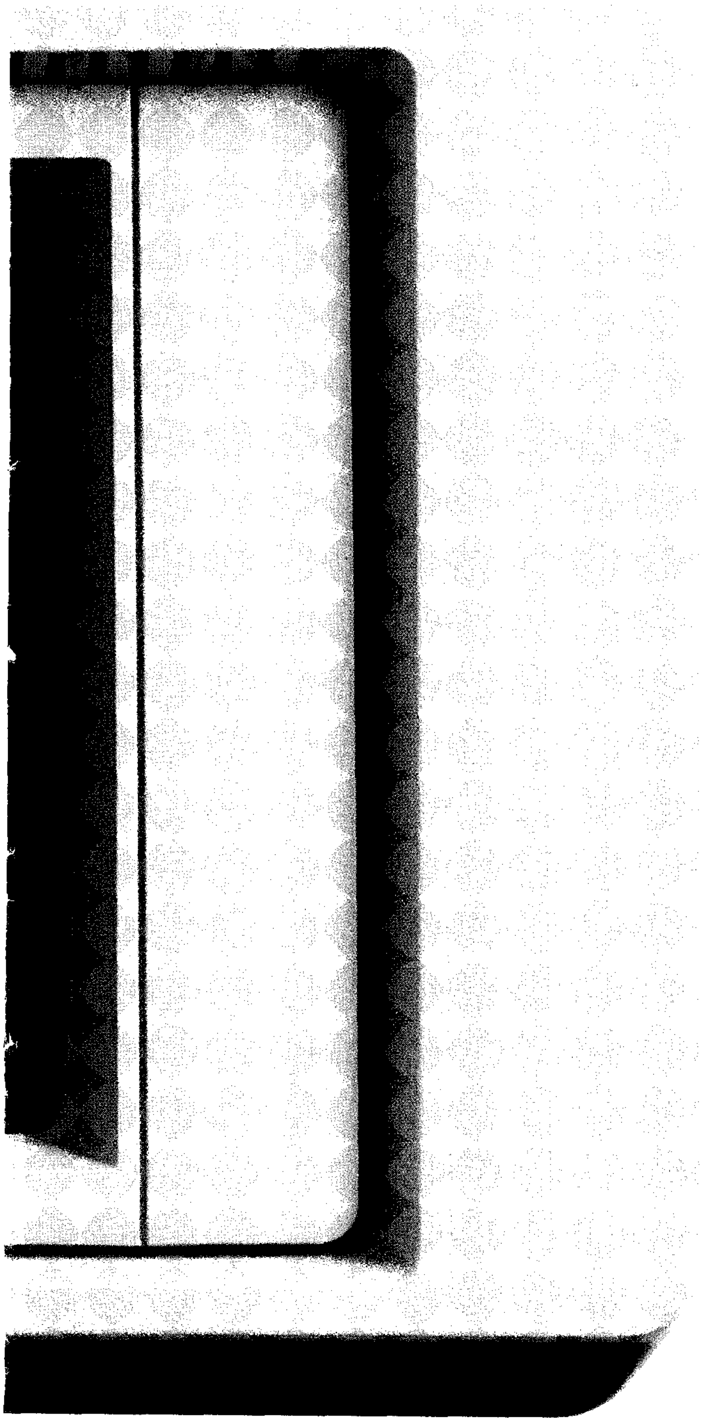

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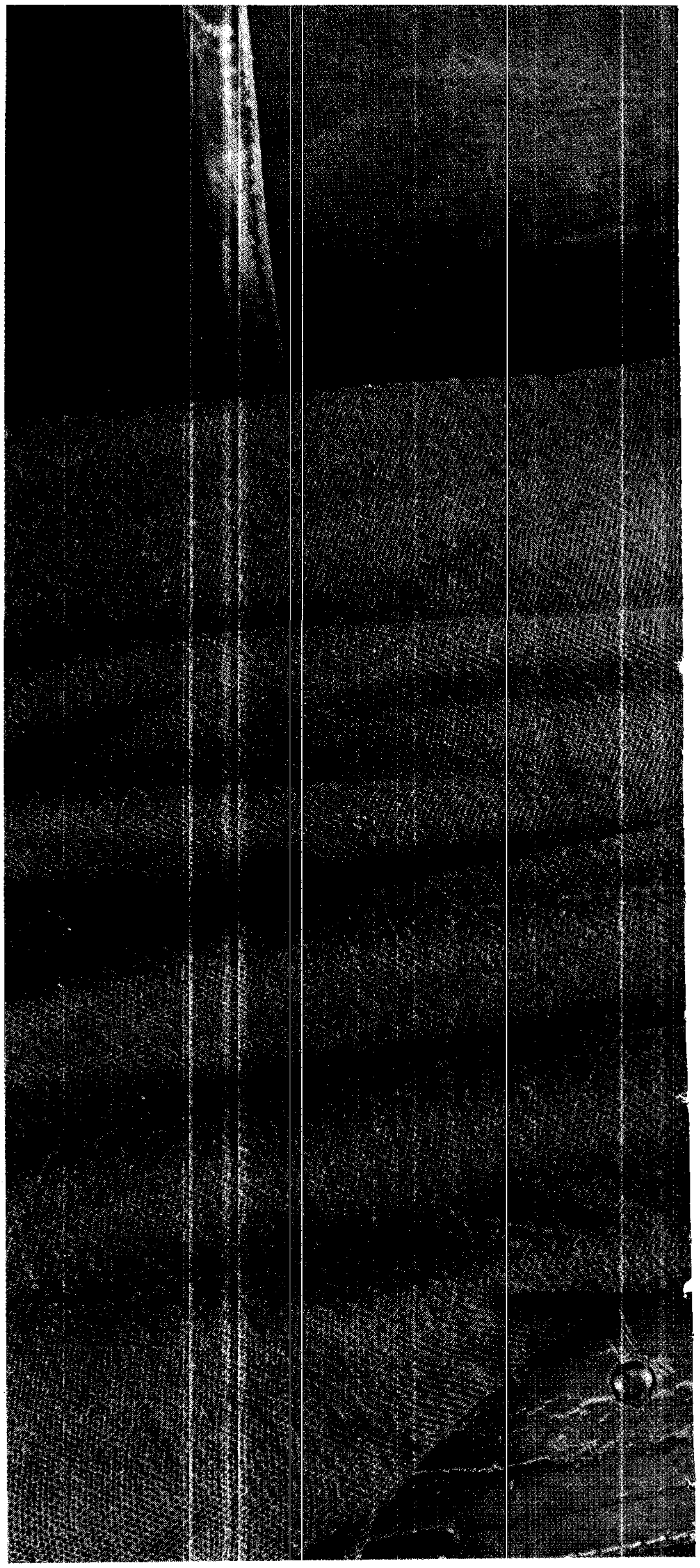

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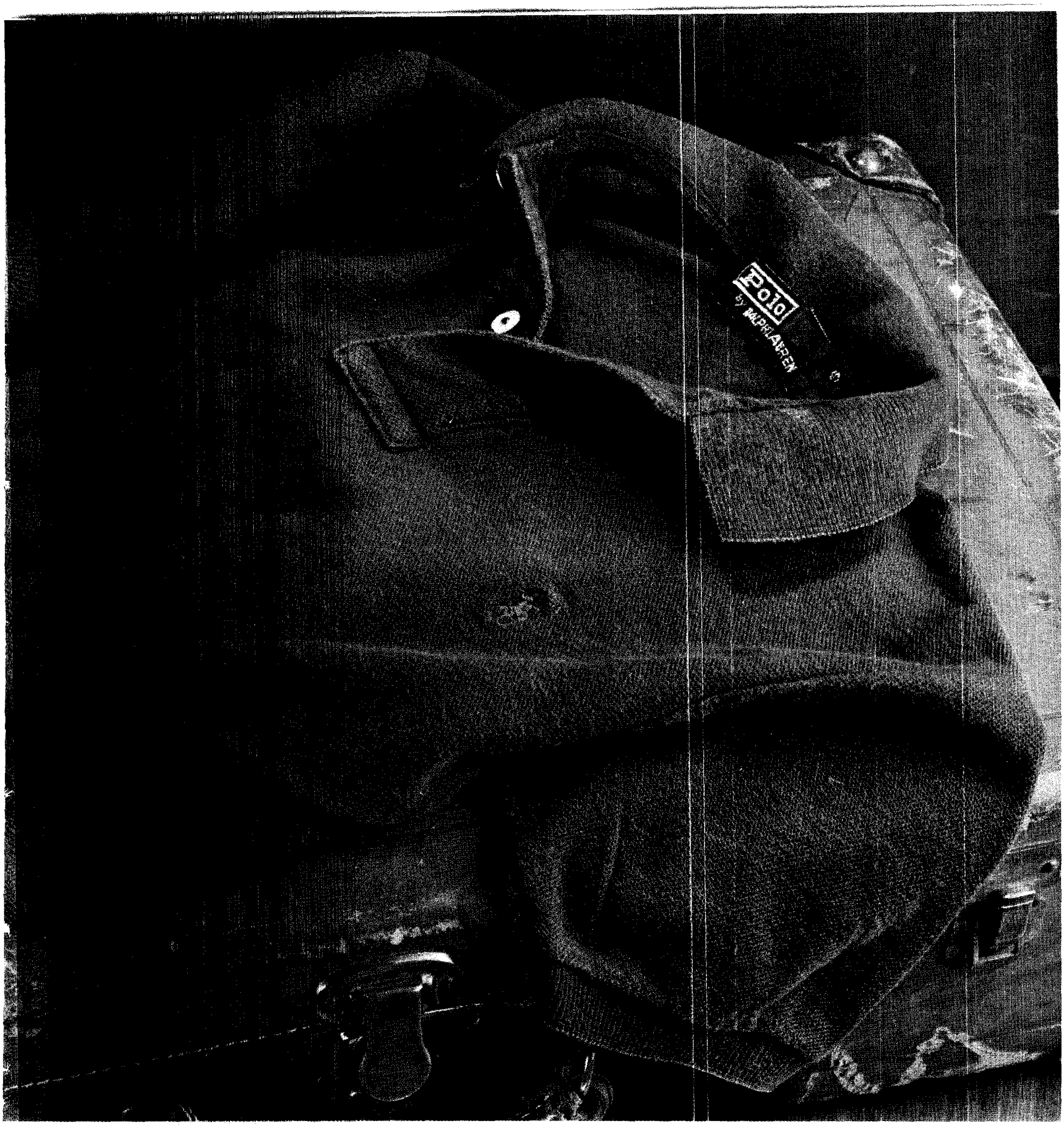

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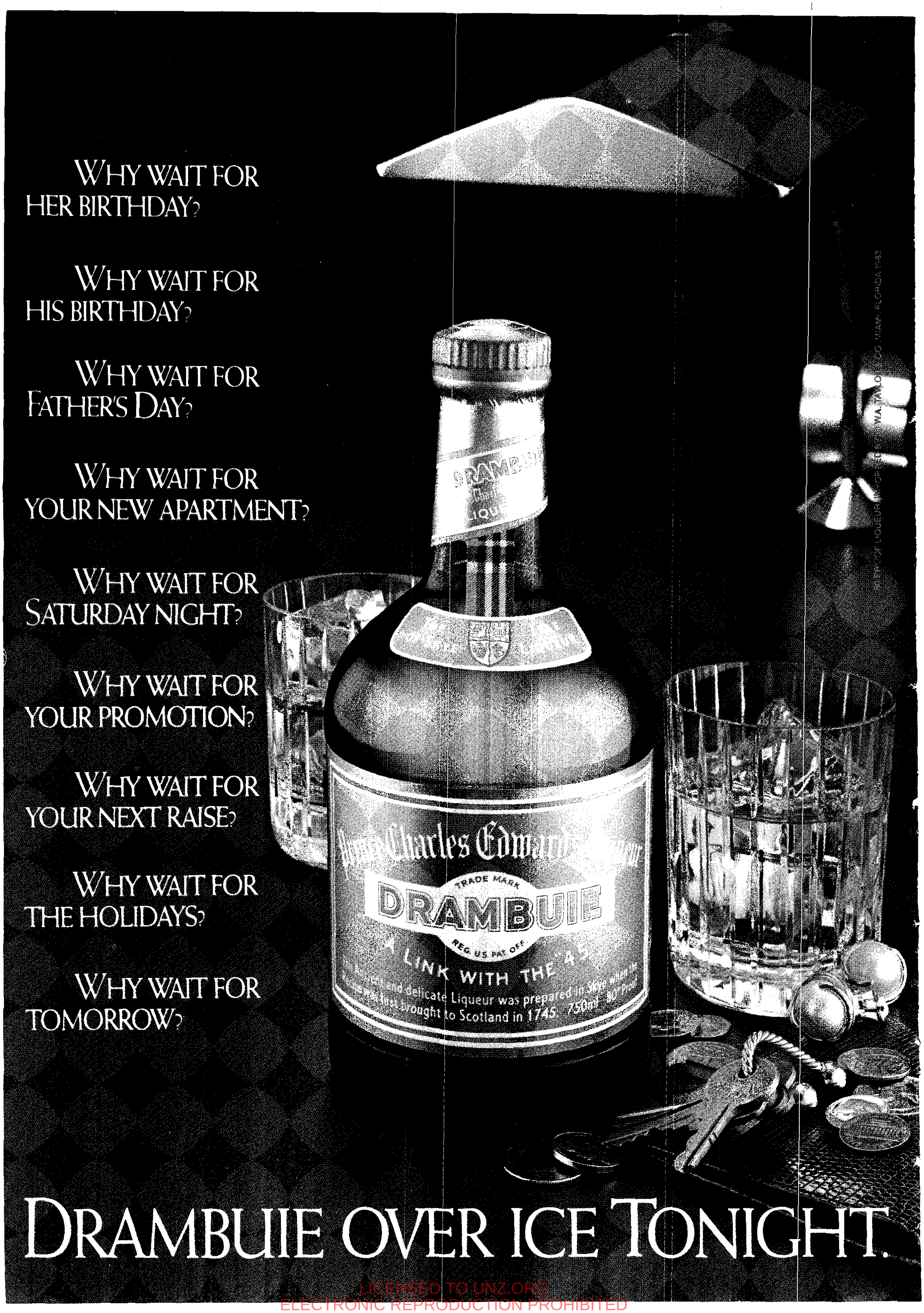
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DRAMBUIE OVER ICE TONIGHT.

[illegible] OF LIQUEUR [illegible] © W.A. TAYLOR [illegible] CO. MIAMI, FLORIDA 1983

Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. Ravaged and liquefied as Swann is, he still has his feelers out—he's always aware of the impression he's making; even when Swann is drunk, he's acting a great actor drunk. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit; Benjamin is crazy about actors—not a bad start for a director. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne DeSalvo all have a crack at fresh material. In the tricky role of the youngest of the gag writers, Mark Linn-Baker is button-eyed and skinny—a snookums; it's an inventive performance but borderline ghastly. And Jessica Harper's scenes don't pan out. But over all it's a very funny picture. Also with Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Benedetto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 16-17.)

NEVER CRY WOLF—With Charles Martin Smith, directed by Carroll Ballard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; through Dec. 15.)

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER (1955)—Despite its peculiar overtones of humor, this is one of the most frightening movies ever made (and truly frightening movies become classics of a kind). Robert Mitchum is the murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing soul-saver with hypnotic powers, and his terrified new wife (Shelley Winters), who has a boy and a little girl from an earlier marriage, becomes his fervent disciple. He is something of a Pied Piper in reverse: adults trust him, children try to escape. The two kids' flight from the madman is a mysterious, dreamlike episode—a deliberately "artistic" suspense fantasy, broken by the appearance of a Christian variety of fairy godmother (Lillian Gish). The adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work, and this shadowy horror fable was the first and only movie directed by Charles Laughton; it was a total financial disaster, and he never got a chance to direct again. With Evelyn Varden, James Gleason, Don Beddoe, and Peter Graves. Cinematography by Stanley Cortez. (Film Forum; Dec. 13.)

1900 (1977)—Bernardo Bertolucci's utopian folly is about two boys born in the North Italian region of Emilia-Romagna on the same day in 1901. Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. Bertolucci is trying to transcend the audience appeal of his lyrical, psychological films. He is trying to make a people's film by drawing on the mythology of movies, as if it were a collective memory. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (The belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants.) In form, it's an opera-novel, and its homage is to Verdi, the great Emilian who died on the day of the two boys' birth; it has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs, and one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour; there are also sequences as great as any ever filmed. The cast includes Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Ennio Morricone. The European version (it opened in 1976) ran over five hours; the version that Bertolucci (under duress) prepared for the U.S. runs four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (Film Forum; Dec. 16-17.)

PAULINE AT THE BEACH—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THE PRISONER (1955)—As the proud cardinal induced to make a false confession of treason (in an unnamed Communist country), Alec Guinness gives a powerful, almost agonized performance. (It was probably the most intense acting he had done in movies up to that time.) Though Bridget Boland's script (from her play) and Peter Glenville's direction leave a great deal to be desired, Guinness achieves what they inadequately reach for. This English film is really nothing but his performance—which is perhaps enough. With Jack Hawkins as the interrogator, Wilfrid Lawson as the warden, and Kenneth Griffith and Raymond Huntley. (Regency; Dec. 11-12.)

THE QUIET MAN (1952)—One of John Ford's most popular films—but fearfully Irish and green and hearty. John Wayne plays an American prizefighter who returns to Ireland and courts a ripe, fiery beauty, Maureen O'Hara. In the best scene, on the morning after the wedding, the fighter's driver, Barry Fitzgerald, comes in through the smashed bedroom door and looks at the broken-down bed, and says something indecipherable that sounds like "positively Homeric." There's a big brawl between Wayne and Victor McLaglen, who plays the bride's brother. With Ward Bond, Mildred Natwick, Francis Ford, Arthur Shields, Jack McGowan, Sean McClory, May Craig, Mae Marsh, Ken Curtis, as the ballad singer, and four of Wayne's children. From Maurice Walsh's short story "Green Rushes," adapted by Frank S. Nugent. Filmed in Ireland and at Republic Pictures. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 14.)

THE RIGHT STUFF—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Dec. 9.)

THE RISE OF LOUIS XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of the young monarch—from a boy who had been written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee to one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 16.)

LA SALAMANDRE (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Film Forum; Dec. 14-15.)

THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (1966)—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 12.)

STAR 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on Teresa Carpenter's "Death of a Playmate," in the *Village Voice*, and other accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, a pimp and a two-bit promoter, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Paul Snider, Eric Roberts uses a wet, mushy voice here, and he makes you feel the man's squirminess and rage. He gets the film's central idea across: that Paul Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. But Fosse keeps him shouting and sweating and twisting his face for what seems an eternity. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse must believe that he can make art out of anything—that he doesn't need a writer to create characters, that he can just take the idea of a pimp murdering a pinup and give it such razzle-dazzle that it will shake people to the marrow. He uses his whole pack of tricks—flashbacks, interviews, shock cuts, the works—to keep the audience in a state of fixated dread. Fosse has gone so far that the

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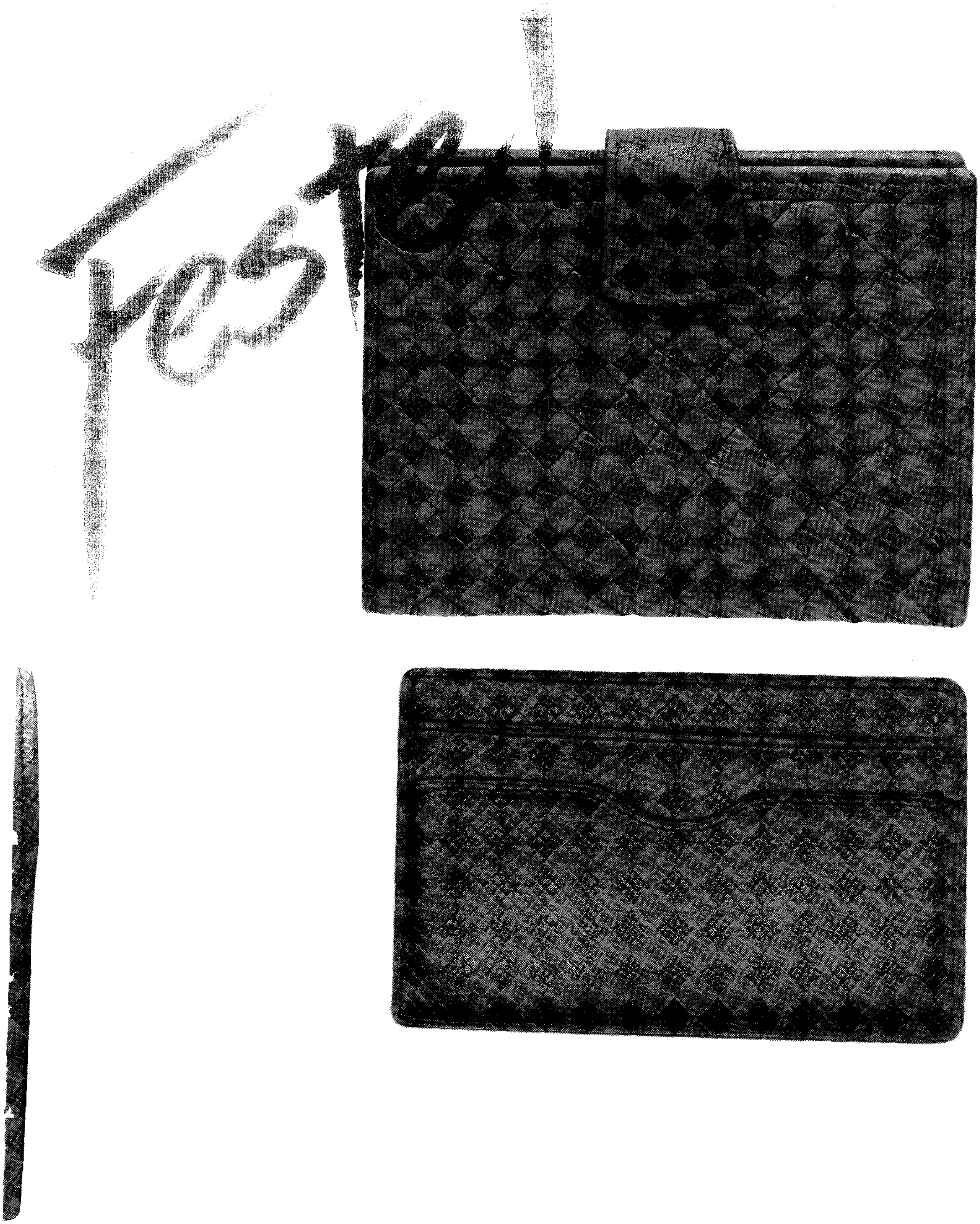

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question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, who, as Dorothy's mother, manages to suggest that the woman has some substance; Josh Mostel as a private detective; and Cliff Robertson and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

The Stunt Man (1980)—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, Sharon Farrell, Adam Roarke, Alex Rocco, and Chuck Bail. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; music by Dominic Frontiere. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 16-17.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated English movie about three Londoners and the breakup of two love affairs, from a delicate, pungent screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt, and it may be his finest work. It's an unusual film—perhaps a classic. A homosexual doctor in his forties, played by Peter Finch, and an employment counsellor in her thirties, played by Glenda Jackson, are both in love with a boyish, successful kinetic sculptor, played by Murray Head, who casually divides his time and affections between them. He has no special sexual preferences and doesn't understand what upsets the two older people about sharing him, since he loves them both. The film is a curious sort of plea on behalf of human frailty—it asks for sympathy for the nonheroes of life who make the best deal they can. People can receive solace from it—it's the most sophisticated weeper ever made. There is perhaps a little too *much* sensibility; compassion is featured. "People can manage on very little," the doctor says to relatives of an incapacitated patient. "Too late to start again," a sad, heavy-lidded woman who looks like Virginia Woolf says of her miserable marriage. Schlesinger has a gift for pacing and the energy to bring all the elements of a movie together, but he uses his technique so that it's just about impossible for you to have any reaction that he hasn't decreed you should. The film is full of planted insights; you can practically count the watts in the illuminations. With Peggy Ashcroft, Vivian Pickles, Tony Britton, and Maurice Denham. Cinematography by Billy Williams. (Cinema Village; Dec. 14-15.)

Terms of Endearment—With Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson; directed by James L. Brooks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Under Fire—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers." The director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Ed Harris, René Enriquez, and Richard Masur. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (Loews New York Twin, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Dec. 15.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—An existential thriller—the most original and shocking French melodrama of the fifties. The opening sequence shows us a verminous South American village and the Europeans trapped in it; they will risk everything for the money to get out. An oil well three hundred miles away has caught fire, and the oil company offers four of them two thousand dollars each to drive two trucks loaded with nitroglycerine (to explode out the fire) over primitive roads. The four are a Corsican (Yves Montand), a Frenchman (Charles Vanel), an Italian (Folco Lulli), and a German (Peter Van Eyck), and the film is about their responses to the gruelling test of driving the trucks. When you can be blown up at any moment, only a fool believes that character determines fate. In this situation, courage and caution are almost irrelevant, and ordinary human responses are futile and archaic—yet nothing else is left. If this isn't a parable of man's position in the modern world, it's at least an illustration of it. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed his own adaptation of Georges Arnaud's novel. Clouzot's most controversial film, it is also his most powerful; the violence is not used simply for excitement—it's used as in Eisenstein's and Buñuel's films: to force a vision of human experience. With Vera Clouzot and William Tubbs. The music is by Georges Auric; the cinematography is by Armand Thirard. Awarded the Golden Palm at Cannes. Originally released in the United States in a cut version, partly because of the film's length (156 minutes) and partly because of nervousness about how Americans would react to the sequences touching on the exploitative practices of American oil companies; the footage trimmed was later restored. (You can see the influence of this picture in Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch.") Remade by William Friedkin in 1977, under the title "Sorcerer." In French. (Thalia; Dec. 16-17.)

The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—This most famous French comedy about illegitimacy stars Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and the lovely Josette Day (the beauty of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. Undeservedly popular, this pastoral romp, written and directed by Marcel Pagnol, did much to convince a generation of art-house patrons that the French who lived close to the soil were warm, witty, and wise. Actually, Raimu and Fernandel, both products of the Marseilles music halls, were about as representative of indigenous peasant humor as an American burlesque graduate like Bert Lahr was of rural humor. Pagnol knew not only how to use his actors, but how to use traditional, stylized comedy plots in a natural setting and make them look as if they grew there. He also knew how to rework a hit; this movie is a spinoff of "The Baker's Wife." (It took Clouzot to shatter the image of French character that Pagnol had given to the world.) In French. (Thalia; Dec. 13.)

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The Woman in the Window (1944)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Lang's technique is so sure and so seductive that the viewer completely identifies with the safe, serene protagonist (Edward G. Robinson), an associate professor of psychology in a New York City college, and shares his shock and fear when he's caught in a trap. The professor is interested in the relation of motive to homicide—an interest that's purely a matter of intellectual curiosity. Then, when his wife and child are out of town, he visits a woman's apartment; her lover comes in and unexpectedly attacks him, and he kills the intruder with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, Dan Duryea is a blackmailer, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. Nunnally Johnson produced and adapted J. H. Wallis's novel, "Once Off Guard." With Dorothy Peterson and Bobby (later Robert) Blake. Cinematography by Milton Krasner. (Film Forum; Dec. 13.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it has a distinctive and surprising spirit. It's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. There's a running theme in Singer: human beings keep trying to flirt with God, hoping that someday a line of communication can be established, but sex always gets in the way. Dressed as a boy, Yentl is no longer resentful of male privileges, and for the first time she feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The director keeps her balance; her vision is sustained until the end (which is a misstep), and as the yeshiva boy she's a wonderful, giddy little shrimp. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction, and as the director she does graceful tricks with the songs. She also brings out the other performers' most appealing qualities; the cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt; it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 15.)

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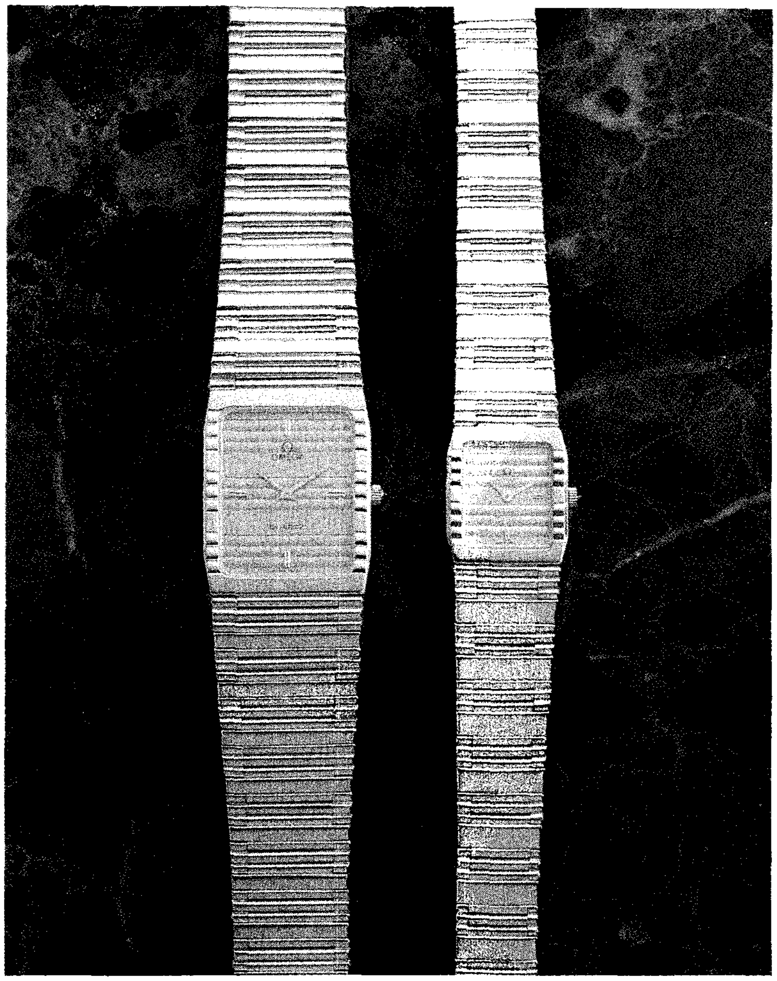

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

COMMONLY, people remark that the Founding Fathers of this nation outshine our present-day politicians; unlike a lot of truisms, this is true. Gaze upon our current leaders of every stripe and party, and then try to imagine that when America was a collection of tiny cities and wide empty spaces it enjoyed the guidance, at roughly the same time, of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, and Thomas Paine. Since they did not lead the world's most powerful nation, they did not exercise strong influence on world events, nor did they bring unequalled prosperity to their countrymen. And they were unenlightened about the importance of being perceived as "sincere" or as "charismatic" or as "nice guys." (Several of them, in fact, were not nice guys.) Under these circumstances, they turned for their power, their stature, to a source that seems to us flimsy but has proved instead to be sturdy: ideas. These men thought new thoughts, and put their insights together into new systems; actual ideas—as opposed to pseudo ideas, like tax-indexing or MX-basing modes—sprang full-blown from their powdered heads, and not half-baked from their think tanks. In their rush to think about things, they worked out scientific notions (Franklin and Jefferson we remember on this score, but even fiery Tom Paine hoped in his heart of hearts that his fame would rest as firmly on his pioneering design for an iron bridge as on his "Rights of Man") and social programs (the circulating library, the fire department). But mostly they hatched political ideas, one after another. No. 10 of Madison's Federalist Papers is among the world's classic works of political theory; a few days after its publication, Federalist Paper No. 11 emerged. When the Articles of Confederation turned out to be unsatisfactory, many of the same men cranked out the Constitution and drew up the Bill of Rights. Today, politicians aren't supposed to think about such things—it might not leave them enough time to run up government deficits and increase nuclear arms. "Political scientists" (a term that lost its true meaning when Franklin died) occupy themselves only with fine-tuning, with streamlining the way things get done. Here and there, the odd academic does have a new idea or two, and so, no doubt, do quite a few other people, who lack the means to disseminate them. But most of us—either blind enough or despairing enough to think that we already live in the best of all possible worlds—neither seek out these new notions nor pay them heed when by chance they reach our ears.

Gene Sharp will do as an example. From a small office in the Harvard University Graduate School of Design building, he runs the Program on Nonviolent Sanctions. His idea is that nonviolent techniques can be used effectively by all sorts of oppressed people, who tend instead to take up arms. Now, this is not an original conclusion—nonviolence, as it was developed by Gandhi and by Martin Luther King, ranks as one of the few great modern discoveries. But Sharp has taken the ideas of Gandhi and King and many others—ideas not given much attention in recent years—and has catalogued those ideas and worked them out, in much the same way that the Founding Fathers took ideas from men like Locke and turned them into a government. His masterwork, a book titled "The Politics of Nonviolent Action," lists endless methods of nonviolent protest, and describes what it is that gives those methods their efficacy—briefly, that protest will be met with repression, and when that repression is met with steadfast nonviolent resistance it will backfire on the oppressor in a process of "political jujitsu," undermining first his moral authority and then his power. The various techniques, such as marches, strikes, and sit-ins, are peaceful (they don't kill anyone) but not passive. "Non-violent struggle is rooted in people's capacity for stubbornness, not their capacity for turning the other cheek," Sharp says. Battles along the lines that Sharp envisions did not die with King on a Memphis balcony; they are going on right now in Poland, in Chile, in Pakistan, in the Philippines. In each of these places, the tactic has been forced on its practitioners as much by circumstance as by conviction: against powerful and grossly repressive military regimes, when you are given a choice of weapons it makes no sense to pick the one—violence—that your opponent can wield most effectively. But the people sitting in front of cars in Pakistan or banging pots in Santiago would be infinitely better off if their efforts were less a matter of improvisation, if the reams of data compiled by Sharp and a few others were at their disposal. And if such knowledge became a part of the mainstream of information in our world, then unhappy people in a hundred more places might decide on such tactics before someone could hand them an assault rifle. If people here and elsewhere began to

think of nonviolence as the norm, or even as a possible norm, and of blowing things up as the aberration, the front pages of the papers would soon be very different. But that is unlikely; Clausewitz has thousands of descendants, and Sharp has a full-time assistant, two part-time assistants, and a post-doctoral fellow who usually works on his own projects.

What makes the neglect of this particular idea so odd is that most people, if they are asked, say that they don't much believe in killing. It's not bloodlust that perpetuates violence so much as a lack of imagination, an unwillingness to reconsider. As a result, most of us specialize in rebutting new ideas so that we can quickly forget about them. When the film "Gandhi" opened, there was a brief flurry of interest in nonviolence, but even those people who gave the subject more than a moment's thought tended to reject it out of hand. It might have driven the British out of India, but would it suffice against a more brutal regime? One objection, though it was not always spoken, was that nonviolence wouldn't have worked against the Nazis. And that's right—it wouldn't have. The Nazis were brutal enough and strong enough—evil enough—to overwhelm anything save iron and lead. But to toss out an idea on those grounds is to allow Hitler's insanity to continue perverting our earth; one might as well scrap all cars too slow to win the Indy 500, or junk the Cuisinart because it won't chop firewood. Nonviolence wouldn't have stopped the Nazis, and it probably wouldn't stop the Russians if they should invade Western Europe, but there are a thousand other struggles where it might work, and where the alternative is all too well known. Nonviolence may be filled with difficulties, but wars are filled with dead people.

Most of us discard ideas like nonviolence with such speed because it is hard to think about them. And nonviolence is merely a case in point. There are plenty of other ideas that make sense—ideas about how to feed hungry people, for instance—that we overlook as well. Somehow, we have convinced ourselves that we are not up to changing the world. We have a million computers generating unprecedented brainpower; we have technology in such abundance that our abilities know few limits; and yet we lack the faith and the inspiration to believe the most profound idea of the Founding Fathers, and also the simplest: the world is ours to shape.

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Collaboration

BATTERY PARK CITY is rising. While the rest of us mope about uptown, this gigantic addition to Manhattan is actually taking shape, on ninety-two acres of landfill at the southwestern tip of the island. Conceived in 1968, bogged down from 1974 to 1979 by the city's financial crisis, reconceived in a 1979 master plan backed by the state's Urban Development Corporation, the unified-development project appears to have emerged from the primeval ooze of city and state politics to the extent where ordinary citizens can begin to get exercised about it. One of the things to get exercised about is the over-all design plan worked out by the Battery Park City Authority and the architectural firm of Cooper, Eckstut Associates. The plan allots forty-two per cent of the area to residential use, nine per cent to commercial use, and thirty per cent to open public space—parks, plazas, and a nobly proportioned esplanade that skirts the Hudson River for more than a mile, from the Battery all the way up to Chambers Street. (The remaining nineteen per cent is required for streets and avenues.) To make these public spaces more agreeable, the Authority appointed a Fine Arts Committee, which arrived at the fearless decision to invite selected artists to come in and help design them. The first fruits of this unusual experiment (artists are rarely brought in on the earliest stages of urban design) were unveiled last week, in a press conference at the Whitney Museum, from which we came away thinking that we should sell the family livestock and move to Battery Park City without a moment's delay.

The specific project unveiled was the three-and-a-half-acre waterfront plaza that is to adjoin a major complex of commercial buildings called the World Financial Center. (It is situated due west of the World Trade Center.) On hand were Cesar Pelli, the architect of the Financial Center complex; Siah Armajani and Scott Burton, the artists chosen to work with him; and M. Paul Friedberg, the landscape architect. So were Victor Ganz, the chairman of the Battery Park City Fine Arts Committee; Richard A. Kahan, the chairman of Battery Park City Authority; and a number of other people involved in the project. Formal statements by these principals were brief and joyful, and the emphasis in nearly every statement was on how amazingly successful the process of collaboration had been. "I must admit that when the idea of collaborating with artists on the plaza was first suggested to me, I thought it was the worst idea I had ever heard," Pelli said. "But, in the same way that we put our overcoats in the closet when we met, we were able to put our egos away also. I found this an extremely precious and important achievement."

Looking at a scale model of the Financial Center, which showed four large office buildings and other structures grouped behind an irregularly shaped plaza, we found it a bit difficult at first to see what the artists' contribution had been. Victor Ganz explained that, rather than commission large sculptures for neutral spaces, the Fine Arts Committee had invited a number of artists known for doing "environmental" installations—that is, installations that take an architectural approach to specific sites—to submit proposals. Armajani and Burton's proposal had won out, but the model we were looking at bore little resemblance to their original design; in fact, about the only element left from that winning proposal was a parenthesislike platform known as the Arc, extending out like a balcony over the water where it invaded the plaza in a square, harborlike cove. The other elements—terraces, reflecting pools, small parks, walls, benches, tables, trees and other plantings, arcades, and three strategically situated pedestals for old "civic" statues that the artists intended to discover or otherwise procure—had all been worked out in many sessions with Pelli and Friedberg. "We see the plaza as an instrument for practical activity," Armajani said. And Burton added, "If people say 'Where's the art?' that's just what we want."

When the formal part of the conference was over, we went to take a closer look at the model. Scott Burton, a compact and wonderfully articulate man in his forties, was standing nearby; we asked him about the civic statues, and how he planned to go about procuring them.

"That has to do with the historicizing aspect of the over-all design plan," he replied. "The railings and the lampposts and the paving stones of the esplanade, for example, have been modelled on the best features of nineteenth-century park design in New York. We want to show a real sense of continuity. We have in mind statues made in the thirties, pieces that have been taken down and put away somewhere. Statesmen, politicians—maybe a general on horseback, if we get lucky."

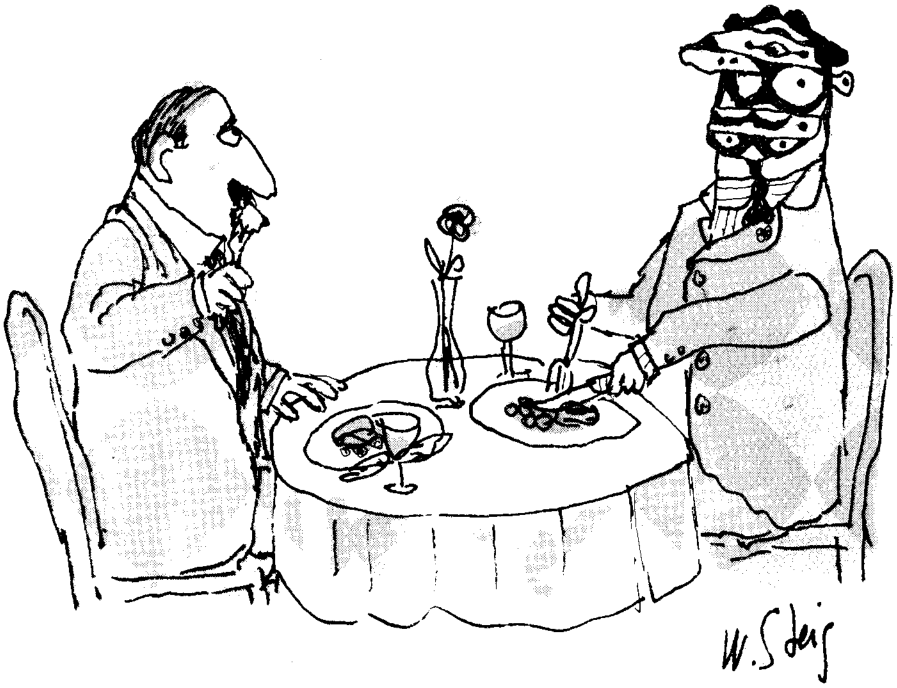
Mr. Pelli was pointing out details of the model to a *Times* man. We overheard him say that one of the great things about the plaza was that it would be used by so many people—from eighty thousand to a hundred thousand a day was the estimate, based on the number of office workers in nearby buildings. Pelli is a tall, impressive-looking man with a mellifluous Spanish accent (he was born in Argentina) and a mournful face that lights up each time he smiles—and that is frequently.

When Pelli was free, we asked him how he, the architect for the entire Financial Center complex, had contrived to leave his ego in the closet during meetings with the artists. Hadn't he had his own ideas about the plaza?

"We were under such great pressure with the office buildings that the plaza was always behind in my thinking," he said. "But it is true that I had some preconceptions about the plaza, and they were very different from what Siah and Scott had in mind. At the beginning, we were all trying to design from our preconceptions. And we were not getting anywhere. Then—I don't even know how—there was a real reversal in attitude. We all started to feel more comfortable with each other, and mutual respect grew. I realized that what they were offering was of great value to me, and they realized that what I was offering was of value to them. At that point, we started forgetting what each one's 'I' had in mind, and just concentrated on what would make the best plaza. And we found out so many things! By putting down transparent grids and charting lines, we could see certain focal points, for instance, which made other decisions fall into place. It was a little like those Renaissance artists' putting down their diagonal lines and then composing the picture. The work became extremely pleasurable, and we found that it got easier to incorporate suggestions from others as well."

Did Pelli feel that his collaboration with the artists on this project was a precedent for future undertakings?

"A valuable precedent, certainly," he said. "But, of course, it requires that the collaborators be very carefully chosen."



Lunch with a Stranger

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Clothes

ALTHOUGH Lois Fenton certainly didn't look it, in her white wool suit and her royal-blue silk blouse, she admitted to feeling just a little anxious as the hour drew near for her scheduled talk on "Dressing for Success" in the ballroom of West Point's Eisenhower Hall the other night. Mrs. Fenton told us she usually gave this talk—which deals mainly with men's clothes—in daylight hours, because her twenty years as a public speaker had taught her that "people don't want to be educated after dinner." We, too, could not help noticing that in spite of several loudspeaker announcements of Mrs. Fenton's imminent appearance a high proportion of the cadet body had remained downstairs drinking, dancing, and watching giant-screen TV in a facility known as Benny's Lounge. Still, Mrs. Fenton's audience seemed to compensate in sobriety and bearing for whatever it lacked in crude numbers, and Mrs. Fenton struck us as a woman who, when all was said and done, derived her confidence from within. At the time of our last meeting, she had been explaining "What Makes a Party Work" to singles organizations, professional conventions, and assemblies of cruise-ship passengers. In the intervening years, she had added several new topics to her repertoire: male dress, because it meant access to men's audiences and "they pay much better;" champagne, because "you can learn enough about champagne in one session to be able to order very comfortably," and the talk could be offered along with one of the others "for a very small extra fee and no extra travel expenses;" and, most recently and experimentally, "The Example of Excellence," because Mrs. Fenton sensed that this might be the coming topic on the public-speaking circuit. "Every year, there are certain big subjects," she explained. "Last year, it was stress, and the year before last it was change."

But tonight the subject was clothes. Mrs. Fenton began by advising the cadets—about forty strong—to leaf through any top corporation's annual report, examine the pictures of its executives, and see if such people didn't "have a look about them." She had come not as an arbiter of fashion but as a monitor, she said. "I am here to report to you on how winners and successful people look in this country. If you would like to have that look, I'm going to tell you how to do it."

And tell them she did. When a man

walks into a clothing store, Mrs. Fenton said, he shouldn't respond eagerly to the first "May I help you?" He should scrutinize the salesman's attire and, if unimpressed, say, "Thank you, I'm just looking," and accost a salesman of his own choosing. Mrs. Fenton recommended buying shirt, tie, and suit or jacket at the same time, even though, as she put it, "I realize that a lot of the time when a male buys a suit it's such a traumatic experience that you'd like to go home and not think about anything else that day." In suits, she said, blue, gray, and brown are "the three ideal colors for a professional look," but she cautioned that a blue or a gray should be in the medium-to-dark range and a brown in the light-to-medium. "Now, the why of it, I can't tell you," she said. "I can only tell you that a dark-brown or a very pale powder-blue suit is not considered to be a successful or professional look."

When it came to neckties, Mrs. Fenton had compressed her accumulated wisdom into an aphorism. "A tie should have a name," she said. "It should be able to be called a polka-dot or a pin-dot, a foulard, a stripe, a club tie, a solid, a paisley, even a plaid." From a display table behind her—filled with sample shirt-and-tie combinations and stacked swatches of suit fabric marked "Yes" and "No!"—she selected two ties of unusual breadth which appeared to fall outside the aforementioned categories: one with a kind of alphabet-soup look (although the alphabet was not the Roman), and one on which a glowing comet seemed to be headed toward the wearer's Adam's apple. "These ties do not have a name," Mrs. Fenton stated emphatically. "Once, a man in my audience said, 'My tie has a name—it's called Harry.' That's not good enough."

Mrs. Fenton continued, in a warning tone, "Never, never wear three patterns together—unless you have impeccable taste and you're not the only one who thinks so." Even the juxtaposition of *two* patterns is a delicate business, she said. Shirts with colored bodies and white collars were also cited for risk. On such matters, Mrs. Fenton urged the cadets to consult their consciences.

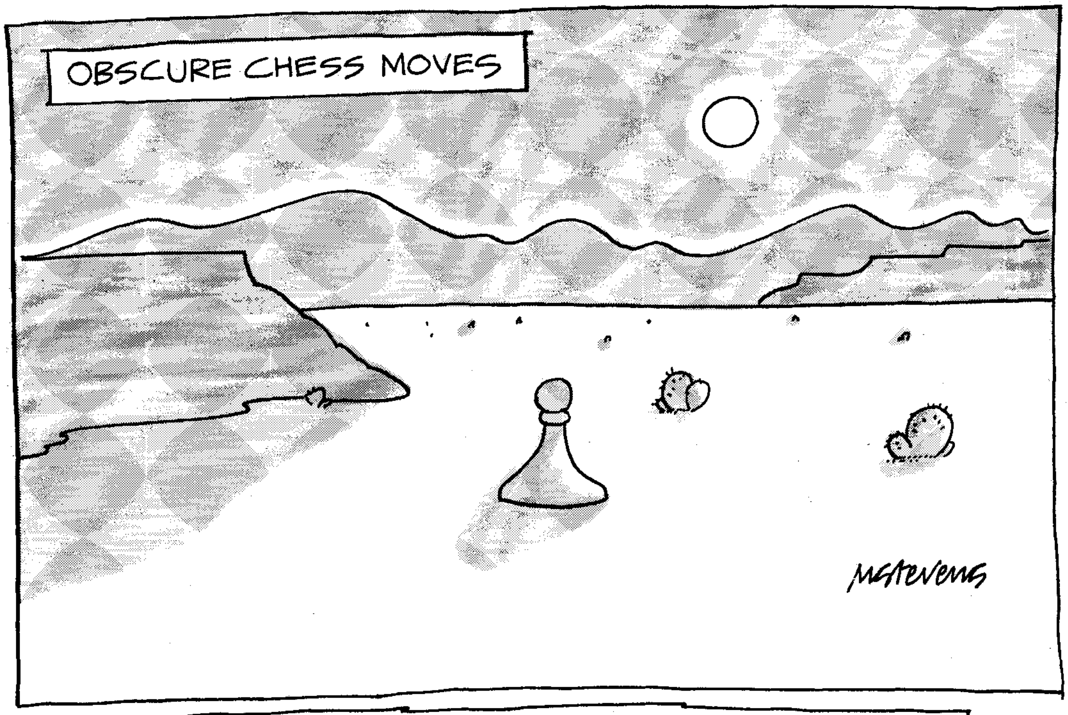
From the third row, a cadet in a three-piece gray flannel suit, a pink shirt, a red tie, and (for reasons that seemed to transcend comfort) an unbuttoned camel-hair overcoat raised his hand. "Ma'am," he asked, "might that also depend on the kind of corporate image the place you're working at tries to go for? For example, I can't see somebody at I.B.M. wearing that kind of a look."

"That's an excellent point," Mrs. Fenton said, adding that the white collar on the nonwhite shirt is still an oddity in most places of business, although "sometimes the man in charge has begun wearing them and then it becomes acceptable."

She went on to say that she did not foresee ultimate acceptance for whiteness—or even brightness—in footwear. The tie should be the brightest item in an outfit, she said, in order to attract attention to the V of the collar and, in turn, to the face. "So that's the reason that, if you've only got one place to spend your money, a tie is a good investment."

When Mrs. Fenton had concluded, the cadets applauded vigorously and gathered round for individual instruction. One young man presented his tie for an opinion, then rendered his own. "It's one of those Harry ties, isn't it?" he asked. Mrs. Fenton nodded. Another cadet asked if he might call Mrs. Fenton for advice in some future sartorial emergency, and she gave him a business card. A third cadet ventured the opinion that on the basis of what he had seen downstairs in Benny's Lounge earlier—white shoes *and* white socks, for example—Mrs. Fenton's seminar should be made mandatory, West Point-wide.

With this proposition, Barbara Brown, the supervisor of cadet hostesses at West Point, who had invited Mrs. Fenton, seemed to agree, and she escorted us downstairs to observe why. A small woman with short gray hair and a dry voice in the Thelma Ritter range, Mrs. Brown shook her head as she pointed out various oblivious young illustrations of the latest aberrant dress trends—notably the upturned collar and the tie worn outside the sweater. "And that's mild!" Mrs. Brown exclaimed after the wearer of one outflung tie had passed beyond earshot. "Just think," she said. "*This* is what's going to fight for your country!"



QUEEN'S PAWN TO ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

Some Names

THREE hundred and fifty young women auditioned recently for thirty positions as cheerleaders with the New Jersey Generals, a professional football team. The auditions were held on a Sunday morning in the Grand Ballroom of the Sheraton Heights Hotel in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey (Exit 64B off Route 80, go straight, you can't miss it). The Grand Ballroom has salmon walls, a salmon-and-maroon carpet enclosing a small dance floor, and frog's-egg-like clusters of spherical lights hanging from the ceiling. For the audition, it had been decorated with banners and pennants, fan-shaped displays of lights, and the kind of red, silver, and gold streamers that department stores hang seasonally to designate areas of special holiday savings.

"Maniac" is the name of a song that was played often during the audition, and Claudia is the name of a girl who, while waiting to perform, sang along fervently with the refrain, which goes:

> She's a maniac, maniac on the floor
> And she's dancing like she's never
> danced before.

Michael is the name of the man who sings "Maniac" on the record.

Vanessa is the name of a pretty girl who sat cross-legged in a corner of the foyer outside the ballroom and showed photographs of herself to girls named Marcia and Tany-Monique. In the photographs, Vanessa is wearing the uniform of a cheerleader for the Kansas City Chiefs, and in each she is posed with a different person. She told Marcia and Tany-Monique that she had recently been a Chiefs cheerleader but that because she had been dating a member of the New York Giants she had decided to move to New Jersey. "This is me at a shopping mall," she said. "As a cheerleader, you pose a lot at malls."

Emily is the name of an attractive, dark-haired woman who works for the Generals, and who addressed the contestants in the foyer, saying, "Ladies, may I have your attention. In a few minutes, we're going to call you into the ballroom in groups of twenty. When it's your turn to perform, you'll take three steps toward the judges, do a full turn, nice and slow, then walk back and get prepared to do your routine. You'll have at least thirty seconds. O.K.? So—we're walking forward, we're turning, and we're smiling constantly. The music is a standard eight-count, upbeat. The floor is slippery, so be careful. And be sure you've signed your injury waivers."

"I've been combing the city for the perfect gift."

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Robin, Annie, and Celia are the names of three girls who stood in a group near the center of the foyer.

Robin said, "I heard they told people to not even bother showing up if you haven't had professional training."

"How will they know in thirty seconds if you've had professional training?" Annie said.

"They'll know," Celia said. "If you go in there waving your arms like you're in a disco, they'll know."

Lisa is the name of a girl who did a kick step in the ballroom and lost a shoe, and then did a flip and lost the other shoe.

Sam is the name of a man who plays tight end for the Generals, and who sat as a judge, and who said when a person asked him what he was looking for in a contestant, "C, S, C—class, style, and charisma."

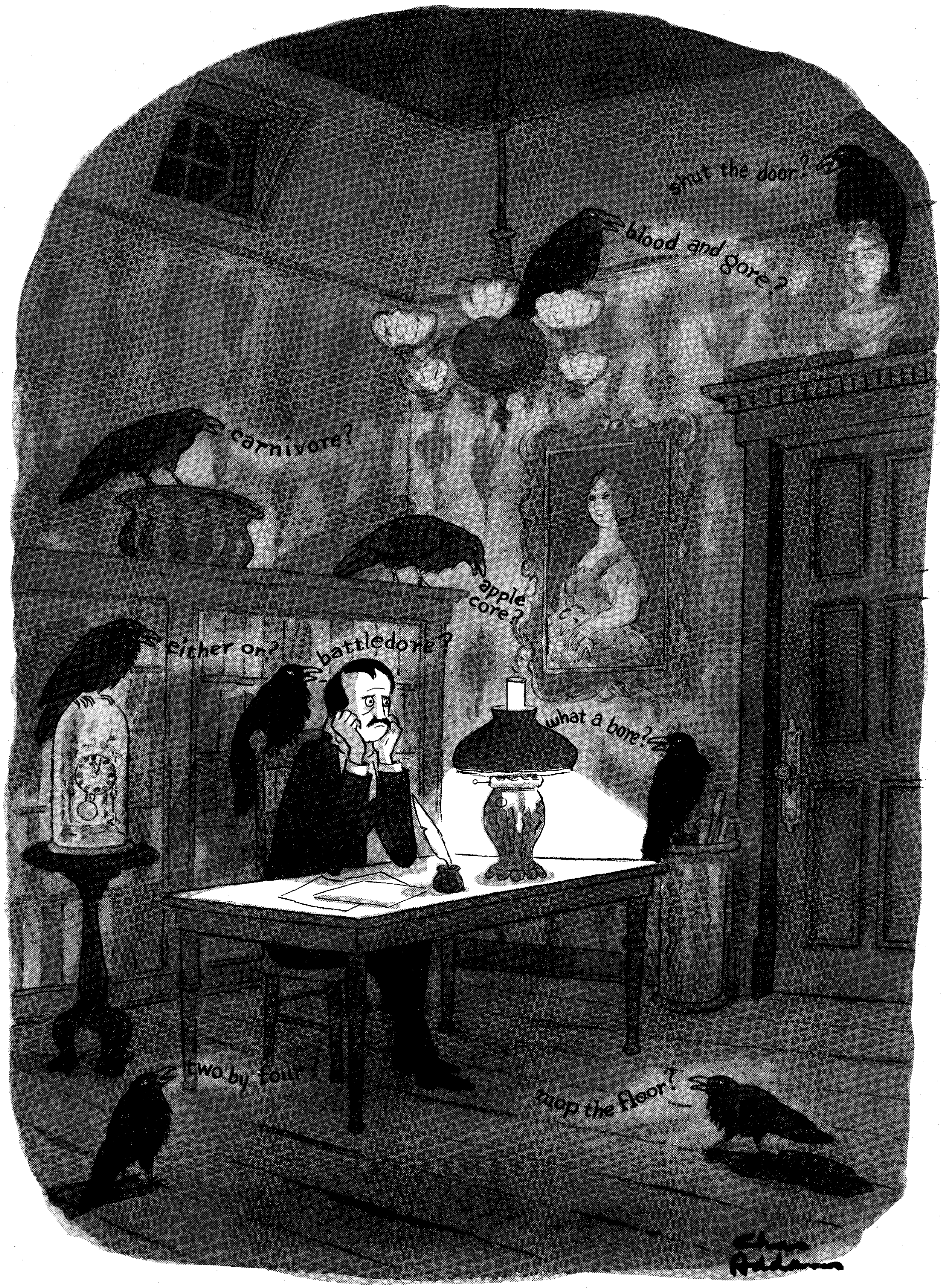
Mark is the name of a judge who occasionally waved a small pennant.

Face, hair, walk, posture, smile, grooming, over-all body, confidence, expression, and projection are the names of some of the categories the judges were asked to assess.

. . . , . . . , . . . , . . . , . . . , . . . , and . . . are the names of the beer company, the car-rental company, the credit card, the casino, the New York realtor, the company that makes copiers, and the advertising agency that provided judges for the event.

Susette is the name of a tall girl, with hair falling in tiny braids to the middle of her back, who wore a purple leotard and gray sweatpants, and made small, abbreviated steps to the music coming from the ballroom, as if she were dancing in an elevator. We asked if she had ever entered a competition before, and she enumerated Miss Galaxy of New Jersey, Miss Versatile, Miss Black Teenage World of Central New Jersey, Miss Fashion Showcase, and Miss High Fashion as titles she had held.

We asked why she wanted to be a cheerleader, and she said she really didn't care if she was accepted or not. "I have been in so many pageants and contests and tryouts that I don't really give my all and all anymore," she said. "With some of these girls, it's life and death, but for me it's just something to *do*."


shut the door?
blood and gore?
carnivore?
apple core?
either or?
battledore?
what a bore?
two by four?
mop the floor?
Chas Addams

CHABLIS

My wife wants a dog. She already has a baby. The baby's almost two. My wife says that the baby wants the dog.

My wife has been wanting a dog for a long time. I have had to be the one to tell her that she couldn't have it. But now the baby wants a dog, my wife says. This may be true. The baby is very close to my wife. They go around together all the time, clutching each other tightly. I ask the baby, who is a girl, "Whose girl are you? Are you Daddy's girl?" The baby says, "Momma," and she doesn't just say it once, she says it repeatedly, "Momma Momma Momma." I don't see why I should buy a hundred-dollar dog for that damn baby.

The kind of dog the baby wants, my wife says, is a cairn terrier. This kind of dog, my wife says, is a Presbyterian like herself and the baby. Last year the baby was a Baptist—that is, she went to the Mother's Day Out program at the First Baptist twice a week. This year she is a Presbyterian because the Presbyterians have more swings and slides and things. I think that's pretty shameless and I have said so. My wife is a legitimate lifelong Presbyterian and says that makes it O.K.: way back when she was a child she used to go to the First Presbyterian in Evansville, Illinois. I didn't go to church, because I was a black sheep. There were five children in my family and the males rotated the position of black sheep among us, the oldest one being the black sheep for a while while he was in his D.W.I. period or whatever and then getting grayer as he maybe got a job or was in the service and then finally becoming a white sheep when he got married and had a grandchild. My sister was never a black sheep, because she was a girl.

Our baby is a pretty fine baby. I told my wife for many years that she couldn't have a baby because it was too expensive. But they wear you down. They are just wonderful at wearing you down, even if it takes years, as it did in this case. Now I hang around the baby and hug her every chance I get. Her name is Joanna. She wears Oshkosh overalls and says "no," "bottle," "out," and "Momma." She looks most lovable when she's wet, when she's just had a bath and her blond hair is all wet and she's wrapped in a beige towel. Sometimes when she's watching television she forgets that you're there. You can just look at her. When she's watching television, she looks dumb. I like her better when she's wet.

This dog thing is getting to be a big issue. I said to my wife, "Well you've got the baby. Do we have to have the damn dog too?" The dog will probably bite somebody, or get lost. I can see myself walking all over our subdivision asking people, "Have you seen this brown dog?" "What's its name?" they'll say to me, and I'll stare at them coldly and say, "Michael." That's what she wants to call it, Michael. That's a silly name for a dog and I'll have to go looking for this possibly rabid animal and say to people, "Have you seen this brown dog? Michael?" It's enough to make you think about divorce.

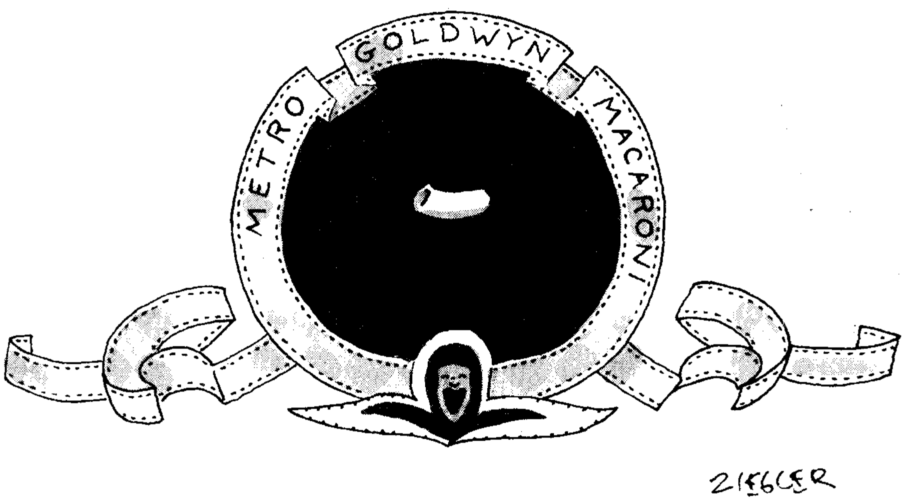
What's that baby going to do with that dog that it can't do with me? Romp? I can romp. I took her to the playground at the school. It was Sunday and there was nobody there, and we romped. I ran, and she tottered after me at a good pace. I held her as she slid down the slide. She groped her way through a length of big pipe they have there set in concrete. She picked up a feather and looked at it for a long time. I was worried that it might be a diseased feather but she didn't put it in her mouth. Then we ran some more over the patched bare softball field and through the arcade that connects the temporary wooden classrooms, which are losing their yellow paint, to the main building. Joanna will go to this school someday, if I stay in the same job.

I looked at some dogs at Pets-A-Plenty, which has birds, rodents, reptiles, and dogs, all in top condition. They showed me the cairn terriers. "Do they have their prayer books?" I asked. This woman clerk didn't know what I was talking about. The cairn terriers ran about two ninety-five per, with their papers. I started to ask if they had any illegitimate children at lower prices, but I could see that it would be useless and the woman already didn't like me, I could tell.

What is wrong with me? Why am I not a more natural person, like my wife wants me to be? I sit up, in the early morning, at my desk on the second floor of our house. The desk faces the street. At five-thirty in the morning, the runners are already out, individually or in pairs, running toward rude red health. I'm sipping a glass of Gallo Chablis with an ice cube in it, smoking, worrying. I worry that the baby may jam a kitchen knife into an electrical outlet while she's wet. I've put those little plastic plugs into all the electrical outlets, but she's learned how to pop them out. I've checked the Crayolas. They've made the Crayolas safe to eat—I called the head office in Pennsylvania. She can eat a whole box of Crayolas and nothing much will happen to her. If I don't get the new tires for the car, I can buy the dog.

I remember the time, thirty years ago, when I put Herman's mother's Buick into a cornfield, on the Beaumont highway. There was a car coming at me in my lane, and I didn't hit it, and it didn't hit me. I remember veering to the right and down into the ditch and up through the fence and coming to rest in the cornfield and then getting out to wake Herman and the two of us going to see what the happy drunks in the other car had come to, in the ditch on the other side of the road. That was when I was a black sheep, years and years ago. That was skillfully done, I think. I get up, congratulate myself in memory, and go in to look at the baby.

—Donald Barthelme



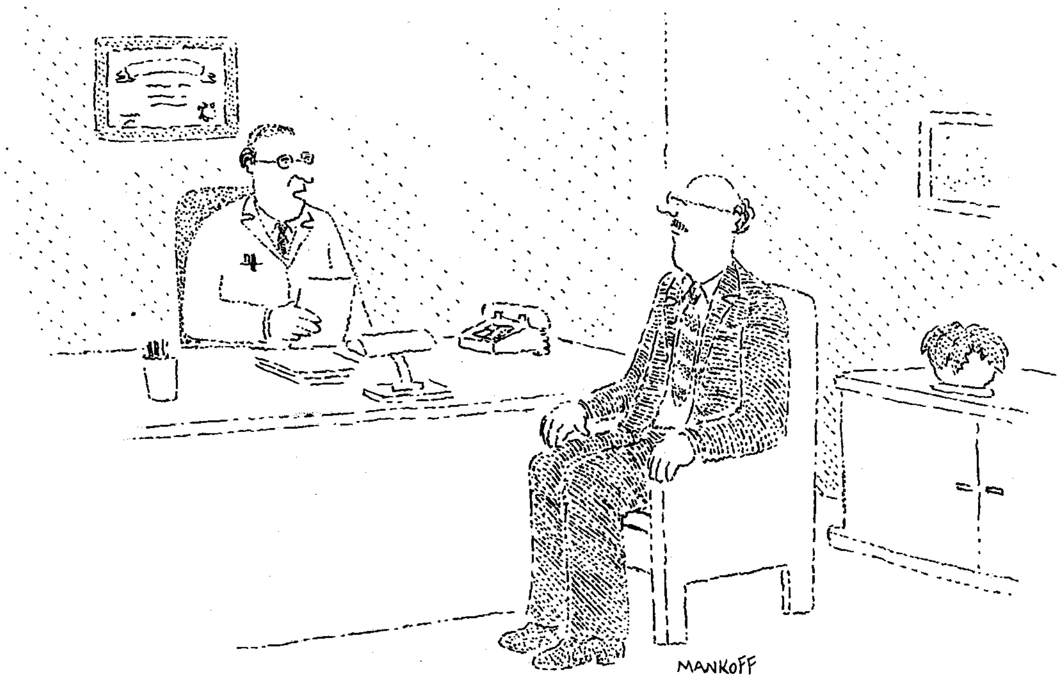
KATO

I NEVER expected to see Kato again. In fact, I hardly ever thought about him, but then we seldom do think back to the war years, except when we meet old friends who spent some of that time with us. And old friends die off. No, after thirty-seven years I hardly gave Kato a thought. Like the sundial, we tend to mark only the sunny hours, and the early months of 1942 were not sunny. Anything but.

The Japanese had occupied Hong Kong (was it Christmas Day, 1941? I think so), and I was staying there, scrabbling for a living for my baby and myself. Charles, her father, a British Army officer, was in military prison camp, and I had lied my way out of civilian prison camp by claiming that I and my daughter, Carola, were of Eurasian blood. What helped to convince the Japanese was that I had teamed up with two Eurasian sisters, Aline and Dulcie, both widowed in the fighting and left with infants to care for. When the Japanese Navy commandeered my apartment, where we had been living with a number of other refugees, Aline and Dulcie and I simply moved into an empty house around the hill, more or less at the same altitude, halfway up the peak. We stayed in the new house quite a while undisturbed, because the roof had been shelled and was in too poor a condition to attract any branch of the conquering forces. For three destitute refugees, it was quite a luxurious household. There was my cook, Ah King; two baby-amahs for Aline and Dulcie; and after a few days another baby-amah for me—or, rather, for Carola—brought in from the streets by Ah King. Though I urged him to find work elsewhere, he flatly refused to leave me. There we all were, making out from day to day, pooling money and provisions and turning circumstances to our advantage. We had friends among the Chinese and Eurasians, and some of them had enough provisions to lend us their surplus. Once, Japanese soldiers grabbed Ah King off the street and made him do coolie work, carrying crates or something, but they paid him in rice, and that was fine for the family.

Most nights, I slept with my clothes on, because I was sure that sometime soon I would be summoned at midnight to answer for my lies, and I knew that the Japanese didn't give people a chance to dress. I need hardly add that those were anxious times generally. It was not only my special guilty secret that worried me (and the other girls, too, I am sure, though they never said so), but at any time of day a special so-called curfew could be visited on us; then all movement in the streets was forbidden and anybody out-of-doors had to stop short and kneel down where he was. We guessed that at such times some important personage was at large: the Japanese took no chances with assassination. The curfew was announced by loud, wailing sirens, and down everyone plumped to await the liberating sirens' all-clear, hoping it wouldn't take too long in coming. It might take a few minutes or a few hours. You can get used to anything—even that. When it had happened to me, I would stamp into the house, dump my load of provisions, and say in disgust, "MacDonnell Road," or whatever, to indicate where I had been trapped, and everybody would nod. At all times we had to bow to sentries, wherever they stood, when we passed them in the street. This, the Japanese explained, was a sign of respect for the uniform. People who didn't bow ran the risk of being slapped, so most of us did it, the timid bowing very low, the foolhardy trying to get by with a mere nod of the head. I went sort of halfway.

Food was our main preoccupation—not only for ourselves but for the prison camps. We all had men there; Aline and Dulcie had bosses in the civilian camp, and Carola's father was cooped up with the other British officers. Rumor had it that the prisoners weren't getting enough food, and I knew that Charles couldn't be, because he had been wounded and had lost a lot of blood. A couple of weeks after the surrender, the Japanese authorities decreed that women would be permitted to carry victuals to the camps for their men, as long as they were in sealed tins or bottles, and leave them at the camp gates. Quite a traffic grew up for the purpose, but we had to be careful. Bringing too much was discouraged by the guards, who ostensibly pitched out the surplus but, it was alleged, appropriated things for their own use. So preparing a good parcel called for a nice sense of just how much was enough and not too much. Food was hard to come by, and searching

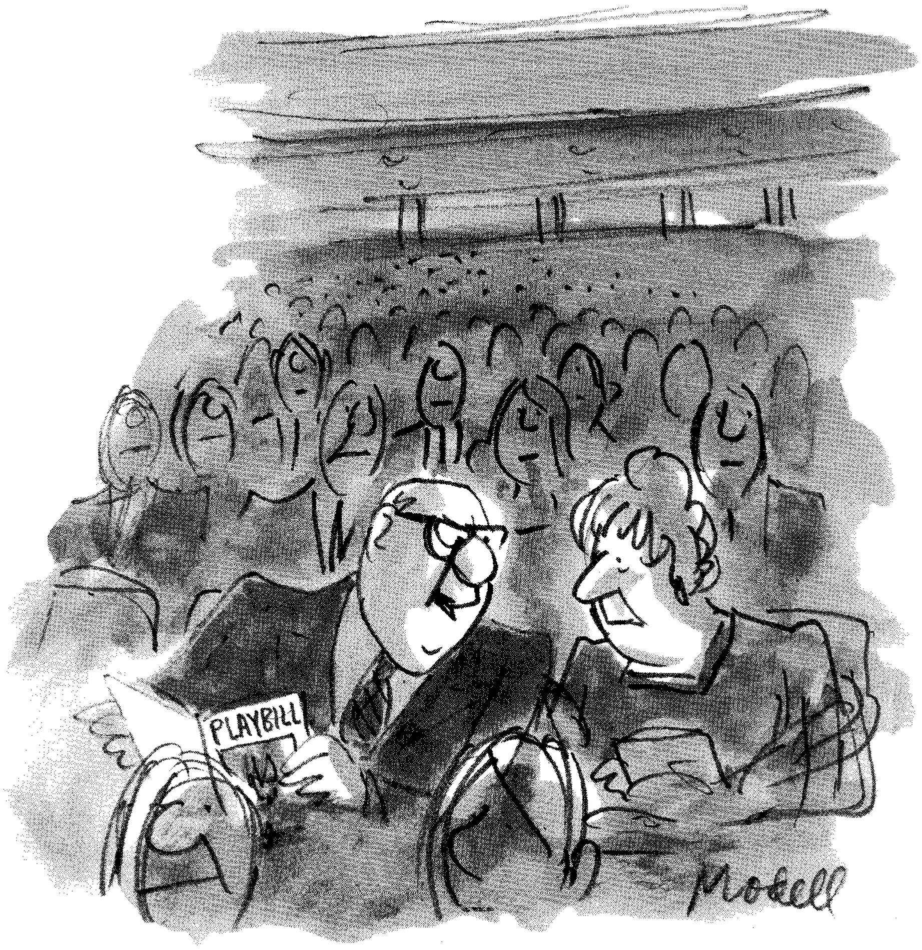


"Well, Phil, after years of vague complaints and imaginary ailments, we finally have something to work with."

it out was the main thing we did, but sometimes we managed to amass so much that we divided a parcel up and helped each other to carry the stuff to the various camps, so that there would be several donors and no parcel would seem unduly lavish. Of course, communication with the prisoners was strictly forbidden.

Information percolated. Hong Kong, being out of the war's mainstream, had been designated by the Japanese as a place for R. and R.—a reward for hard fighting on the active fronts. That explained why the servicemen we saw did not seem very busy most of the time. They looked alike to us except for the Indians, who had been policemen in the colony before the war and were now working with the conquerors. They were detailed to guard duty at sensitive points, such as the bridges and the ferry stations, and this meant that they had to search women. Aline was indignant, but she laughed, too, when a Sikh who had finished running his hands over her body in search of grenades or revolvers let her move on, then called her back and had another go. It was irritating but not alarming, we agreed. I was gloomily certain that I was in for something worse as soon as the officials got better organized and had the time to look closely at my credentials. What would happen then? The very least they would do was to put me into the civilian camp, but it was no good repining in advance. So, waiting for the blow to fall, I went on scrounging, and sold things when we could find customers, and looked, always, for food. The big grocery stores and department stores had not reopened, but outside their doors and along the pavements a brisk trade soon sprang up, and we could buy food and shirts and socks and hair ornaments; you cannot keep Chinese from doing business, no matter what. The stalls followed the original mercantile pattern: outside a closed grocery store they sold food, and outside a haberdasher's they dealt in shirts and sweaters and underwear. Probably somebody behind every locked door was making a bit on the side by passing out stock after dark.

Every day, as I walked alongside those stalls with Aline and Dulcie, our baskets on our arms, pricing and haggling and arguing, I expected to be stopped and questioned. Then, one day, it actually happened—though not exactly like that. When we came home from shopping, there was a Japanese officer waiting on the porch for me with a summons to come and talk to his superior. I see myself now, hurrying along behind him down to the town, imagining every horror in the world. The official who had sent for me kept me waiting outside his office for about half an hour, and when I came in he was working his way down a pile of dog-eared papers, too tired to be interested. He asked a number of questions, and I replied with the old stubborn lies, expecting each speech to be my last, but in the end I was dismissed and sent home. I heard no more from him. Still, I had been badly scared, and though it is more than forty-one years since it happened, I can remember the feeling. There are two kinds of memory. One comes back all prettied up, like a picture painted in the past. The other is plain raw reproduction at first hand. We cannot call back a reproduction of pain or taste or smell, but fear can be evoked afresh each time.



"If I had an understudy, you could damn well bet you wouldn't catch me here."

• •

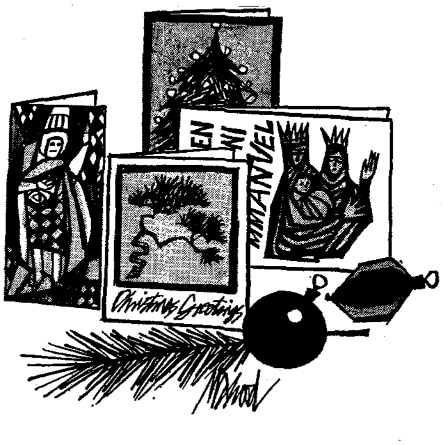
I felt fear in Hong Kong every time Japanese came up the pathway to our door, though it usually turned out that they were only looking for likely houses to use for offices. Searchers came from the Army and the Navy (we could never tell which was which), and even from certain organizations of civilians who, like everyone else, needed office space. Each time visitors arrived, Ah King, who showed them through the rooms, tactfully emphasized the disrepair of the house: the broken windows, the shell holes in the roof, the puddles on the floor around which our mattresses were disposed, the leaky plumbing. At the end of the tour, the visitors turned up their noses and went away: after all, there were many empty houses, now that the Europeans had been stowed in prison camps.

THEN, one morning, we had visitors of a different type. A jeep drove up, and two men in uniform got out and came to the front door. One was tall for a Japanese, and thin, with an aquiline nose and a small mustache. He wore a sword, which meant he was some kind of officer. The other was short and heavyset, with a good-tempered face. He treated the tall man with a puzzled respect, and when I think of him now it is as Sancho Panza. The officer, speaking good English, called me by name, and my heart plummeted. I suspected—correctly, as it happened—that these men belonged to the *kempeitai*, or gendarmes, the special police, who were dreaded not only by ordinary Japanese citizens but by the other armed services. However, it was no good going to pieces. I invited them to sit down and offered them tea, and presented Dulcie and Aline, and we made polite small talk. The officer was a lieutenant, we learned, whereas Sancho was really Sergeant Suzuki. Because Japanese were reputed to like small children, we brought out ours and presented them, too. The sergeant snapped his fingers at Dulcie's small boy and clicked his tongue, as you would at a dog, but the officer was better at playing with babies. It seemed to us that he really enjoyed it. So we chatted, and the moments passed, and there was no sudden jar when the lieutenant asked us politely how we were managing to live. I suppose it was a loaded question, but there was something disarming about him; we all felt it. We told him how we managed, which we admitted was not very well. We told him how I was giving English lessons to a Japanese newspaperman who lived down the street. It didn't pay well, of course, but it was something—"something coming in," to use one of Aline's favorite phrases. Aline and Dulcie baked bread and cookies and sold a few here and there. "But there's really nothing coming *in*," Aline said to the lieutenant worriedly, as if the state of affairs in which we were living were permanent. Of course, both girls had worked at regular daily jobs in mercantile houses before the war, and they were accustomed to salary payments on Friday afternoon.

The fact was that, in spite of everything, we were hungry all the time—not violently, not desperately, but hungry. It was there, an underlying gnawing. We didn't admit this to the lieutenant, but he probably guessed. After all, our condition was typical of Hong Kong civilians'. He said, "When everything settles down, all the business houses will open again and you can go back to your old jobs. We are all working together for the Co-Prosperity Sphere, aren't we? When we have achieved it, things will be better than they were under the British."

Aline and Dulcie mumbled something politely noncommittal, but of course they could hardly agree. Would the Co-Prosperity Sphere bring back their husbands? Did the lieutenant believe all that nonsense himself? I held my breath for fear Aline's outspoken tendencies might lead her to say something reckless, but the lieutenant was talking again. "In the meantime," he said, "Sergeant Suzuki here can get supplies, because he works in the—what do you call it?—the commissary. He finds such things in the stockrooms and the big stores, and he buys for the Army and Navy from fishermen and farmers and from the big dairy, too. So what do you need?"

He had addressed his question to Aline, rightly assuming that she was the most practical. I remember the hush that fell over us all as Aline thought things over, and I remember, too, that her mouth, often swollen in the morning from crying at night, trembled before she answered. Yet her words came clearly. "Milk for the babies," she said, "and flour, and rice, and meat, of course, or fish, and vegetables of some kind." She paused, incredulous that the lieutenant was busily writing it down. "Sugar," she continued in determined tones, "and cooking oil . . ." Her voice trailed off.



"The vegetables are easy," said the lieutenant. "The oil may take a little more time, but it is all possible. Yes, it is possible." He turned to Sergeant Suzuki and spoke Japanese, and the sergeant nodded in a matter-of-fact way. Then both men bowed. From the front door we watched them as they went down the steps and into the jeep and off down the road.

I remember that it was still morning, and that Aline and I, rather than waste time in idle dreaming, walked down into town to see what was to be had, leaving Dulcie and the amahs to cope with the babies and guard the house with Ah King. On the way, of course, we chattered about the strange visitors. Why had they come to see us? What did they want? Probably, we agreed, it was the gendarmes' way of getting a look at the household before springing the trap and hauling me in for more questioning, but somehow I couldn't believe I was important enough for such a big effort. Did the lieutenant really think I was Eurasian? Nothing he said implied that he doubted it, but he was far from stupid. Clearly, there was a sword hanging over my head, and all I could do was pretend it wasn't there. As for the rest, we hardly dared speculate on whether he could actually make good

ON THE TRAIN, HEADING NORTH THROUGH FLORIDA

(And Ending with a Line from Thomas Wolfe)

Midnight or after, and the little lights
Glittered like lost beads from a broken necklace
Beyond smudged windows, lost and irretrievable—
Some promise of romance those Southern nights
Never entirely kept, unless, sleepless,
We might go down dim corridors again
To stand, braced in a swaying vestibule,
Alone with the darkness and the wind—out there
Nothing but pines and one new road, perhaps,
Straight and white, aimed at the distant gulf—
And hear, from the smoking room, a sudden high-pitched
Whinny of laughter pass from throat to throat;
And the great wheels smash and pound beneath our feet.

—Donald Justice

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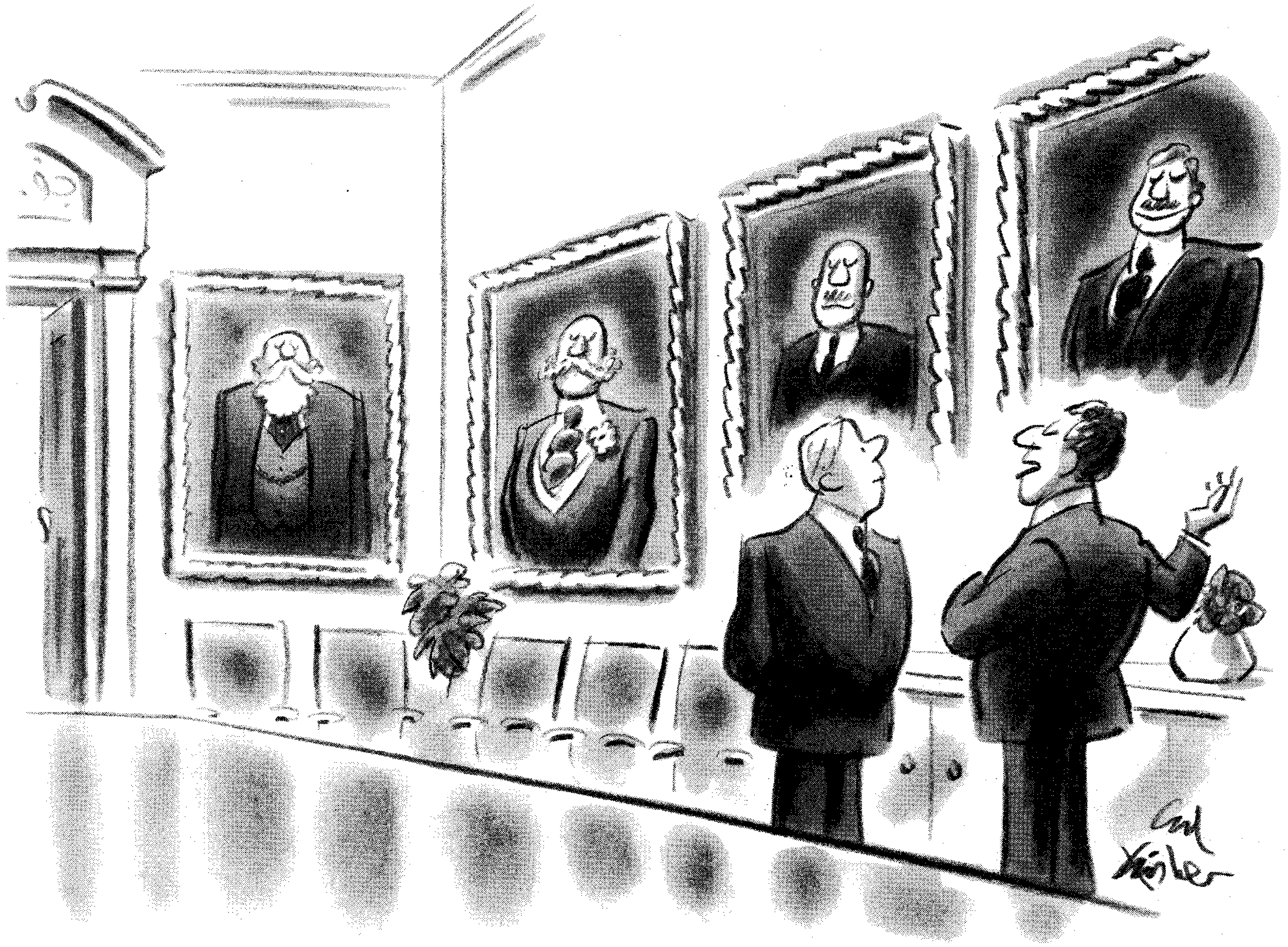


"*And after Desmond Weems, Jr., and Desmond Weems III we come to our present chairman, Desmond Weems the Good.*"

• •

his promise of food. We did speculate on his name, which was difficult to pronounce. In the end we decided to call him "Kato," which sounded a little like the first two syllables.

There was a set routine to our visits downtown, where we made the rounds of those Chinese and Macanese among our friends who still had places to go to—offices or sidewalk stalls. We would talk at length with them, exchanging, and inevitably enlarging on, the latest rumors. Seldom did we get any useful information, but it helped to hear how well our side was alleged to be doing in other parts of the world. Apart from these rumors, we picked up pointers sometimes on what kind of provisions were being sold on such-and-such a road: powdered milk, for which we were always in search, or oranges—you never knew. None of it helped much, but the truth was that Aline and I could not bear to stay at home waiting. For what? We didn't know. Catastrophe, perhaps—we could imagine nothing less. But, whatever we expected, we had to get out of the house and walk. We finally climbed the hill again and came home.

IT was about five o'clock when Kato and Suzuki came back, this time in a truck, which, like the jeep, had obviously been taken over from the British forces. They brought with them two soldiers and boxes, parcels, a barrel, and a big can of powdered milk. The soldiers carried the stuff in Suzuki's wake to the kitchen, where Ah King, after staring openmouthed for a moment, shook himself and directed them where to set it down. We were all standing on the porch, and I knew that I must not—repeat not—exchange glances with Aline, however exultant we might feel. Once, long ago, when I was about nine, an aunt had taken me, along with my older sister, Helen, into the corner drugstore. There was no doubt that she intended to buy us ice-cream sodas, because she was that kind of aunt. Jubilant, I nudged Helen in the ribs and grinned at her just as Aunt Betty turned and caught the exchange. She said nothing; why should she? We got the ice-cream sodas, but Helen was angry. "She *saw* you!" she whispered. I was downcast, because she was right: I had let down the side and humiliated both of us. On a dilapidated porch in Hong Kong I avoided Aline's eyes, because it would never do for Kato to catch us showing genuine joy over food, no matter how we felt. However, at his suggestion we told Ah King to immediately start cooking some of the provisions. Kato said he and Suzuki would be back in time to help us eat.

That evening, we had a kind of party. Ah King, with no Western pride to maintain, beamed whenever he brought in a fresh dish, and the amahs stood on the sidelines with the children, their stomachs appeased, their faces radiant. I, too, was full of well-being, worries laid to rest. I even stopped wondering what it was all about, what Kato really wanted, what lay ahead.

The following weeks passed in much the same way. Though Kato and Suzuki didn't come every day, when they did come they usually brought enough food to tide us over. Sometimes, when they came to meals, they were accompanied by other men—Kato's friends, I assumed—who took it for granted that we three would maintain a dining room for their convenience. Of course, that was how Japanese entertained in their own country: dining in restaurants where they knew the women who ran the places. We were not exactly geisha, but it didn't make any difference. Sometimes a dinner was quite formal, if Kato brought dignitaries to share it, and then he was likely to lecture us on the Co-Prosperity Sphere in Asia, while we tried to keep our eyes from glazing over. At such times, it helped me to concentrate secretly on something a French acquaintance had pointed out to me—that a likely acronym for the slogan was COPROS. But it would never do to repeat the joke to the guests, no matter how much I was tempted—from which it can be seen that the more I had to eat the cockier I became. The same was true of Aline and Dulcie, but we were all polite to those men who sat around our table. I tried (and so, I am sure, did the others) to maintain dignity of a sort. One evening, at a dinner for Kato's friends, I ventured some small but irreverent pleasantry, which Kato translated for the others. They looked startled, and I regretted having done it, but he went on talking, clearly smoothing it over. Then he turned to me. "I was explaining that you are a very witty and unusual *okusan*," he said, meaning a lady, "and that in your own country you teach school. Now they understand better." Indeed, they were laughing in a puzzled but relieved way.

During his attempts to put across the message of world peace and a free, prosperous Asia, Kato worked hard, and sometimes came up with plans to further our education. Once, we were hustled into the jeep and taken to a pep meeting for Hong Kong's young Chinese. The guests drank tea, ate sandwiches (lots of them), and listened with wide-eyed solemnity to Kato extolling the virtues of Japan and COPROS. Aline was so indignant that I was afraid she would spoil everything, and I scolded her when we got home.

"Did you feel that? The holiday season just shifted into high gear."

"You don't have to agree with what he says," I argued. "Do you think those kids agreed? Of course not. But they didn't boo the speakers, either. What you need is self-control."

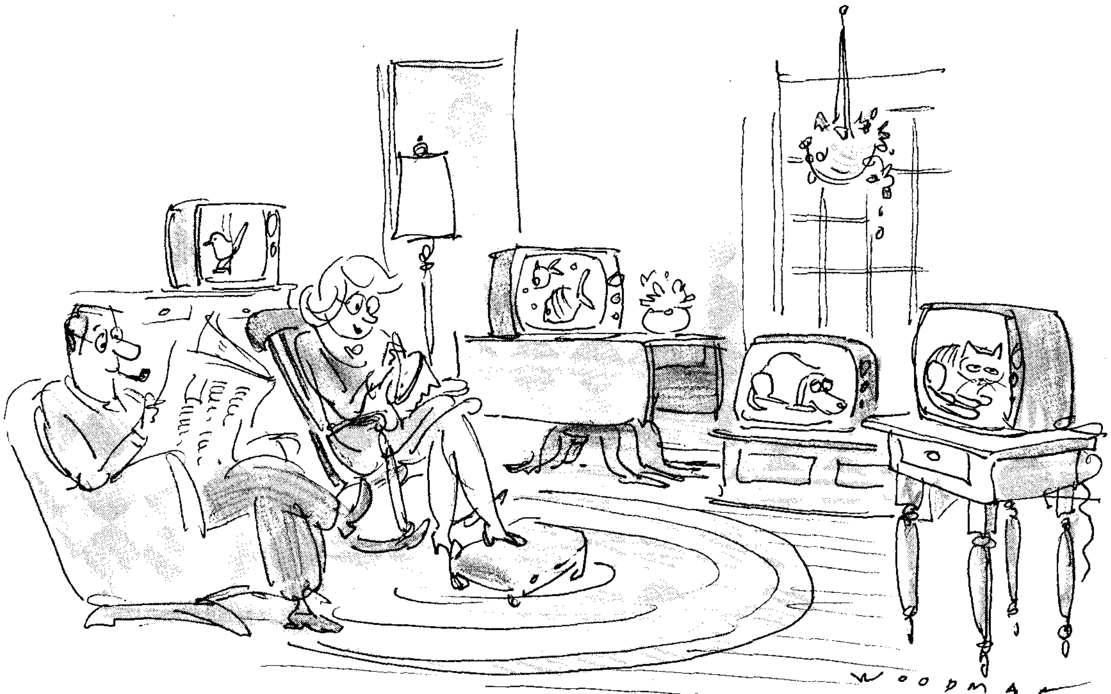
"I don't care," said Aline. "I felt physically sick."

"Just the same, we're eating Japanese rice. We have to, don't we?"

"I suppose we do," said Aline, and subsided.

However, even my equanimity was threatened a little later, when one evening Kato ordered us all out for a visit to the Parisian Grill. Before Pearl Harbor, the Grill had been a really good restaurant, and the Japanese, always on the lookout for fleshpots, took it over with great enthusiasm. We had not heard of it since the surrender and were not prepared to find it open, let alone changed into a night club: most of our acquaintances were hardly au courant with the local social world. But there it was, spread out before us, as we entered the once familiar doors. A sketchy band played on a new platform, accompanying a girl who was singing "Come Back to Sorrento." Tables were surrounded by uniformed Japanese and local girls. (The singer was a Macanese girl who used to work in her office, said Dulcie.) Kato and Suzuki got a good table down front and ordered for the lot of us, ordering no strong drinks: I never knew Kato to drink anything but tea or orange juice. Aline and Dulcie and I looked around and recognized many of the girls, biding their chance to sing or waiting on table.

Suddenly Kato decided that I, too, should get up there on the platform and give the company a song. I can't sing. I said so, but that made no difference. Kato insisted. "You can do it, Mickey," he said, addressing me by my nickname, as he always did. He gave orders to the band, and I went up on the platform—I must have, though I don't remember getting there. I do recall how I said to myself that it didn't matter, because (a) the Japanese wouldn't know the difference between good singing and bad, and (b) it wasn’t really happening anyway. So I opened my mouth and, unaccompanied by the orchestra, because they didn’t know the tune, I sang, or talked, “St. Louis Blues.” The audience listened politely, uncomprehendingly, and when I closed my mouth gave a round of desultory applause. I came back to our table without stumbling. After all, it wasn’t really happening.



CABLE PETS

A COUPLE of months after our trip to the Parisian Grill, Kato disappeared into the limbo whence he had come. He didn’t say goodbye; he just disappeared. Some time earlier, he had given me a photograph of himself, a genuine cabinet portrait in a frame, on which he had written “Best regards” in Japanese characters, and signed his name, with a flourish, in English. After his departure, it came in very handy as a substitute for his actual presence, when Japanese on the prowl for housing dropped in. One look at the gendarme’s photo, with its legend, and they scooted. But the photograph, useful as it was, wasn’t food, and we missed Kato’s visits. We even missed Suzuki, who had vanished, too; at least, we never saw him again. What had happened to them? It was impossible to ask anyone: we didn’t know those friends who had come to dinner, or where they had their offices. However, Kato’s departure was not the calamity it would have been some weeks earlier, because in its eccentric way Hong Kong was functioning once more, an occupied city but not a shell-shocked one. We could now barter or sell lots of the things we had salvaged—furniture and clothing. Everything at that time had value. Citizens of neutral countries (“third-party nationals”) became evident, where earlier they had remained cautiously hidden. A Persian friend of the girls, for example, had a special permit to buy rice, and sometimes he spared us some, but the most important contact I had was a Frenchman who had charge of a colonial bank. Because the Japanese gave most French residents the benefit of the doubt and identified them with the Vichy government, no matter what their genuine political beliefs, Jacques, as an ally of the Axis, was allowed to get his hands on cash in the bank and do with it what he liked, which meant lending it to his friends. I borrowed a lot from Jacques, and it was a great relief to the household. In short, we settled down, but the memory of Kato lingered for a while, like a ghost.

“I wonder what happened to him,” said Aline, not for the first time. She had a romantic theory that he had fallen in love with some singsong girl and gone away with her; before he disappeared, she had seen him once with a pretty woman.

“He might have, at that,” I said. “It would be odd if he didn’t have a girlfriend somewhere. Didn’t he tell us he’s been married?”

“Yes, but divorced now,” said Dulcie.

That was the second-to-last time we discussed Kato. We had a lot of other things on our minds—those everlasting ways and means of survival, an occasional ukase from the authorities on such subjects as curfew and cholera shots, the weekly trips to the prison camps, the parcels. Japanese came and went; we were even beginning to tell them apart. My student of English was transferred, which was not such a hardship now, because of Jacques’s bank.

Suddenly, Aline announced that she had had enough of Hong Kong and could see no reason to stay on. She would go into the interior. Dulcie, less adventurous, would move to Kowloon and keep an eye on the relatives there, but Aline meant to take her little girl and go to Chungking, or, as we called it, Free China. It was a feasible project now that things were so quiet. Every day, a number of Asians and third-party nationals took the boat that sailed to the little French enclave of Kwangchowwan, in what we called Indo-China, where they departed unhampered, though on foot, for non-occupied regions, usually in groups, for safety from bandits. Danger was pretty far from everybody’s thoughts by that time. In Hong Kong, the streets were quiet. The stores had reopened and were thronged with Japanese wives and children who had been brought over. Things felt secure; for months I had not gone to bed in my clothes. No, there was little cause for alarm on Aline’s account, though I hated to lose her company, and Dulcie’s. With Ah King and my amah, I wouldn’t be alone. So Aline went ahead and made her arrangements, buying a ticket for the boat and packing so many bundles and bags and boxes that I teased her; how did she intend, I asked, to travel with all that stuff? She replied that there would be porters everywhere: in China, there were always porters. One could not be sure of finding an amah, but the baby, now a big, healthy toddler, would travel on Aline's back in a kind of super papoose case.

Early on the morning of Aline's departure, Jacques, Dulcie, and I went with her to the dock where the Kwangchowwan steamer waited, and there any sense of security I had built up during recent months was abruptly shattered, for Japanese guards were stationed all along the wooden pier, stubby and motionless and unshaven, holding their bayonetted rifles bolt upright, just as they had stood on the streets earlier in the occupation. We, Aline's friends, couldn't go with her up to the gangplank, but were sternly halted before we set foot on the pier, so Aline had to carry all her belongings alone, past the little automatons. She couldn't carry them all at once, of course, so she hurried back and forth, under hostile eyes, to fetch more and yet more. Each time she passed a guard, she had to bow deeply. The ceremony had of late almost slipped out of daily life, because there weren't many guards in the city anymore. Aline had always hated to bow, and it seemed too bad that she must go through with it so many times now, on the brink of escape. But worse followed. The last guard, beside the steamer, made her open all her bags and suitcases so that he could see what was in them, and with his bayonet he prodded and scattered her clothes and household goods over the pier's dirty wooden boards—the baby's clean smocks and diapers, her own bits and pieces of underwear, kitchen utensils, toys, bed linen: all the things she had so carefully saved up, laundered, and packed for the trip. Then, with a surly nod, he returned to his post, and she was free to pick up her things and repack them. She was a good distance from us, but we could see her crying with rage and humiliation as she gathered up her possessions. I remember the dark, thundery sky, the damp wooden planks, the rigid, immovable guards, and Aline out there stooping over her task, balancing the heavy baby on her back and sobbing.

"Kato," I said under my breath, "where are you now?"

IN A WORLD OF TAKING, THE MISTAKE

Down and down into your own regard
you double, dangling a bucket,
to take a shine. What's the secret?
You're not interested in anything

there's only one of. So the mirror
is amazing, and you find yourself inside it
to be deep. If you had another
fifty years, you'd feel this

wonderment at being.
Framed in a standstill, your head
in the clouds, your likeness
in mind, you fall

in love with reason. This
is the mistake. You think too much
of your life, far from oceans,
far from rivers, far

from streaming. You think *death*
I can bear—this image of the self
in the calm of a held pail.

But the catch in the clarity comes then:
to look like this you mustn't ever
be touched or moved again.

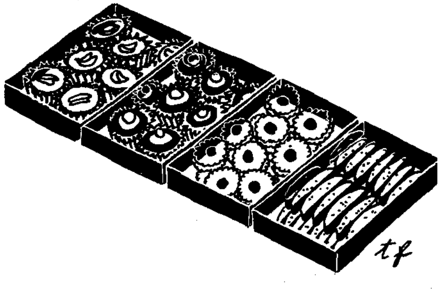
—Heather McHugh

• •

"No, really, it is a shame. A shame," Jacques kept muttering.

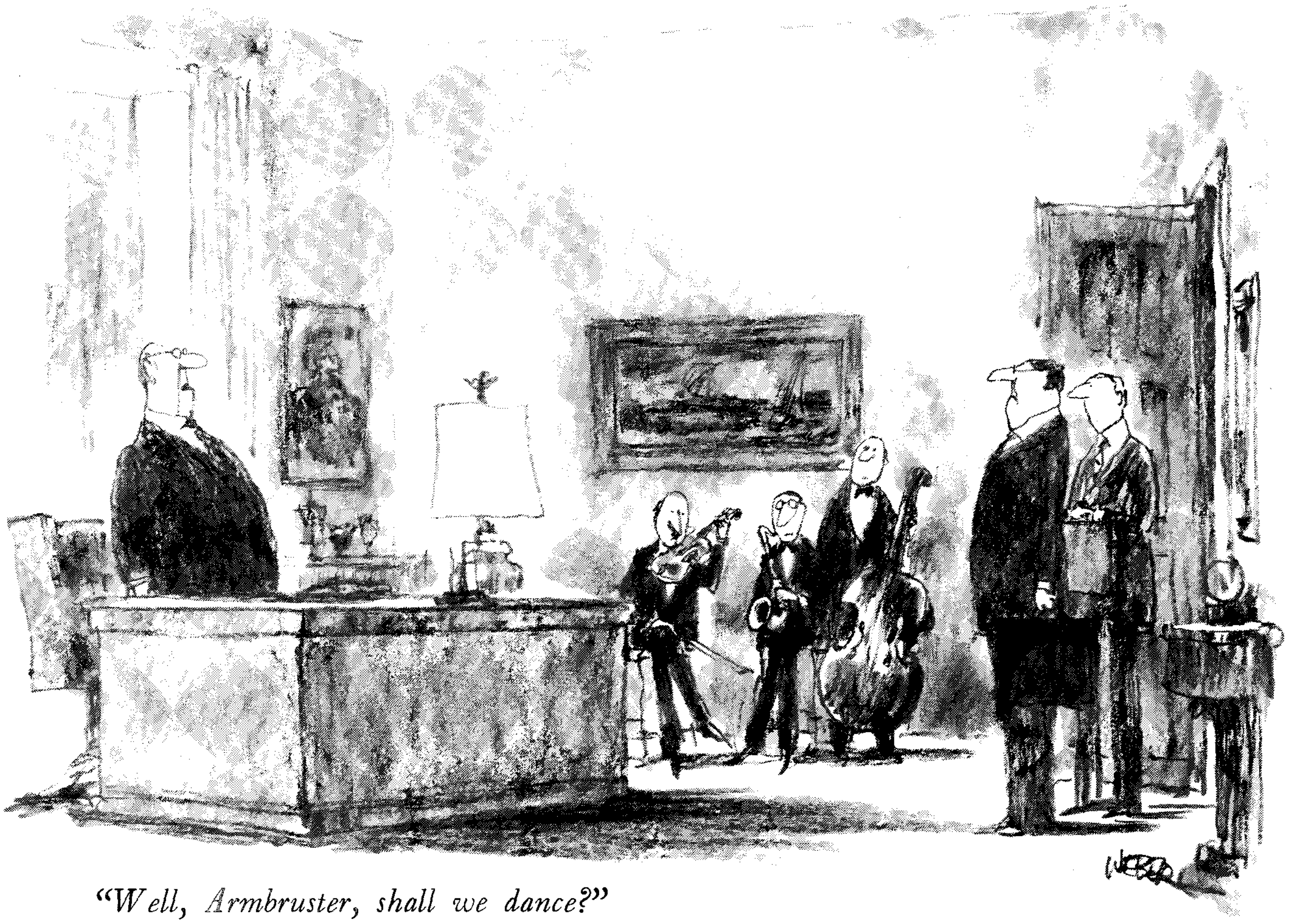
On the way home, we were very quiet, and then Dulcie said, "If Kato had been here, it wouldn't have happened."

In the weeks after Aline left, Dulcie moved to Kowloon, and the rest of us—Ah King, and Carola and her amah, and I—lived quietly on Jacques's money, the worst of our immediate worries over. Of course, we had the end of the occupation to dread, when there would no doubt be more bombs and more fighting, but we had learned not to borrow trouble, and as it turned out that end never happened for Carola and me. I had various lodgers from time to time—there was a lot of room now. Here and there, now and then, familiar faces disappeared, and I knew that those people had taken the Kwangchowwan route.



Then, one day, there came an official letter, delivered by hand, summoning me to the Department of Foreign Affairs, and I went there, with the usual fear and trembling, to learn that the Japanese had decided at last that I was not Eurasian but a prisoner of war. This meant, an official explained, that I would be put aboard the next exchange ship. There had already been one, he said, bringing back Japanese who had been detained and put into camps in the United States and taking away American prisoners in their place. The official told me that I would be informed when the ship was to call in.

I was not as happy about it as one might expect. Who would carry food to Charles and the other prisoners, I asked. He would see to it, Jacques promised, with the help of another French friend. Both men urged me to take this chance for the sake of Carola. The Japanese in charge of prisoners of war agreed to allow me to have a few minutes' conversation with her father. I suppose that in the past two years the Japanese, too, had settled down. Charles told me emphatically that I



"Well, Armbruster, shall we dance?"

• •

must go. So there it was, and in the days that followed I was busier than I had been in months. Possessions had to be selected, papers signed, Ah King provided for, Jacques consulted. (After the war—a long time after—I heard that on the very eve of deliverance, two years later, Jacques, always a nervous man, decided that his bank was to be closed down and he killed himself.)

The ship arrived in Hong Kong at last, Carola and I went aboard, and there was a heartrending scene with Carola's amah, who ran along the shore as long as we steamed close enough to land to be seen. "Goodbye," "Goodbye," Carola and I called, in tears, and it was some weeks before New York put it all out of our heads. As it happened, ours was the last exchange ship to leave Hong Kong.

THE war ended. Charles came back, we went to live in England, and years passed. Carola grew up and married. If I ever thought about Kato, it was seldom—only when Aline visited England, and that wasn't often, because she had married again and gone to live in Sydney, a long way off. Let's see, it was thirty-seven years and a bit more since my repatriation. By that time, I was living in New York again and had just come back from a month in the Far East—not Japan, but that doesn't mean I was avoiding the country; I'd been there several times on writing jobs since the war. It would be false to say that while I was there I thought about the gendarme of Hong Kong, but I had long since got over feeling sensitive about being among Japanese people. Thirty-seven years, after all. It was December, and the day I returned to my office I arrived at my desk to find several urgent messages asking me to call an out-of-town number, with no explanation. I was curious and did so.

"Oh, yes," said a Midwestern male voice. "I'm certainly glad you got back in time, because I promised your old friend Kato I would help him get in touch with you."

"*Kato?*"

"Yes. He's in New York, and he's got to go back almost immediately to Japan, but he put off leaving when he heard you were getting in today. I guess he's going tomorrow, though. He's quite a guy, isn't he? I've known him since I was with the occupation forces, but that's another story. He'd like you to know he's at the Hilton, so will you please call him right away?"

Kato! Naturally, I telephoned, and there he was in the hotel: I recognized that high-pitched, rapid delivery, but he seemed to find it harder than in the old days to find his words.

"Oh, I have forgotten my English," he said, laughing. "How can I get over there to your office?"

I started to explain, but clearly he didn't understand what I was saying. So I told him to wait there and I'd be right over. But then, going up in the Hilton elevator, I had second thoughts. While it's not unheard of to see someone again after a long time, in the meantime there has usually been at least a little communication, even if it's only a Christmas card. When you came right down to it, from the very beginning my acquaintance with Kato had been extraordinary. The whole thing was outside ordinary experience. Was I actually in this elevator, in a New York hotel, on my way to meet him? Had I ever met him? Who was he, and who, if it came to that, was I? Before I quite reached the point of dissolution, the elevator arrived and I was in the hall meeting a man I might never have known—older (like me), smaller than I recalled, but recognizable because of the little mustache he still wore. As we shook hands we both laughed with a polite Japanese giggle, and then the two of us went into his room and sat on the sofa.

I spoke first: "What happened to you? You just dropped out of sight."

Answering my question was not easy for him. It was true that he had forgotten his English, though as he talked I could hear it slowly coming back. Besides, he had to pick and choose what he told me, because our memories ran along such different lines, and the only facts that made sense to both of us were few and scattered. But he did say, right away, "Well, I went to prison, as you said I would."

Had I? Very probably. It sounded like me, but I didn't remember.

He continued, "I went to Canton to get back into the war. I was fighting there."

I recalled that he had been fluent in Cantonese—unusual in a Japanese, or, for that matter, in most people. It's a tough language.

"I was fighting in the street," he said, "and I shot a Chinese civilian, and thought I had killed him. That was a mistake. I was about to leave him there in the street when he shot me in the ankle; I fell and couldn't get away. They put me in prison. My cell had a floor of—what is it?—a wooden floor, made of . . ." His hands sketched lines. "Yes, boards. When I was better, I went under that floor, and the Chinese thought I had managed to escape. The guard went to tell the others, and while he was away I got out and then I *did* escape."

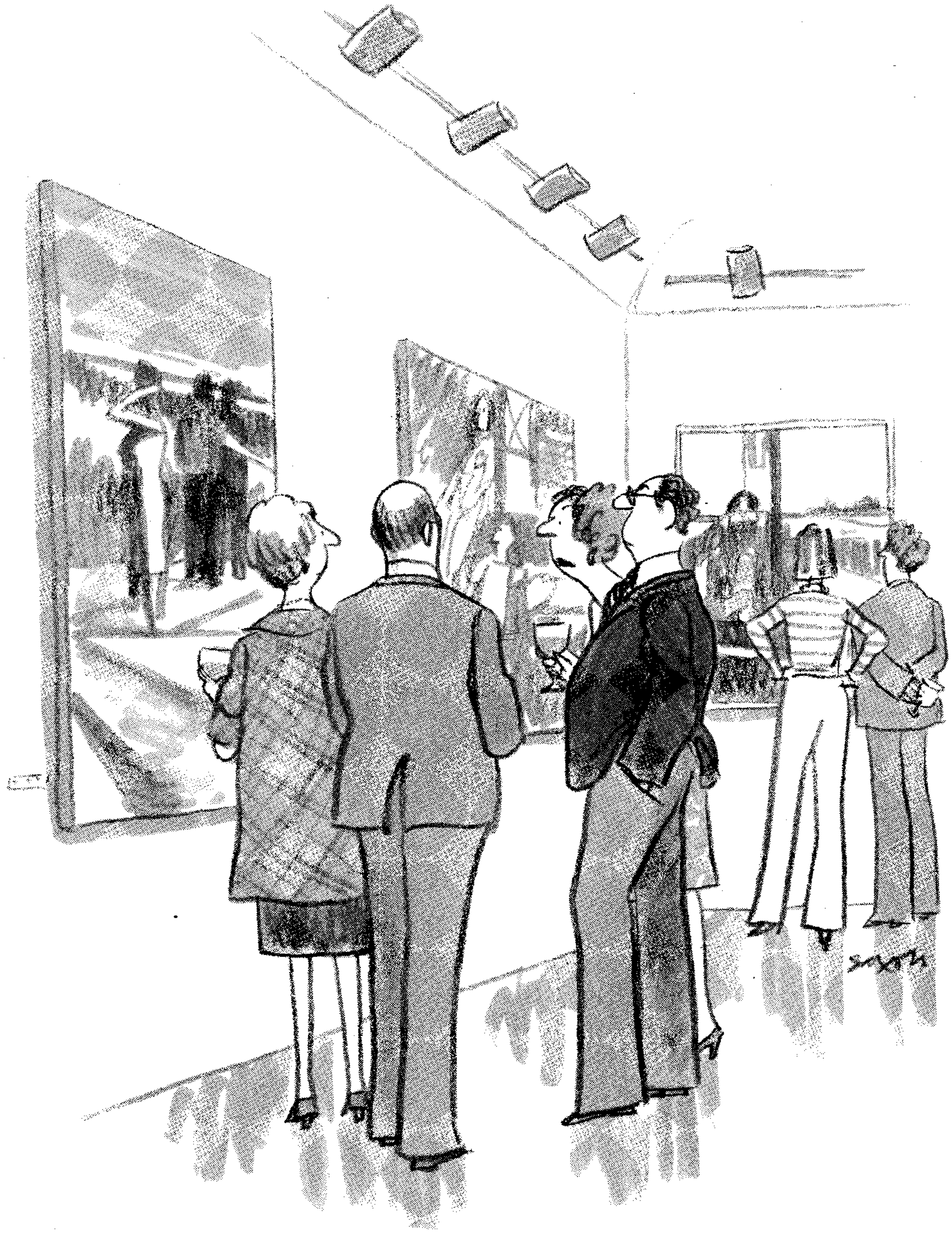
"Just like you," I said.

Satisfied, he resumed his story. He had made his way to a temple in the city, "very old and full of old monks, where they let me hide for the rest of the war."

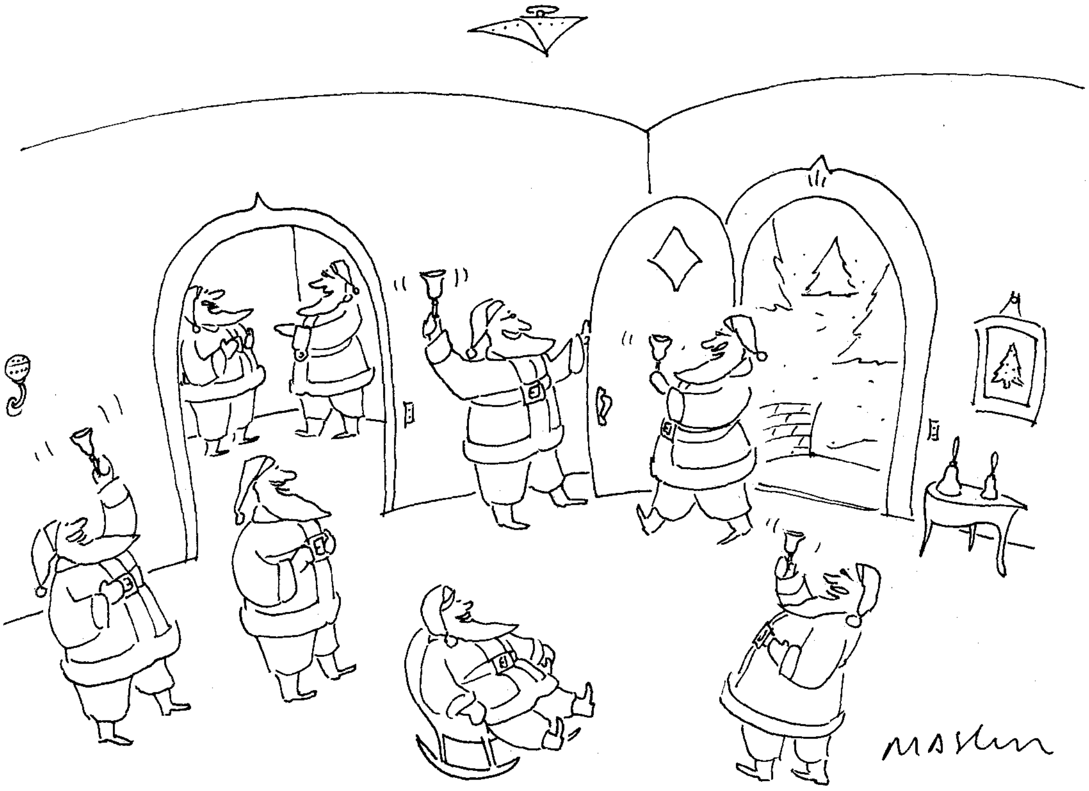
Because he had to stay in the monastery for two and a half years, inevitably he learned the monks' daily routine and their surroundings. None of it, probably, was strange to him: Buddhism is strong in Japan—much stronger than it was in pre-Revolutionary China. When Kato was not praying with the monks, he read ancient books in the temple library, and it was there that he encountered knowledge that had made a dramatic change in his life. He did his best to explain his discovery to me. It was for this, I gathered, that he had been eager to see me again: to give me the message, too. He could never talk about it, I was to discover, without a pencil and a piece of paper in his hands. In the hotel room, he tried hard to tell me about it—it was all crystal clear to him—and I tried hard to receive it and understand, but it was never crystal clear to me, though now and then the fog lifted a little.

"Look at this," he said eagerly. He drew on his paper a fat oval, and on the arc at one end he drew a loop. He stuck two eyes in this loop. "The head," he explained. Opposite it, on the other end, he executed a swirl. "Tail," he said briefly. And then, along the edges on either side, he put two loops each, for legs.

"This is the tortoise," said Kato solemnly, "and—look—here are the lines on his shell." He divided the oval by sketching two vertical and two horizontal lines that cut it into nine compartments. The drawing did look remarkably like a tortoise, I admitted. Under the animal's head, he labelled the top center compartment with the figure 9, and he followed this with other numbers: 2, 7, and 6 went down the right-hand side; 1 was at the bottom opposite 9; and 8, 3, and 4 went



"Kenneth says it lacks verve. He says they all lack verve."



The More the Merrier

up the left-hand side. He labelled the middle compartment 5.

"Now," said Kato, like a teacher, "add the top center figure to the bottom one opposite, and what do you get?"

This was easy. Nine plus one. "Ten," I said.

"Exactly." The teacher was gratified. "It is the same, no matter which numbers you take, as long as they are opposite one another and across the number five." He pointed with his pencil. "Two and eight. Four and six. Three and seven. This is the first lesson to show what can be done with the tortoise shell; there is much, much more. It was discovered by an ancient king of China. Later, I will show you more."

Excited by his new knowledge, Kato had applied himself to further study of the tortoise-shell mysteries, and the remaining days in the Canton monastery passed quickly. At the end of the war—he said nothing about Japan's surrender—he went back home and continued his self-imposed work. Out of this beginning, he told me, he formulated a religion. It grew. People came to learn from him, and his country house became a lodestar for them.

"Now I have a shrine just under Fuji," he said. "I share it with a friend whose land it is on, so he has given his name to it. You must come to see it next cherry-blossom time—next spring. Often I have said to myself, 'I must tell Mickey about all of it—the science of numbers, the tortoise shell and what it means, so that she can write a book about it.' My friend is here in New York with me, and he is coming this evening to have dinner with a group of us. There will be you, and a cousin of mine, and some others like that. A *sayonara* dinner." He looked at his watch. "They will be downstairs now, so we must go."

"Your friend," I said as we went to the elevator. "What does he think about the tortoise shell and all the rest?"

He flashed the grin I remembered, and said, "He says I give him a headache."

I had no headache, but I was mystified about why he had picked me, of all people, as an interpreter of the new philosophy. I am no philosopher, and mysticism of any kind gives me an itchy feeling. Nevertheless, the encounter, all of our encounters, fascinated me.

The *sayonara* dinner took place in a Japanese restaurant near the hotel. There was no wine, and nobody smoked. Kato's partner in the shrine spoke no English, but he didn't look as if he had a headache, either. He was cheerful, and took a lot of photographs; everybody except me took photographs.

We were halfway through dinner when I was struck by a thought that seemed worth some comment. "Have any of you noticed the date?" I asked. I looked from one face to another, but found only polite incomprehension.

"What does it stand for?" asked Kato's cousin.

"December 7th!" I exclaimed. "Pearl Harbor Day!"

They did not react with much emotion; in fact, they did not react at all. The cousin took a group picture.

It seemed quite natural at last that I should bring out a recent photograph of Carola and show it to Kato. He laughed aloud in delight. "The baby I used to find milk for!" The others leaned over politely to look, but how could it have meant anything to them? Rather sketchily, Kato brought me up to date on his family—two sons, very different in nature, but both good boys. I asked if he had any daughters.

"Nine," said Kato cheerfully. "Nine daughters. But they are all married and out of the house. I have had three wives, and they all left me, but I kept the children." He seemed remarkably sanguine about it.

I told him that Aline had recently died in Australia of a heart attack.

"I, too, nearly died," Kato told me. "Last year I had a bad operation. Don't I look thin?"

"You always did, but, yes, you look thinner."

"I have no time to get old," he said.

"I know," I said. Kato old was a ridiculous idea.

—EMILY HAHN

•

Jean Shepherd is one of America's best known raconteurs and humorists, most frequently compared to Mark Twain, who was on late night radio and television for many years.—*White Plains Reporter Dispatch*

Wasn't he replaced by David Susskind?

ANNALS OF SCHOLARSHIP

TROUBLE IN THE ARCHIVES-II

> No single explanation can really explain human behavior; it can at most illuminate human behavior and allow us to see something we had not seen. . . . An accident may be considered a paradigm. Why did it happen? The road was icy at that point. And the driver of the small car was in a great hurry because he was late for a crucial appointment, because the person who had promised to pick him up had not come. And his reflexes were slower than usual because he had had hardly any sleep that night because his mother had died the day before. And just before the accident his attention was distracted for one crucial second by a very pretty girl on the side of the road, who reminded him of a girl he had once known. Yet he might have regained control of his car if only a truck had not come toward him just as he skidded into the left lane. The truck driver might have managed not to hit him, but . . . If we add that the truck driver had just gone through a red light and was, moreover, going much faster than the legal speed limit, the policeman who witnessed the accident, as well as the court later on, might discount as irrelevant everything said before the three dots and be quite content to explain the accident simply in terms of the truck driver's two violations. *He* caused the accident. But that does not rule out the possibility that the other driver had a strong death wish because his mother had died, or that he punished himself for looking at an attractive girl the way he did so soon after his mother's death, or that the person who had let him down was partly to blame.—*"Discovering the Mind, Vol. III: Freud v. Adler and Jung," by Walter Kaufmann.*

IN the fall of 1981, Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson, a forty-year-old psychoanalyst and former professor of Sanskrit at the University of Toronto, was fired from his position as Projects Director of the Sigmund Freud Archives. Since its establishment, in the nineteen-fifties, the Archives has collected (in the Library of Congress), and guarded from most eyes (in some cases until the twenty-second century), papers, letters, photographs, and other documents pertaining to Freud. Masson had been brought into the organization by K. R. Eissler, the eminent seventy-five-year-old New York analyst who is its Secretary, or head. He had taken up Masson in the early seventies, and, in spite of warnings from his colleagues, who considered Masson too flamboyant, impetuous, and indiscreet for the staid Archives, proposed to make him his successor. He had already persuaded Anna Freud to give Masson permission to publish a complete edition of the letters of Freud to Wilhelm Fliess (a truncated version had been published in 1950), and he intended to install Masson as curator of a Freud Museum, to be set up in Anna Freud's house in Hampstead after her death. But in the summer of 1981, a two-part article by Ralph Blumenthal appeared in the New York *Times*, in which Masson put forth views so startlingly contrary to the thinking of Freudian psychoanalysts that even Eissler could no longer defend his protégé, and agreed that he must go. What so astonished analysts was Masson's contention that Freud's seduction theory, of 1895—which traced hysteria to sexual abuse in infancy or earliest childhood—was correct, even though Freud himself repudiated the theory in 1897 and spoke of it in his later writings as "an error . . . which might well have had fatal consequences for the whole of my work."

The question of why Masson queered his chances with the Archives—why he all but forced Eissler to see what Eissler had been carefully trying to overlook during the decade of their acquaintance, and why he acted as he did when he could have quietly bided his time until he actually had power in hand—has been asked by many observers of the events of the summer and fall of 1981, and is almost invariably answered in terms of some need of Masson's for self-destruction. The form of the question practically dictates the answer; implicit in it is the assumption that Masson acted as a free agent—that he had choices, that he was responding to inner rather than to external pressures. But there is another way of looking at Masson's fall from favor—the way of the melodramatist, who views human conduct as a mechanical response to the inexorable pressure of events set in motion by the malign motives of others. This is the view of Peter Swales, who holds himself responsible for setting in motion a series of actions that culminated in the fatal interview in the *Times*—the event that undid Masson with Eissler. Four months earlier, in April, Swales had written Masson a letter in which—for *forty-five single-spaced typewritten pages*—he enumerated the wrongs he felt he had suffered at Masson's hands in the field of Freud scholarship, and spewed forth the hatred, anger, and contempt he felt for him. The letter, a kind of masterpiece of invective, was written not only, and not even mainly, to its addressee but to a circle of friends, acquaintances, and enemies to whom Swales regularly sends Xerox copies of his epistolary productions, and also to any potential chronicler of the Swales-Masson quarrel who might someday materialize. "I imagined that if I compressed all these objections to Masson into one form, if I made a big snowball of it, I could get that snowball in motion," Swales told this chronicler, who had materialized on cue. He continued, "I felt that if I invested enough, so to speak, conscious energy in it, my letter would acquire

THE MOST AMAZING 60 YEARS IN HISTORY
CBarsotti

the status of a historical document. I thought, If I write this forty-five-page account of what happened between Masson and me, it will be like a piece of rock, and I can hurl it at him, and who knows what it will put in motion? And, sure enough, a chain of events was set off that climaxed in the Blumenthal articles."

"I hear you enjoy tinkering."

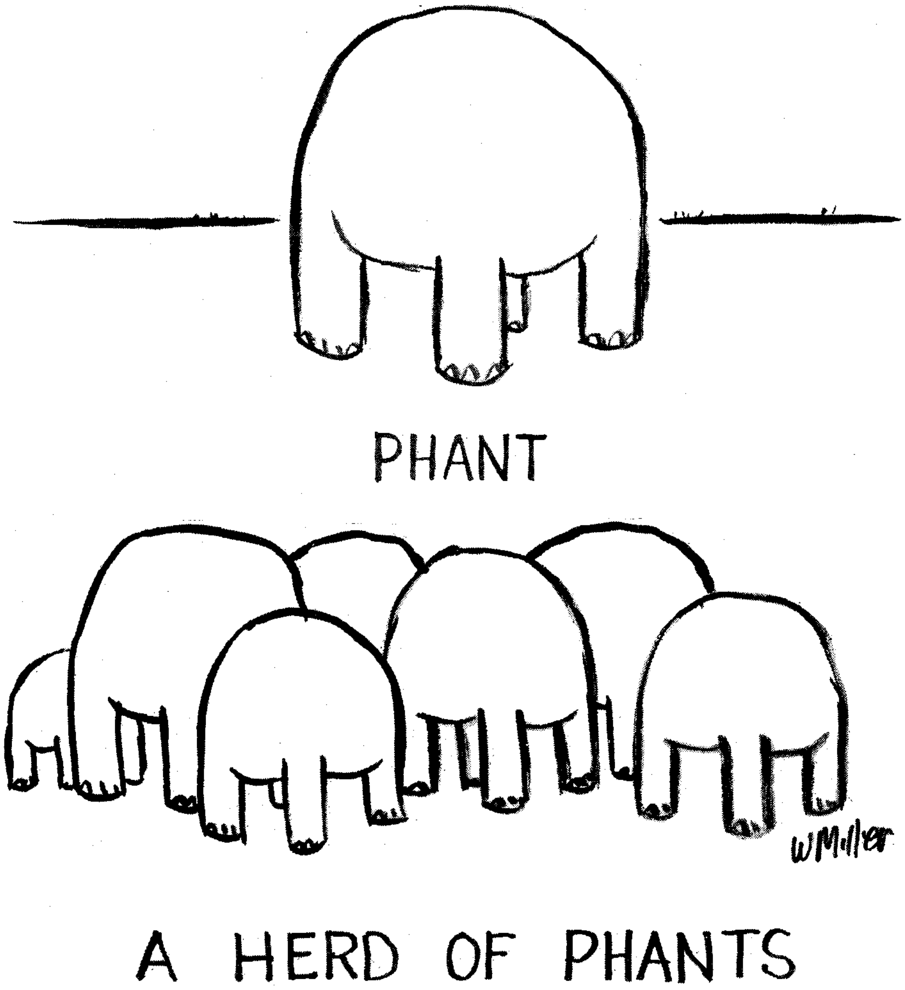
• •

Swales is a small, delicately constructed man of thirty-five who looks ten years younger; he has a pert, fresh face and straight light-brown hair that keeps falling in his eyes and that he keeps pushing back in a tense, unconscious gesture. One would not extrapolate this agreeable youth from the dire antagonist in the letter to Masson. Nor would one easily believe that this watchful boy, this pensive Peter Pan, was one of the world's leading authorities—perhaps *the* leading authority—on the early life of Freud and on the early history of psychoanalysis. How Swales—who is not an analyst or a Ph.D., or even a high-school graduate—came to achieve this status in the world of Freud scholarship is a story that that world has yet to digest. Swales tells it thus in a *curriculum vitae* he wrote in 1980:

> I was born in 1948 in Haverfordwest, on the southwest tip of Wales. My parents are the proprietors of a specialist music-and-record store in that town. From the age of eleven I attended grammar-school there and, on account of my consistently high performance, a splendid academic career was forecast for me. However, the spiritual bankruptcy of the educational system to which I was exposed; the cultural and intellectual impoverishment of my native milieu; and various other factors, including an unfavorable constellation of family dynamics—all these conspired in 1965 to bring about an abrupt and premature end to my school career. I left my home town and went to live in London.
>
> The next seven years I spent working in the gramophone-record industry—first as a trainee in the sales division of a large record company; then as factotum for a small but successful record company; then as personal assistant to the famous group of musicians the Rolling Stones. But during these years, more or less as a hobby, I also gave attention to those areas of interest toward which I am naturally and spontaneously inclined—namely, psychology, philosophy, and the history of ideas.
>
> In 1971-72, with the demise of my activities in the music industry, I found myself in a position to be able to devote some time to private study. I took full advantage of the opportunity by procuring an entry ticket to the British Museum Reading Room and immersing myself for the best part of a year in various historical and psychological literature.
>
> In mid-1972, I decided to move to New York, where an American whom I had known for some years offered me a position as director of a new, independent book-publishing venture, which he was in the throes of launching, called the Stonehill Publishing Company. In 1973, I negotiated North American publication of a series of early scientific papers by Sigmund Freud that were concerned with the drug cocaine. Dr. Robert Byck, professor of psychopharmacology at the Yale University School of Medicine, was appointed editor of the volume, and over a period of six months I assisted him in compiling and editing an anthology consisting of these and many other related writings. It was the knowledge gained through my private studies during these years, 1971-73, that gave me the intellectual preparation necessary for approaching the work of Freud. And, rather to my surprise, in this particular sphere of history and ideas I found myself very much at home. . . .

I had telephoned Swales after hearing about him from both Masson and Eissler, and he had taken to coming to my house in the afternoon, first in order to acquaint me with the particulars of his quarrel with Masson, and then, as time went on, to speak about his work and his past and his philosophy of life. He was always free in the afternoon. He goes to bed late, writing until two or three in the morning, and gets up at eleven or twelve. He lives in a tenement on Mott Street with his German-born wife, Julia, a painter, who works as the manager of a pastry shop. When Swales awakes, he throws on some clothes and goes padding lightly down four flights of stairs to the mailbox, which is almost always full. Letters from all over the world arrive daily—from scholars, professors, psychoanalysts, psychiatrists, sociologists, writers, graduate students, librarians, archivists, journalists. When he came to my house, he would often bring a thick loose-leaf notebook filled with letters that he had culled from his files for the occasion, and he would read out passages from them as he spoke, like a lecturer showing slides. He told me that, unlike most people, who enter the psychoanalytical world through the experience of analysis or the reading of Freud, he had entered it "by the back door, so to speak, of the drug culture." One day shortly after he took up his duties at the Stonehill Publishing Company, he was browsing in a secondhand bookstore and came across a little out-of-print volume called "The

Cocaine Papers," which he thought might be of interest to the president of Stonehill, the late Jeffrey Steinberg, who was a cocaine addict. The book was a collection of Freud's early writings on cocaine; during the eighteen-eighties, Freud had hoped to make his fame and fortune by developing medical uses for the drug, and he was then also an enthusiastic recreational user of it. Swales' idle find led to the republication by Stonehill of "The Cocaine Papers," under Robert Byck's editorship. While the book was being prepared for the press, Swales fell out with Steinberg (he had turned out to be a drug dealer who was using the book firm as a front), quit Stonehill, and decided to write a book of his own on Freud's involvement with cocaine. "I was totally fascinated with the phenomenon of drug-taking," Swales said. "It horrified me. I wasn't into drugs in a big way myself, but there had been many times in my life when I was in the company of guys who were tripped out on cocaine or LSD, and I was totally fascinated. My fascination was consummated with Freud." Swales said that he "reluctantly" began to read Freud's writings as preparation for his book on Freud and cocaine—a project that he abandoned as his interest gradually shifted from the phenomenon of drug-taking to the person of Freud. "I began to see that Freud was not the virtuous and straightforward man he has been pictured as being," he said to me. Swales received his first whiff of what he called Freud's "deviousness" when he read the paper "Screen Memories" (1899), which contains a piece of hidden autobiography: the "patient" in the paper who tells the analyst of a childhood memory that the analyst interprets as a mask for a later sexual fantasy is Freud himself. ("It was not difficult to guess that the incident described in it was in fact an autobiographical one, and this became a certainty after the appearance of the Fliess correspondence," James Strachey, the editor of the Standard Edition of Freud's works, writes in his introduction to the paper.) "That to me was just mind-blowing," Swales said. "I mean, the standard portrait of Freud is always that of a man of flawless integrity, and here was a blatant example of his abuse of the reader's good faith." Swales began to look for other examples of covert autobiography in Freud's writings. In 1976, he returned to his parents' house in Wales, and he spent the next three years constructing what he calls "my Freud universe," buttressing his inferences about "the man behind the mask" with facts drawn first from published biographical sources (such as the Ernest Jones biography and the Freud-Fliess letters) and then from archives, police blotters, cure lists from health spas, timetables, newspapers, and interviews with onetime patients and colleagues of Freud.



Swales' *curriculum vitae* continues:

> Back in Haverfordwest, I began actively pursuing historical researches into the life of Freud and the early history of psychoanalysis. By 1977, I had begun corresponding with the descendants of many persons of importance in the Freud world and also with persons in various parts of Europe who were in a position—physically and professionally speaking—to follow up specific research projects instigated by myself. Between 1977 and 1979, I undertook four extensive journeys across Central Europe, twice beyond the Iron Curtain, in order to personally pursue certain avenues of investigation. A fuller explanation of my work, and a description of its present status, is to be found in the attached research program. . . .

The *curriculum vitae* and the "attached research program" were part of an application (successful in May, 1980) for a grant of seven thousand dollars from the New-Land Foundation, an institution founded (and funded) by an elderly and rich psychoanalyst named Muriel Gardiner, who is a former member of the Board of the Freud Archives. The architect of the arrangement was Kurt Eissler. The story of how Eissler came to be Swales' sponsor is one that Swales tells with great satisfaction (and that Eissler shudders to recall). What brought the two together was a mysterious "mistake" made by the Library of Congress. In 1978, Eissler bought for the Archives (for the sum of a hundred thousand dollars, donated by Muriel Gardiner), from a Mr. Stanescu, who had smuggled them out of Rumania, the letters of Freud to his boyhood friend Eduard Silberstein. Eissler deposited the letters in the Library of Congress, where, he assumed, they would lie undisturbed with the rest of the entombed treasure. But, for a reason never explained, the Library listed the bulk of the Silberstein letters in the unrestricted section of its catalogue of the Archives' holdings. (Some items in the Archives have long been available to the general public.) In the summer of 1979, Swales—then deep in his research on Freud's early

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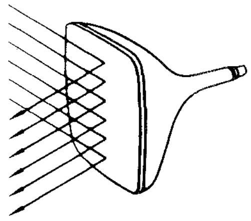
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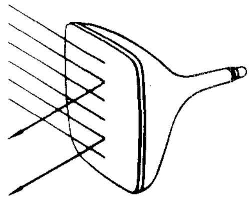
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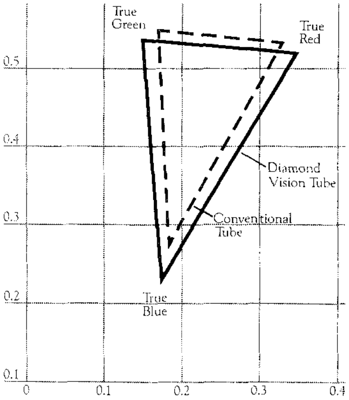

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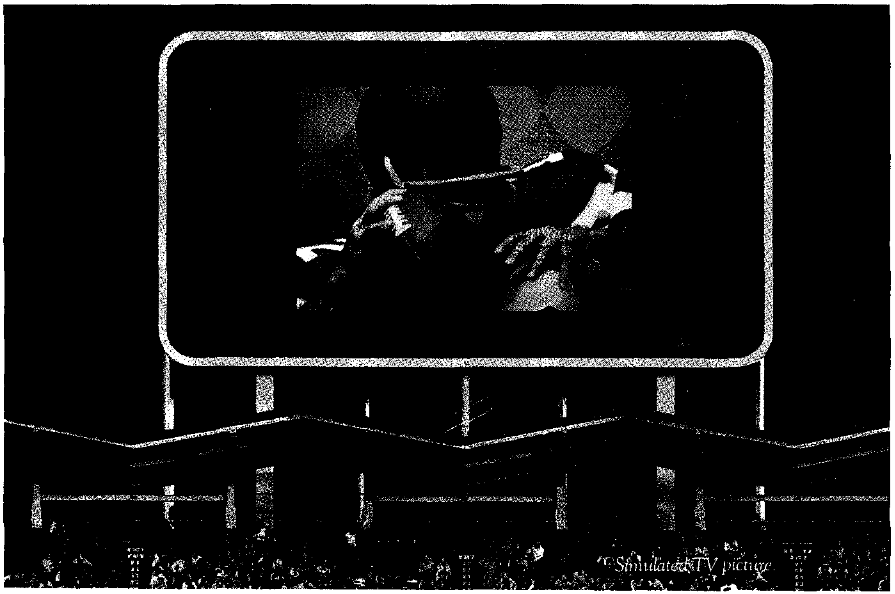

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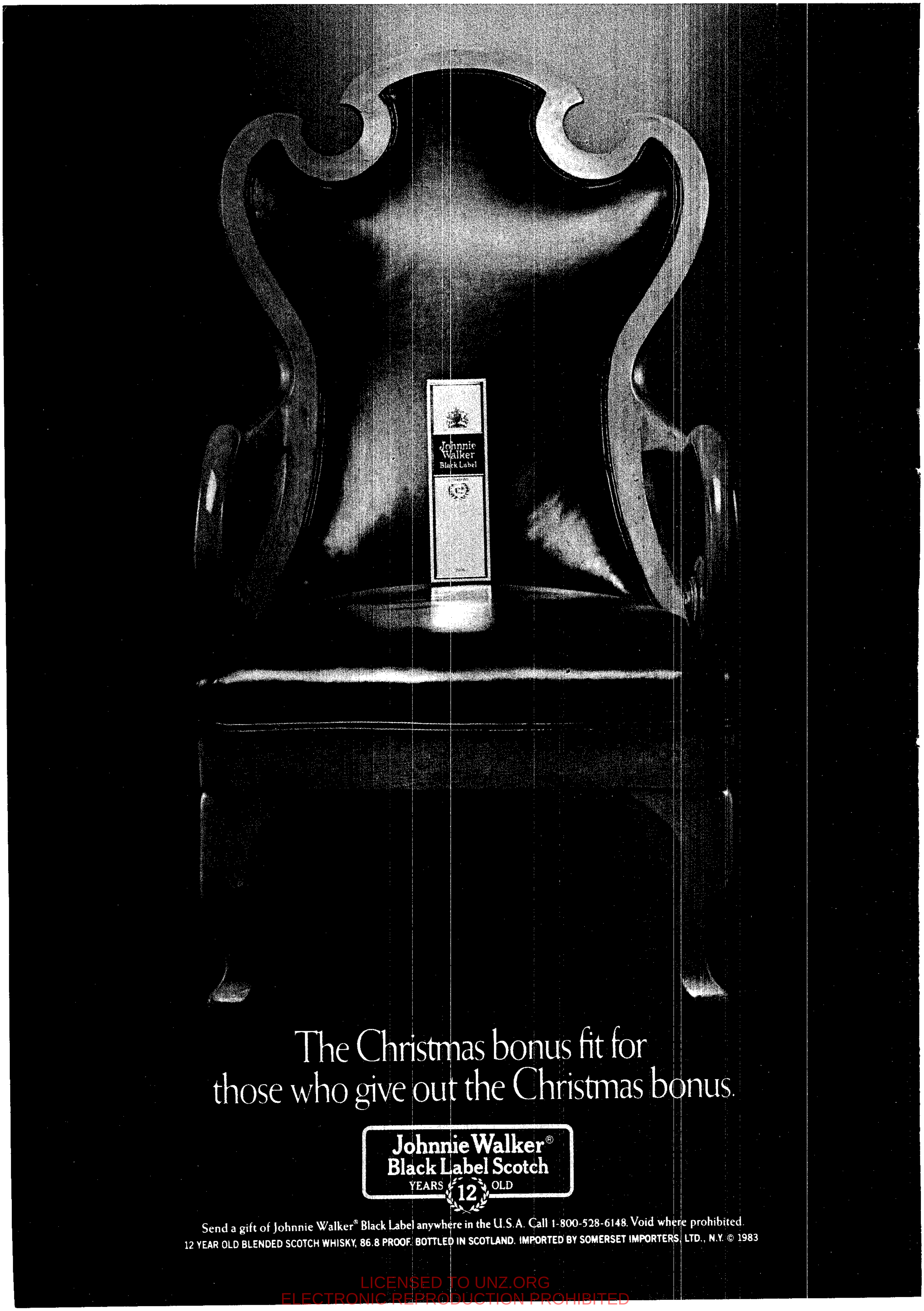

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"Everyone is a child at Christmas except you."

life and chafing under the restrictions of the Archives—received a copy of the Library of Congress catalogue, and could hardly believe his eyes when they fell on the Silberstein listing. "But what does a guy in my position do?" he said to me. "He doesn't ask questions. He writes off to the Library and asks for Xerox copies. And, sure enough, in a couple of months this great big wad of stuff arrives in the mail—what amounted to two-thirds of the Silberstein letters—together with a letter saying, 'Please address yourself to Dr. K. R. Eissler, of the Sigmund Freud Archives, for permission to see the other one-third, which is restricted.' I did not immediately write to Eissler for permission—I went to Germany to work with two Freud scholars in Tübingen—and by the time I did write him, in the winter of 1980, he already knew I had the letters; a clergyman from Strasbourg to whom I had shown a few of them had told him. Eissler was very puzzled and confused. He couldn't understand how I had got the Silberstein letters. He wrote and said, 'I have no idea how you got those letters. I was never asked about it, and would never have given permission.' I had returned to New York by then, and I wrote back saying, 'Look, this is ridiculous. You're telling me that I'm not supposed to have those letters, and I do have them—the Library of Congress sent them to me. Why don't we meet and sort this out?' Eissler agreed, and I went up to Central Park West to see him. I had become aware of him through the literature, and I was fascinated to meet him. I wanted to find out who the man really was. On the one hand, I had certain prejudices, you might say. I mean, my God, the guy has to be nuts—the way he's written six articles and a whole book against Roazen, for instance. On the other hand, I did very much respect him. He's a great thinker, potentially, even though his starting premises are wrong. He has done Freud scholarship a good service in, say, replying to the Gicklhorns.

"I went up to his place and explained the situation about the Silberstein letters. We had this brisk, sort of bitchy exchange. 'Well, Dr. Eissler!' 'Well, Mr. Swales!' And after about five minutes it suddenly fell flat. There was literally this long silence. And then, somewhat grudgingly, Eissler said, 'Well, anyway, Mr. Swales, why are you so interested in this stuff?' And I said, 'I'm totally fascinated with the life and work of Freud, and I've done a lot of research.' 'Like what?' Eissler said. 'What have you found?' His attitude was challenging. 'Well, I've worked with Professor Sajner in Moravia, and Professor Fichtner and Dr. Hirschmüller in Tübingen,' and one thing and another, you know. And then it started to get specific. Like 'What did you find in Moravia?' 'I got Dr. Sajner to dig up all the cure lists at Roznau.' [These lists showed that Freud's mother went every year to the Roznau spa, possibly to meet a lover, Swales speculates.] Eissler said, 'You did? That's incredible!' Then Freud's patients in 'Studies on Hysteria' came up. 'Whom have you researched?' Eissler asked. 'Well, for instance, Katharina,' I said. 'I have identified her.' 'No! I don't believe it! I sent a man to that mountain years ago, and he failed where you have succeeded. And Freud's patient Cäcilie M., who was she?' I told him, and he was flabbergasted. Everything I said was news to him. I couldn't believe what was happening, because I wasn't gunning for it, but the next thing I knew, he was saying, 'Mr. Swales, how much money would you need to complete your research?' I said, 'I don't know, I'd have to think about it,' and he said, 'Well, I can get you four thousand dollars. Write me a prospectus, and I'll get you the money.' I went out of that building and I phoned my wife and I said, 'Julia, you won't believe this. It's crazy.'

"There was an irony to my getting involved with Eissler. I had not yet published my thesis that Freud had had a love affair with his sister-in-law, Minna Bernays, and I thought, If and when the day comes that I do publish it, Eissler is going to be in a strange position. How will he be able to refute my scholarship when he has invested in it? I was ready to exploit that irony. I was playing my cards very carefully. I wouldn't go so far as to call it conniving, but I certainly entertained the idea that in winning Eissler's confidence I might get to learn what he had in the

Archives, what he was holding back.

"By now, I was working on a biography of Wilhelm Fliess, along with my Freud work. This came about in the following way: In 1978, I happened to find out the address of Fliess's daughter, who was living in Israel in an old folks' home under her married name. Her name is Pauline Jacobsohn, and nobody knew she was still alive. So I went to Israel, and she led me to an archive in the Hebrew University, in Jerusalem, where she had deposited her father's literary estate. When I saw this material, this *Nachlass*—it was in boxes piled that high—I had to reconcile myself to the fact that I was going to write a biography of Fliess. Finding this *Nachlass* put me in a, so to speak, very powerful position—not that I was looking for power. Now, here is where Masson comes into the story." Swales paused to thumb through his thick loose-leaf notebook, which lay between us on the table at which we sat drinking tea, and then read from a letter he had written to Pauline Jacobsohn on January 24, 1980:

> DEAR MRS. JACOBSOHN:
>
> A short while back, I learned from the scholar Frank Sulloway that Anna Freud had commissioned an American psychoanalyst, Dr. Jeff Masson, of Berkeley, California, to edit a volume of the complete letters of Freud to your father, to be published in seven to ten years' time. I plan within the next few weeks to write to Masson asking him if he would kindly clarify some important points with respect to your father's life and work and his association with Freud in the light of those Freud letters still to be published. Like Anna Freud, Masson refused to give any information to Sulloway, so I can be pretty sure he will not oblige me, either. However, I strongly suspect he would fast change his tune and coöperate if I were to mention in a second letter that I happen to know of the whereabouts of a few unknown and unpublished letters from the Freud-Fliess correspondence (namely, those letters donated by you to the Hebrew University).
>
> Of course, this strategy can be effective only so long as Masson and the other members of the Freud establishment (e.g., Dr. Eissler) remain unaware of the existence of all that material. I would be most grateful if, at least for the next few months, you would kindly refrain from mentioning the material in Jerusalem. If my contact with you was known, then Masson would straightaway guess where to look for those few letters of Freud to Fliess (as mentioned above), and before long he would surely turn up at your door asking to be told more. Oh, how complicated things get! But all this arises out of the Freud establishment's selective employment of historical material towards perpetuating and enhancing the Freud myth at the expense of persons such as Fliess. They have never done Fliess's memory any favors. The biographical work now in preparation will provide a valuable corrective. But it is important that this time, in terms of new material, "we," and not the Freud establishment, have, as it were, the upper hand.

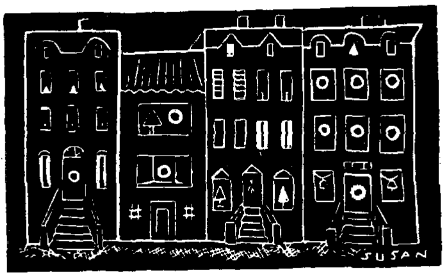
Pauline Jacobsohn wrote back a few weeks later, saying bluntly:

> What you write about Mr. Masson is not very nice. It depends on how and for what he asks, if at all he will write to me. I cannot lie to him, and don't forget my age. It does not allow such manipulations.

In reply, Swales apologized for "having made this suggestion and upset you," and then added,

> I now have a little surprise to tell you: Only two days after I wrote to Masson requesting information on your father from the as yet unpublished letters of Freud (in other words, well before he received my letter to him), I received a letter from Germany in which Masson asked if *I can be of assistance to him!* He learned of my address through a doctor in Vienna who knew of various investigations I have made into Freud's early patients, and he wrote to ask if I would consider giving him access to the various historical materials I have collected from my many years' research into the early years of psychoanalysis. So I wrote back saying I would gladly coöperate—so long as he would reciprocate by granting me access to the biographical information on Fliess.

In their early correspondence, in the winter and spring of 1980, Swales and Masson were like two dogs sniffing at each other. Masson, writing from Munich, where he had gone to study German, wanted to know "How did you come to work on the early Freud? Are you an analyst? Did you do formal studies in the history of science or psychology? Is your German fluent? How did you get in touch with Freud's early patients?" Swales replied, "I am not an analyst—nor have I ever undergone a psychoanalysis. In fact, I am not even a man of science. As one whose *akademische Laufbahn* jumped the rails at the age of sixteen, I do not even have a higher education. I fear by temperament I am little more than an adventurer. Such persons are apt to be cherished if they succeed, if they really discover something; otherwise, they are cast by the wayside." (Swales was here making a knowing allusion to a letter to Fliess, quoted by Jones, in which Freud says of himself, "I am not really a man of science, not an observer, not an experimenter, and not a thinker. I am nothing but by temperament a *conquistador*—an adventurer, if you want to translate the word—with the curiosity, the boldness, and the tenacity that belong to that type of being. Such people are apt to be treasured if they succeed, if they have really discovered something; otherwise, they are thrown aside.") Swales went on to offer a proposal: "Frankly—if I may venture to make such a statement as a matter of fact rather than of immodesty—my knowledge of Freud's life and work during the formative Fliess years is, historically speaking, so enormous that I think it would make sense if you were to give serious consideration to the idea of enlisting my aid in annotating and introducing the letters to Fliess. But since I am absolutely independent and have no outside funding to speak of, for that I would require a fee." "I am afraid that is impossible," Masson quickly replied, "since my contract is already signed and makes me solely responsible for the new edition. . . . As for money, alas, I have none. I am myself Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Toronto, and I have felt obliged to stop my analytic practice in order to devote myself full time to these letters." "In my last letter I was *not trying to gatecrash your work* in the sense of demanding a formal collaboration!" Swales protested. "I simply wanted to have the opportunity—*given appropriate credit, of course*—to contribute to your endeavor all that important information and material which I am personally responsible for having brought to light." He went on to propose that Masson raise four thousand dollars "in order that you, my wife, who is my translator, and I could undertake two separate trips together so that I may personally introduce you to the mass of stuff I have located on Fliess." Swales was here alluding to the Jerusalem *Nachlass*, which he did not yet trust Masson enough to mention by name. Then, like a salesman slowly opening his sample case to a housewife softened up by the pitch, he proceeded to display one tantalizing example after another of his research into the life of Fliess and Freud. Masson took the bait. "Your work is marvellous!" he wrote back. "You have been able to do what many people with all possible underwriting have been unable to even get close



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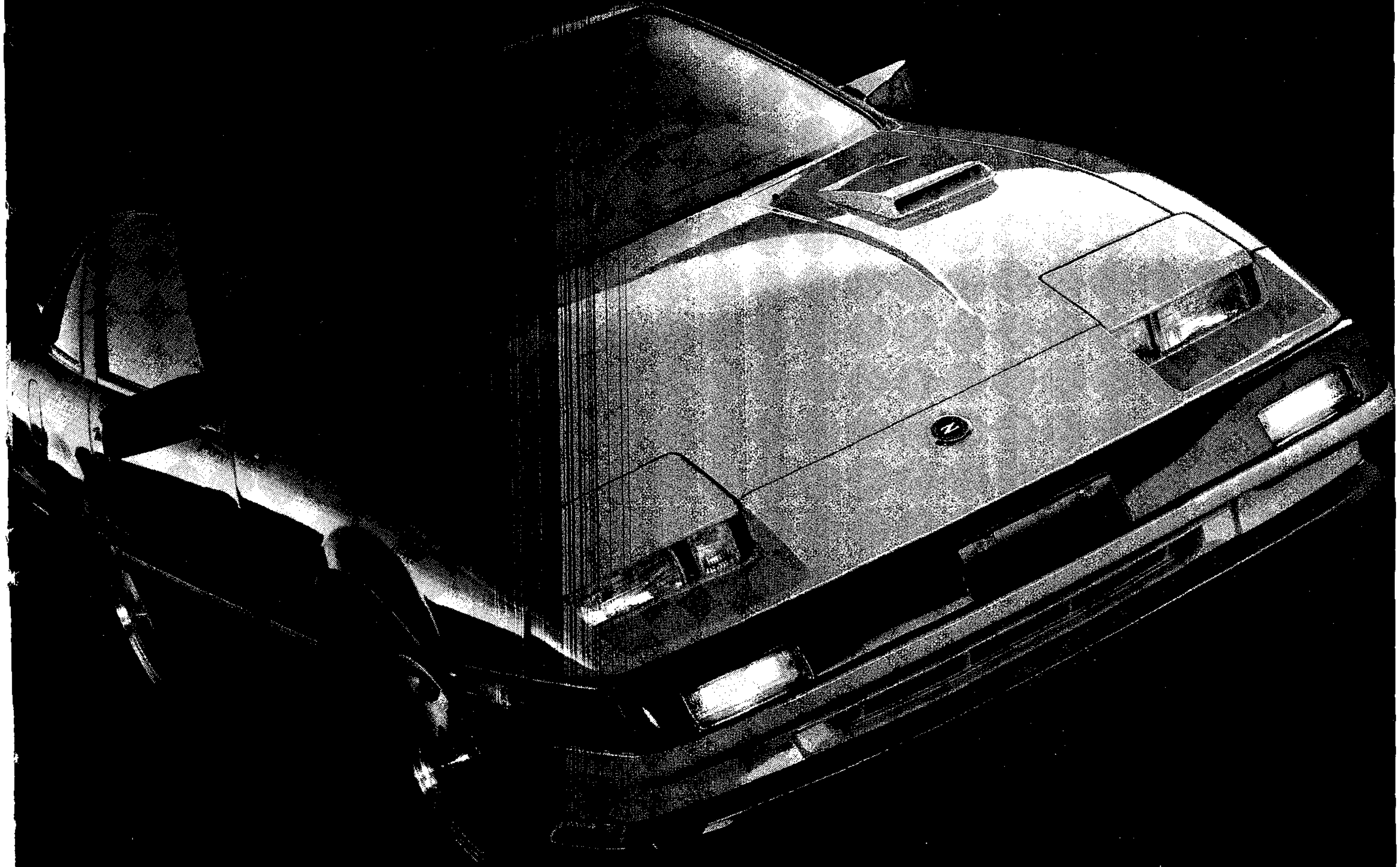

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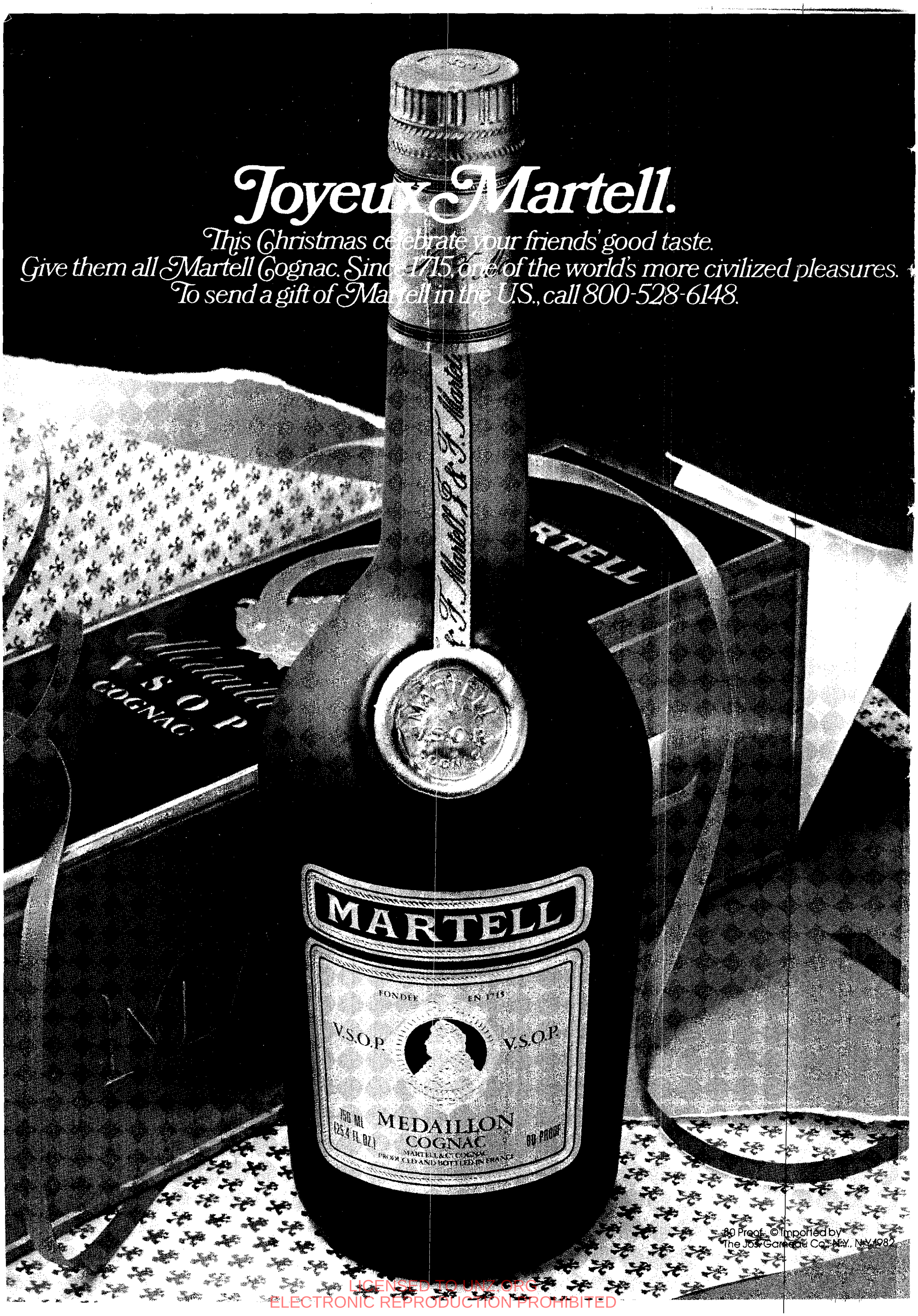

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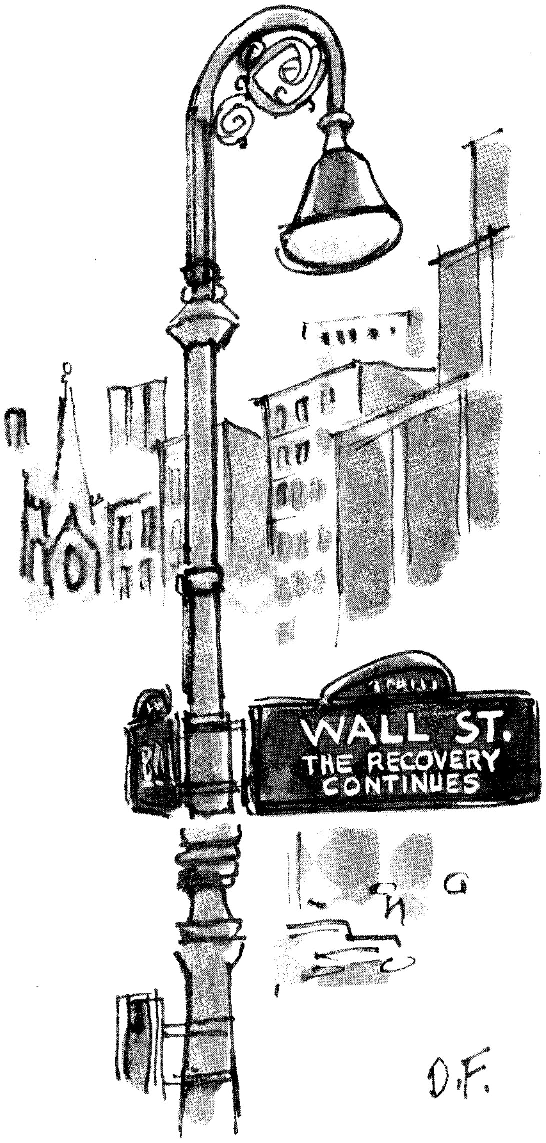
to. . . . You have indeed shown me how essential your work is for mine. . . . But now you must help me find a solution so that both of us are not held up in our work. Because, even though you have done by far the greater amount of research and have much to offer the new edition, I also have material to which there is no possible way you could gain access without my help. Namely, the unpublished Fliess letters, in the first rank, but also several hundred unpublished letters of Freud to which only I have been granted access. I am perfectly prepared to give you access to this material in return for the same courtesy on your part.”

On hearing this, Swales hesitated no longer about revealing the Jerusalem *Nachlass*. (“You cannot hold it against a man for declining to play all his cards at once,” he wrote Masson in explanation of his earlier guardedness. “Sometimes it is important to keep a few trumps up one’s sleeve.”) He again asked Masson to raise the money for the trip to Israel, which again Masson declined to do. “We have both decided to dedicate our life to scholarship, and certain sacrifices must be made,” Masson piously wrote on April 21, 1980, adding, “I was delighted to learn that Dr. Eissler was able to get you a grant, and now I find, to my pleasure, that he thinks he will be able to help me as well! We are both lucky to have such an understanding, distinguished, and powerful friend.”

Four days earlier, Eissler had written Masson asking him to be his successor at the Archives, and two weeks later Masson flew home to Berkeley, stopping off in New York for two days, to see Eissler. During Masson’s stay in New York (at the Eissler apartment), Eissler brought his two protégés together at a Sunday brunch, at which his wife was also present. Swales concluded a ten-page handwritten account of the meeting (it is his habit to record all conversations of any substance directly after they have taken place) with the comment “Masson struck me as the wrong man for the job: insufficient background; biassed views; too hasty and impulsive in decision; and he doesn’t listen (therefore learn) properly. He’s a novice in the field.” But Swales had already formed a poor opinion of Masson, from his letters. “Nobody in my world of correspondence—historians, scholars, professors—wrote letters so scatterbrained and impulsive,” he told me. “That alerted me about him; it put me off. The clumsy, bungled syntax, the misspellings, and so on. I go through my letters with a fine-tooth comb, so to speak. I couldn’t live with a misspelling or bad grammar. My pride wouldn’t allow that.” Swales went on to say that the brunch started off in what was, for him, an alarming way. “When I arrived, I could see that they had been talking about me. They asked me questions that had a premeditated ring to them. And the very first question they asked me—it came out of Masson’s mouth, with a little elaboration from Eissler—was ‘Do you believe that Freud and his sister-in-law had a love affair?’ I secretly gulped. I thought, My God, they know! But I composed myself in a flash and said, ‘Well, I must be absolutely frank with you. I have very good reason to believe not only that they did have an affair but that Minna exerted a very strong influence on Freud’s work.’ To my amazement, they didn’t freak out or anything. Eissler said to me, in his challenging way, ‘How do you know this? How can you say that?’ So I launched into an encapsulated version of what was to become my lecture on Freud’s affair with Minna. As I did this, Masson kept derailing the conversation. I thought to myself, Why did the idiot ask me the question if he doesn’t want to listen to the answer? It went on like this, and before I knew it the conversation about Freud and Minna had been dropped. Masson kept talking this ridiculous nonsense. It got to the point where Eissler got furious with him and said, ‘Professor Masson, would you be quiet and let Mr. Swales talk?’ They were very flattering to me. They asked me to use my ‘brilliant detective skills’ to track down a missing letter of Freud to Fliess, and called me a ‘genius,’ and ‘Sherlock Holmes,’ and things like that. As I was leaving, Masson dumped a typewriter on me—a big German machine he had bought in Germany and didn’t want to drag on the plane to California. I already had three typewriters, but, all right, this one had umlauts, so I accepted it.” (I later heard from Masson his version of the typewriter incident: “All through the brunch, Swales kept eying the typewriter longingly, so finally, in a burst of generosity, I gave it to him. He was this poor guy who had nothing—no money, his wife had to bake cookies, he didn’t have a typewriter, he didn’t even have paper to write on, he was uneducated, his research methods were primitive, he had no knowledge of languages, he didn’t read a single word of French—and I had a certain sympathy for him. He reminded me of myself when I first arrived at Harvard. But I guess I mainly wanted to show Eissler that I wasn’t an envious, malicious, backbiting sort of person—that here was somebody young and not particularly illustrious I could be nice to. I gave the typewriter to Swales very ostentatiously in front of the Eisslers to show them how generous I could be, and it felt good when Eissler turned to his wife and gave her a meaningful look: See what a nice gesture!”)



Swales continued, “I had met

with Eissler several times by this time, and I was fascinated with him as a person. I liked him a lot. A funny thing had happened at our third meeting. He had already promised me the grant. He said to me, 'Mr. Swales, I don't know that you're not a rascal. How do I know that you won't go and publish nasty things about Freud?' And I paused and said, 'Well, Dr. Eissler, I can't sit here and defend myself. If I start defending myself against something like that, it's going to sound as if I had something to hide. It's up to you to make of me what you can. Here I am. You can see what my work is. I go off, I find documents, I come up with the goods. Draw your own conclusions.'

"At the brunch, I had to face up to the moral dimension of my situation. There I was, infiltrating the sanctum sanctorum, the holy of holies, the Freud Archives. Where did that put me? I thought, That's what journalists do, that's what spies do—which triggered a whole romantic dimension that I'm not indifferent to. But on the other hand, I thought, they're getting material from me, so if I take material from them I'm entitled to it, I've earned the right to it. Their material shouldn't even be bloody locked up. I thought I could break the Freud Archives' monopoly on material, because I was the only person to come along who had amassed not a competitive amount of material—that would be ridiculous to claim—but certainly crucial material.

"In Masson I immediately recognized a kind of mirror image of a part of myself. He is an entrepreneur, a hustler. I had been involved in hyping rock music. I had always been in business. I had gravitated toward New York City for that reason—it's the mecca of hype and business and bull. Then, eight years ago, I went through a spiritual and moral crisis: I was confronted with the question Do I want to spend the rest of my life blathering away like all those hacks and hype artists, or do I want to do something of value? I came out of the crisis with the decision to work on Freud and to do it well."

Swales somewhat hesitantly told me of the influence on his life of Georges Ivanovich Gurdjiev, the Russian mystic/teacher/psychologist who came into prominence in France between the wars (and died in Paris in 1949), and of whom Swales has been a follower since the age of seventeen. "I feel it will make you very unsympathetic toward me if I discuss Gurdjiev any further," Swales said. "As far as I'm concerned, Gurdjiev is the most profound psychological genius who ever trod this earth. But it would be pointless to talk about him in any specific way. When I was younger, I made the mistake of referring people to his books. I no longer do that. To understand Gurdjiev, one has to do what is called the Gurdjiev 'work'—learn the Gurdjiev dances, grasp certain concepts, expose oneself to certain experiences. It is pointless to try to explain it to an outsider."

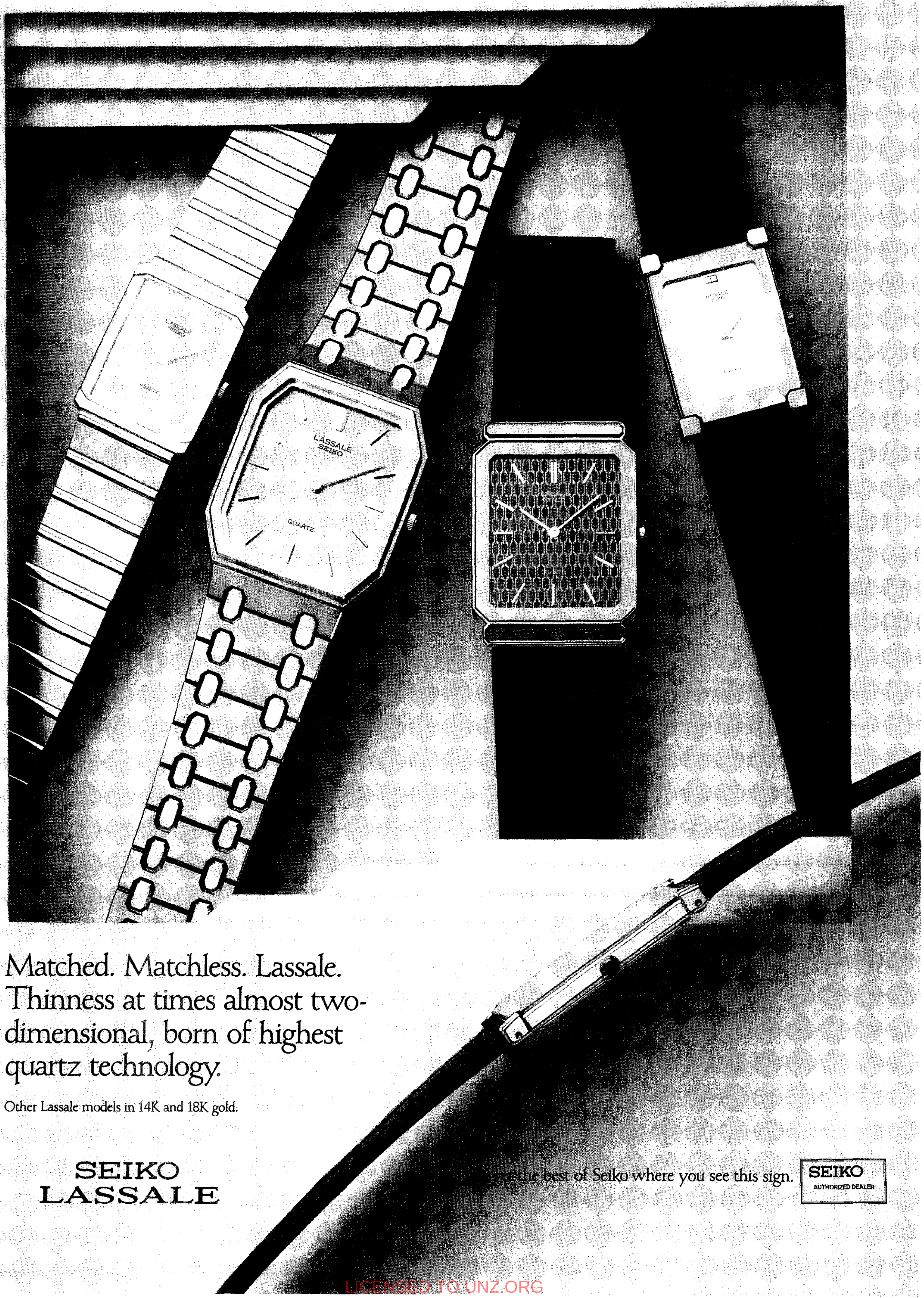
AFTER the Eissler brunch, Swales began storing up grievances against Masson. He said nothing to Masson, silently permitting his anger, resentment, dislike, and envy to build up to the explosion point. When the explosion came, a year later, in the spring of 1981, it was set off, oddly, not by any action of Masson's but by a paper he wrote entitled "Freud and 19th-Century Psychiatry," of which he had sent Swales a copy. This paper so incensed Swales ("It is a disgusting piece of scribble," Swales wrote in the forty-five-page letter. "I find it a travesty, an absolute disgrace to Freud scholarship. . . . All in all, I think it is about the worst piece of writing on Freud I have ever had the displeasure to read—and that is really saying something") that he felt he had to go to Eissler and lay before him his case against Masson. "Without mincing my words, I proceeded to complain about your competence, conduct, and integrity," Swales recalled in the letter to Masson, and he continued:

> Eissler gave me a fair enough hearing, I suppose. But he took issue with me on many points along the way, and in such a manner that after a while it became clear to me that our conversation was doomed to be futile. In short, while attempting to fault me in certain details, Dr. Eissler showed himself to be very reluctant to look at the whole picture I was striving to convey. Dr. Eissler recommended that I address all my criticisms directly to you. He claimed that you were very open to criticism. Nevertheless—in response to my complaint that you just do not know how to shut up and listen when someone happens to be speaking on a matter with far greater authority than you could muster, and that therefore you render yourself virtually incapable of learning anything new, even when it might be vitally in your own interests that you do so—he argued that I would just have to face that, that nothing would ever change you, that you just never stop talking, and that this is your nature.

"I knew I was burning my bridges when I went to Eissler to complain about Masson," Swales told me. "I knew he would go to all kinds of lengths to defend his *goldenes Kind*, and that he would hold it against me. But I had to do it."

On April 5, 1981, the day after the visit to Eissler, Swales and Masson spoke together on the telephone, for the last time. The conversation flared into a bitter quarrel, and Masson proposed that they break off relations. Swales counterproposed that they talk together again in June, when Masson would be in New York, but Masson said no, and he later wrote a note to Swales curtly terminating their association.

In the forty-five-page letter, written eleven days after the quarrel on the telephone, Swales sets down his grievances against Masson in what he calls "the most extensive—albeit perhaps, if necessary, the most tedious and boring —manner," adding, "Understand that here I am not concerned to write any kind of a literary presentation. Rather, I am writing for the benefit of the historical record." But the letter is nothing if not a literary presentation. To sustain the reader's interest in an endless diatribe against someone whose sins have largely been those of careless and thoughtless omission (Masson did not send Swales the material he had promised, he ignored his questions, he did not help him raise money for the trip to Israel, he did not try to get him appointed to the Board of the Archives, he did not treat him with respect, he simply didn't bother very much about him) requires literary skill not often given to the writers of angry screeds. But, astonishingly, Swales' screed is unfailingly interesting. In Henry James' phrase, Swales is "one of the people on whom nothing is lost," and, like a James character, he takes things very far. Just as it is possible to look up from a James novel and suddenly wonder whether all these people aren't completely crazy (in James' late novel "The Sacred Fount," he himself actually puts this subversive idea into the mouth of a



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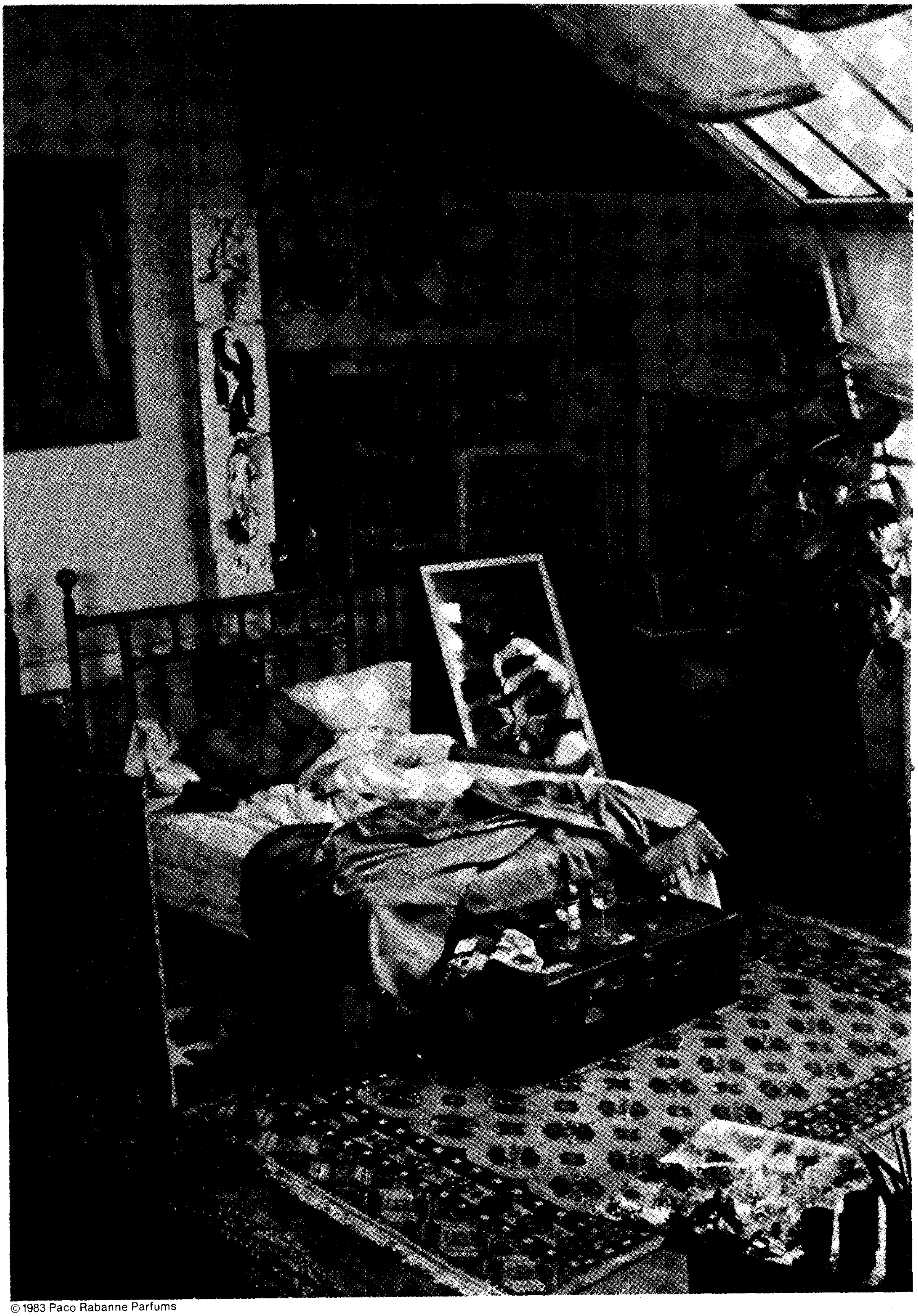

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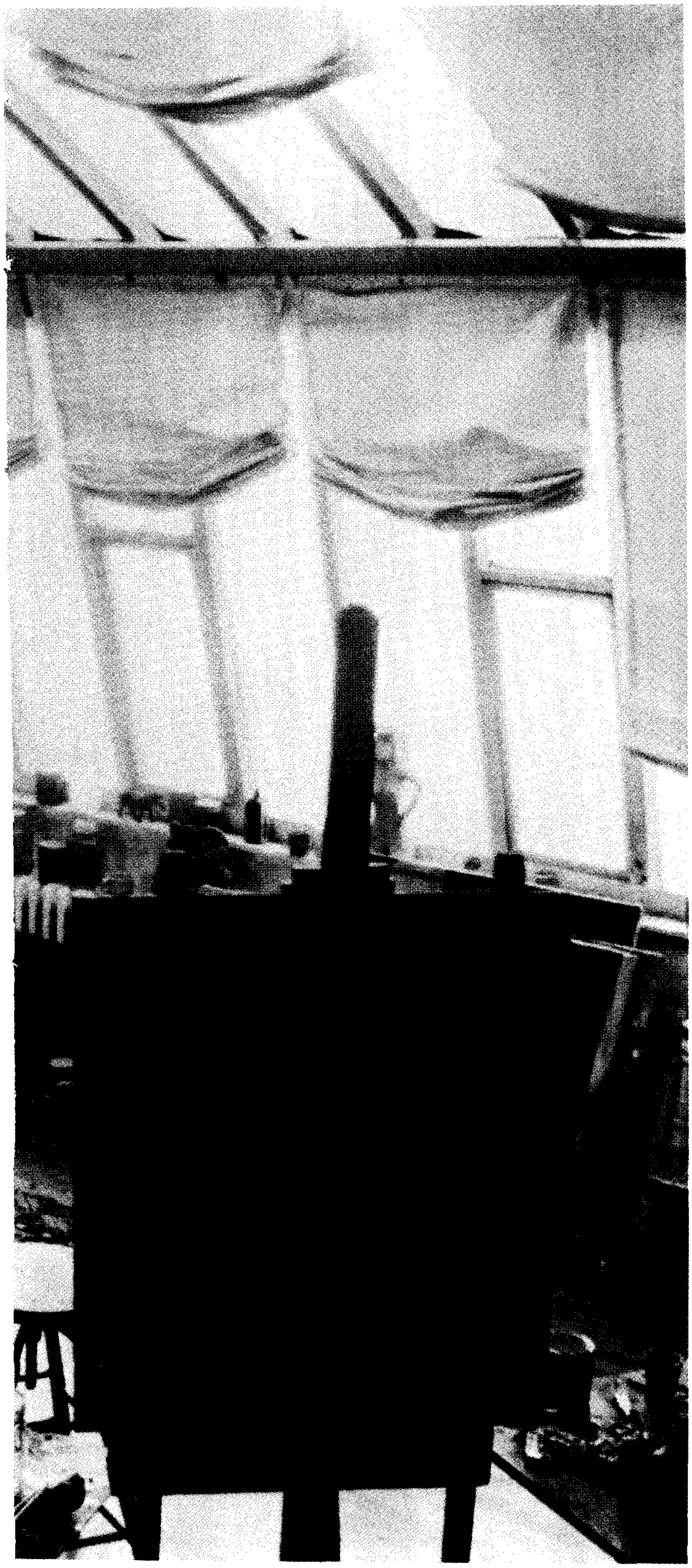

Hello?

You snore.

And you steal all the covers. What time did you leave?

Six-thirty. You looked like a toppled Greek statue lying there. Only some tourist had swiped your fig leaf. I was tempted to wake you up.

I miss you already.

You're going to miss something else. Have you looked in the bathroom yet?

Why?

I took your bottle of Paco Rabanne cologne.

What on earth are you going to do with it... give it to a secret lover you've got stashed away in San Francisco?

I'm going to take some and rub it on my body when I go to bed tonight. And then I'm going to remember every little thing about you... and last night.

Do you know what your voice is doing to me?

You aren't the only one with imagination. I've got to go; they're calling my flight. I'll be back Tuesday. Can I bring you anything?

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character), so it occasionally occurs to the reader of Swales' letter to wonder about the sanity of a man who composes a recitation of his injuries that is as long as a novella. But the narrative sweep, the energy, the intelligence, and the high spirits of Swales' writing outweigh the triviality of much of what he says and the lunacy of the lengths to which he goes to say it. When Swales finished the letter (it took him three days to write), he felt triumphant. He went out and had several dozen Xeroxes made, and after sending Masson, Eissler, and the other regulars on his mailing list their copies, he bestowed copies on whoever came along in the next few weeks. One of these transients was the revisionist psychoanalyst Milton Klein, who happened to stop into the small office on Mott Street that Swales had rented for his Freud and Fliess work. After reading the letter, Klein passed it on to his colleague and collaborator David Tribich, with whom he was writing a book on Freud's seduction theory. Tribich then passed it on to his brother-in-law Ralph Blumenthal. On July 1, 1981, Tribich wrote to Swales, who was then doing research in Vienna, on a second-year grant from the New-Land Foundation:

> Dear Peter:
>
> I'm not sure you know my name, but I am Milton Klein's friend and colleague.
>
> I mentioned to Milton some weeks ago that you might be interested in publicizing in the N.Y. *Times* your dispute with Masson and his reneging on his agreement with you. I'm in full sympathy with you in this matter. When Milton told me you were very interested, I mentioned it to my wife's brother, Ralph Blumenthal—a reporter for the *Times*. As it turns out, the *Times* editors are greatly interested in covering this, and although I said you were in Europe for the summer, they wanted to reach you immediately.
>
> Best regards,
> David Tribich

By the time Swales received Tribich's letter, he had already heard from Blumenthal, who telephoned him from New York on July 1st and proposed to fly to Vienna on July 11th and meet Swales in the well-known café called Demel's. A few days later, Blumenthal telephoned again, to make final arrangements. He brought up Swales' theory about Minna and Freud and a story about a "plot" by Freud to murder Fliess—which had been mentioned in the forty-five-page letter—but Swales refused to speak about these two subjects. "I told Blumenthal, 'I can't talk to you about Minna and the plot to murder Fliess, because I'm under contract to the London *Sunday Times* about that,' " Swales said to me. "Blumenthal said, 'But, Peter, if you won't talk there's not much point in my coming to Vienna.' I said, 'I guess there isn't.' Blumenthal said, 'If you won't talk to me, I'll go talk to Masson.' I said, 'You do what you like.' And in that moment I saw what was going to happen. Blumenthal had had the idea that Klein was an authority on what was happening in psychoanalysis, and so he had let Klein steer him toward the seduction theory as the center of his article. I knew that Masson wouldn't be able to keep his mouth shut. Ralph Blumenthal is skilled at getting people to talk, and I knew Masson would succumb to Blumenthal's flattery. So Masson, in turn, was steered by Blumenthal to blab about the seduction theory, and my story got lost and buried, and I was thankful. I had known that Masson would sooner or later put his foot in it. I didn't know how, but I knew the guy's got to blunder badly and get booted out, one way or another. When Blumenthal said, 'I'll go talk to Masson,' I more or less knew how the rest of the scenario would go. I knew that Eissler would finally have to face the truth about Masson."

"ISN'T Freud an interesting, fascinating personality? I don't know what is so unusual in my admiration for him. His language, his thoughts! His dream book is really an outstanding feat. Do I overrate Freud?" Eissler sat facing me at his desk during one of our several evening conversations, speaking with his usual asperity.

I said, "Nobody writes about Freud the way you do. Nobody has the feeling for him that you have." I was thinking of Eissler's essay on Freud's personal letters, "Mankind at Its Best," which is almost embarrassingly rhapsodic. Almost. In the end, Eissler somehow manages to erode the reader's resistance to his thesis that Freud was a near-perfect man, and when one rereads the letters themselves (they were collected by Freud's son Ernst in 1960), they have been changed by Eissler's passionate involvement with them, and have taken on a lustre—the way someone we have met casually, and who has not fascinated us, becomes suddenly interesting when a mutual friend praises him extravagantly.

"Tell me about this feeling," Eissler said. "I mean, do I use excessive terms? In reconstructing what went on with Freud, do I exaggerate? Do I not produce enough documents to justify my conclusions? I know I have this reputation about Freud, and I have come to see that there is no sense fighting it. I don't even discuss Freud with my colleagues anymore, because they laugh when I start. A few years ago, a colleague at the Psychoanalytic Institute read a paper on Freud, and when he was finished I got up and said, 'There are nine mistakes,' and—laughter. They take it as a foregone conclusion that I will defend Freud. But I don't think I am uncritical. In 'Talent and Genius,' I describe Freud's headaches—they were neurotic symptoms, no doubt—his digestive difficulties, his migraines, his compulsions. But it doesn't amount to much. That is the strange thing." The door of Eissler's consultation room suddenly opened and a large dog walked in. He came over and sniffed me in a friendly but unintrusive way, and then trotted over to the analytic couch, jumped up on it, pawed at the blanket that lay folded at the foot until it looked like an unmade bed, and lay down and went to sleep. "Whenever somebody writes something against Freud, it is accepted almost with pleasure," Eissler went on. "No one is interested if you write positively about Freud, but as soon as you write negatively everybody applauds. The people who write against Freud are motivated by a desire for revenge. Freud hurt us—he hurt all of us deeply by his findings—and now there is an attempt to get back at him through denigration of his character. Imagine! Swales 'proves' that Freud seriously planned to kill Fliess! Every time I read one of these 'revelations,' I think the bottom has been reached. Roazen writes that Freud was responsible for Tausk's suicide. Krüll writes that Freud watched his father masturbate and suppressed the seduction theory in order to protect him. Masson writes that Freud dropped the seduction theory out of cowardice and to further his career. Each time something is released by Anna Freud or the Archives, these things are written."

I said, "You had no suspicion that Masson might come out against Freud?"

"Not a bit. He was always full of praise for Freud, for me, for Anna Freud. He was extreme in his criticism of anybody who criticized Freud. He was against Krüll, Kohut, Erikson, Roazen, Sulloway—anybody who ever said anything against Freud."

"He argues that he was always very open about his views, that everyone always knew what they were, and that he was fired only because he aired them in a newspaper," I said.

"The manuscripts he sent me I did not read very carefully," Eissler admitted. "I relied on him. Why should I go so carefully through those manuscripts? They were pretty long, I had very much to do, my eyesight is bad and I don't read very well—so I just glanced over them. I didn't find anything obnoxious. If I look at it analytically, it was probably because I did not want to read them. When, finally, I did read his New Haven paper carefully [Masson had delivered a lecture in New Haven in which he said that abandonment of the seduction theory had led to the "present-day sterility of psychoanalysis throughout the world"], I found it quite objectionable." Eissler showed me a testy critique of the paper he had sent his protégé on September 25, 1981. It read, in part:

> You say it was quite obscure why Freud dropped the seduction theory. Well, only when an author replaces a correct theory with an erroneous one is it possible to raise such a question. Is it so surprising that Freud discovered a wrong theory to be wrong?
>
> You claim that Freud dropped the seduction theory because Krafft-Ebing and the rest of the audience [of Freud's "Aetiology of Hysteria" paper] rejected it. This is quite impossible, because the new theory, which he published in 1905, got him in even greater trouble and disrepute than the theory of 1895. Thus, your reasoning makes no sense. In addition, when you say that it was for the sake of quasi-ingratiating himself with authority that he dropped the seduction theory, the reader must conclude that the seduction theory was correct, and that Freud dropped it for unscientific reasons. I do hope that you do not plan to write such things in your introduction to the Freud-Fliess letters. You propose here—without documentation—the existence of a trait in Freud's character which implies a grave accusation against his reliability, honesty, and solidity. Not even his worst enemies have ever claimed that he evolved theories in order to make his person acceptable to the academic community. If you want to escape criticism, you have to present solid and convincing documentation.

The conversation turned to Swales. "He knew more than Masson," Eissler said. "He was very skillful at finding documents. He had this uncanny flair for knowing where to go, and he had a wonderful memory. I was impressed that he was a pure idealist. He had no money. He lived a very destitute life, so I got him a grant through the Archives. How stupid I was! Whenever I became pessimistic, I would think, Look at Masson and Swales, two idealists, the one giving up his academic career, the other living in great poverty and devoting himself to finding documents about Freud—isn't that really touching? Swales seemed so disarming, charming, naïve. My goodness, I thought, I would like to give him ten dollars and do something for him."

I repeated to Eissler a comment Swales had made to me—a complaint that locking up material in the Archives for a hundred years favored the unborn and discriminated against scholars working today.

"I could tell him of far greater injustices—the unequal distribution of wealth, the killing of innocent people," Eissler retorted, with bland irrelevance.

"Do you feel that people living in the next century will be in a better position to write about Freud?"

"They will have more distance. They will be more objective. I hope they will be free of Swales' prejudices. Injustice! I think it is a far greater injustice that Swales may publish whatever he wants about Freud, and that Freud cannot defend himself and prove he is being maligned."

"I HAVE a card that says 'Resident Alien'—that describes me," Peter Swales told me during one of our afternoon talks. "A guy like me is inevitably interested in drugs, sex, rock and roll, Jews, the history of religion. Certain subjects naturally fall into my lap because they're borderline subjects. I am profoundly a misfit in the modern world, in terms of what the modern world wants from you: to work for a bank or a company, to have some defined specialist function. When I was a kid, I had the problem of being small. I couldn't compete on a physical level—God hadn't given me big muscles and a big body to avoid being bullied—so I had to find some other way of gaining control. I found it through manipulating people, through using words, through thinking things out. For instance, there was a trick I learned when I was at school: never lead boys. There's always some boy who stands up and wants to be the leader. But in history leaders get their heads chopped off, they get put down, they lose their crowns—so I'd always become *second* to the leader. I'd win influence over him, and have him act on my suggestions. But when he fell I would be in the clear, and would go and attach myself to the next leader. I was always trying to out-manipulate everyone—my folks, my teachers, my friends.

"When I had my spiritual crisis eight years ago, which ended with the decision to devote myself to Freud scholarship, I was sick of myself. I didn't like Peter Swales at all. The way I treated my wife disgusted me—always manipulating, never really being able to be forthright. The hype artist in me couldn't stop. He was running amok. I could see it. I didn't want to live like that. I didn't want to die like that. And in taking on Freud I was taking on the monster that existed in myself. When I came to Freud, when I looked at the man, I immediately knew who he was. When I read 'The Interpretation of Dreams,' I recognized the web of deception he was weaving. The way Freud's mind worked was totally familiar to me. I knew the games he was playing, I was totally versed in his manipulative logic and rhetoric. And I knew there was a man hiding behind a mask—it didn't add up otherwise. A man cannot write about sexuality and be so dispassionate toward it. And then when I read the Fliess letters and compared the man in them to the man in the Jones biography I knew I was on the right track. I don't think Eissler could ever understand Freud. Freud is much too complex, devious, sinister a man for Eissler. I'll tell you quite honestly, I'm the only person who has ever really understood Freud. I'm not asking you to believe that—you can judge for yourself—but leave it till you read my essay on Minna Bernays.

"My starting point is that all people are devious and sinister, that they're bastards. For me, the world is full of excrement, so I'm not disappointed. Now, you could retort, 'Well, then, how did you get into such a situation with Jeffrey Masson?' And that's where all my philosophy of life falls flat. Because a guy like me—well, beggars can't be choosers. Masson and the Archives had something I wanted, and I had to go along on their terms. If you're not in a strong financial situation in life, then it's difficult, because you're always trying to pull yourself

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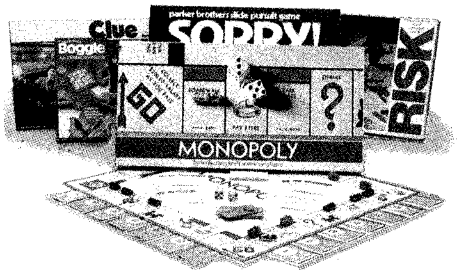

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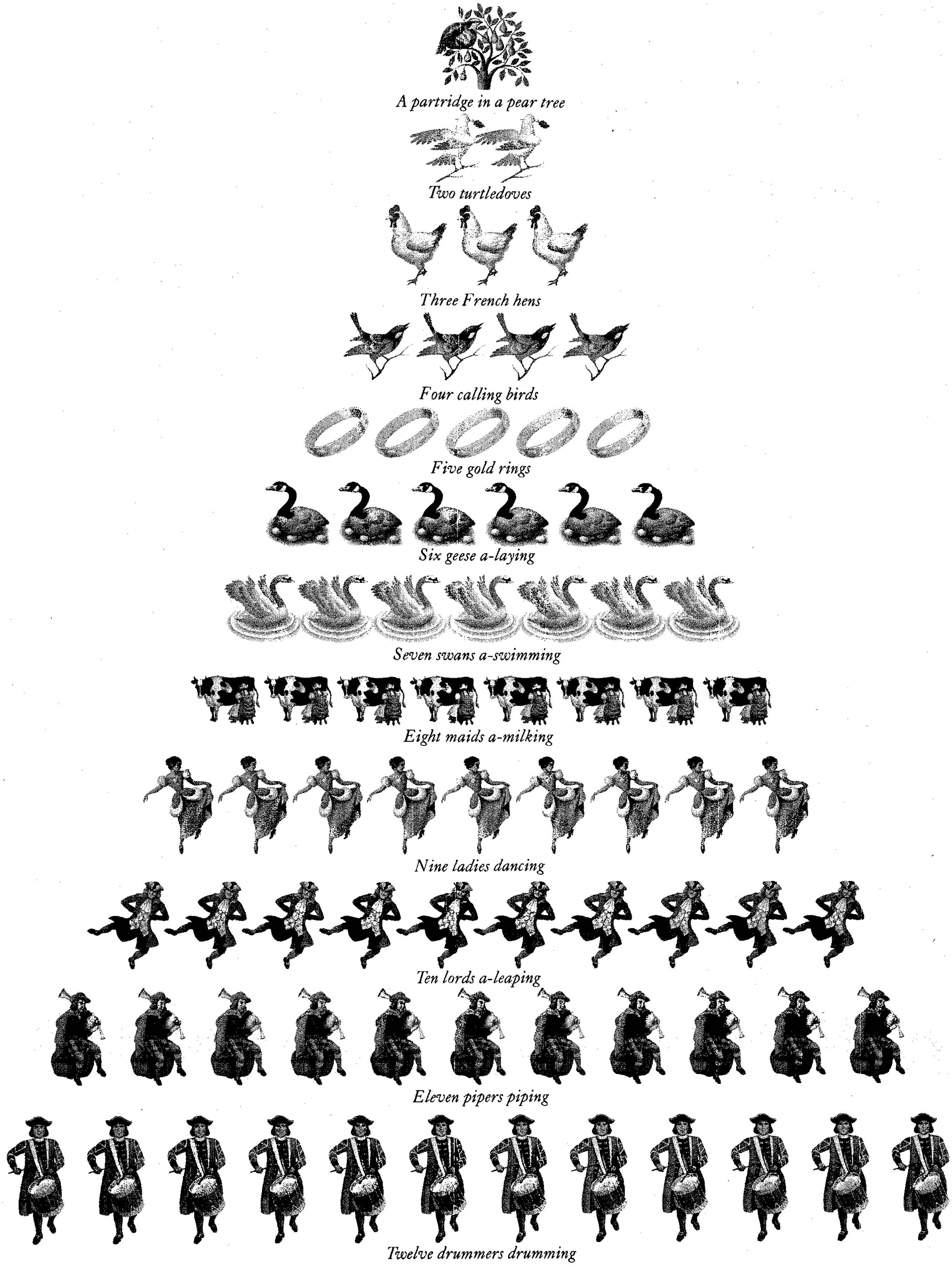

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up by your shoestrings. You allow yourself to get into situations you wouldn't get into if you had money. I'm constantly being deceived and betrayed by the Massons of the world. Yes, there have been others. There is a man in England named Oliver Gillie, a journalist, by whom I was also wickedly betrayed."

In October, 1976, Oliver Gillie, the medical correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*, published an article in that paper about the fraudulent research of Cyril Burt, who had faked data to support his racist theory that intelligence was inherited. Swales wrote to Gillie and told him he had evidence of similar "deceptions" on the part of Sigmund Freud; would Gillie be interested in writing an article based on Swales' research? Gillie was interested, and a contract was duly drawn up between Swales and the *Sunday Times*, giving Swales a thousand pounds for material he would supply in the form of two essays, out of which Gillie would create a feature article. ("I approached Gillie," Swales told me, "because I was back at my parents' house, doing the prodigal-son number and living off their bounty, and I was desperate to show them a promissory note, so they'd know that I wasn't just messing around.") The arrangement seemed straightforward enough—but four years and hundreds of pages of correspondence later, the article had still not appeared, and Gillie and Swales were locked in a stranglehold from which neither seemed able to extricate himself. Swales had been unable to simply give the *Sunday Times* his essays and let Gillie write his piece, and Gillie, for his part, had been unable to resist Swales' fatal "help," so that the most hopelessly tangled and mired situation developed between the two men. Swales would send Gillie new essays, which Gillie would rework into a new two-part article, which Swales would inveigh against in his customary long letters. Finally, in the summer of 1981, after receiving a ten-page letter of protest from Swales about Gillie's latest version ("Were you to print the articles, quite frankly, I think I would abandon all my work on Freud and take a straight job, so sour would the whole thing have become for me," Swales wrote. "Of course, I do not want that to happen, so, as far as I am concerned, not to mince words, I think the best thing you can do is stick those articles up your arses. That is all they are good for. They are a travesty of my work and of Freud history"), the *Sunday Times* had had enough. "I have consulted Eric Jacobs [a colleague] on the subject of your letter," Lewis Chester, the *Sunday Times*' Special Features editor, wrote to Swales on August 19th, "and he and I are agreed that there is no point in wasting any more money or man-hours on your Freud material. On a more personal note, I would like to say how delighted I am not to have made your acquaintance." Then, in December, 1981, to Swales' horror and dismay, the *Sunday Times* decided to print the articles after all—the first under the heading "Sex and Cocaine: Freud's Pact with the Devil," and the second as "The Secret Love Life of Sigmund Freud." Swales tried to enlist the British Law Society in filing a suit against the *Sunday Times*, but was refused. He looks back on his involvement with Gillie as an unmitigated disaster; like his involvement with Masson, he views it as a product of his "weak position in life."

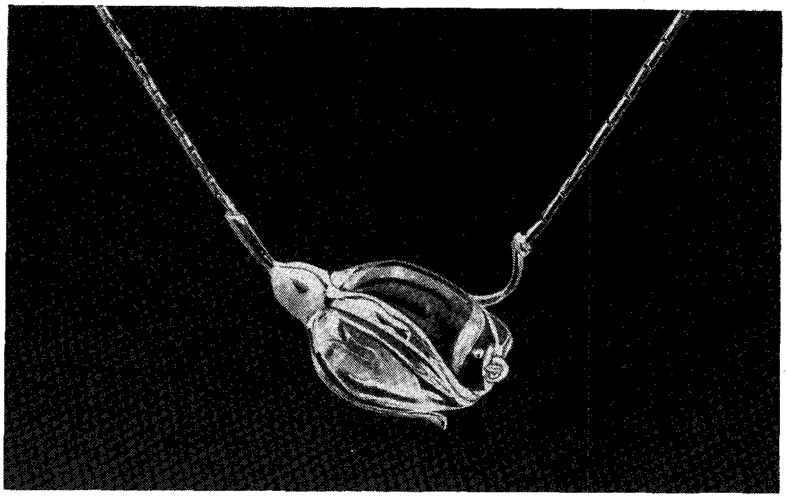
Over tea, Swales went on to tell me that he had known from the start that he could never win the place in Eissler's affections that Masson held. "I could never have had that kind of relationship with him," he said. "Eissler would never have 'adopted' me the way he adopted Masson. I didn't have that kind of personality. I wasn't Jewish. There was always a distance between me and Eissler." When the story of Masson's firing from the Archives broke, Swales wrote to Eissler, humorously offering to take Masson's place:

> DEAR DR. EISSLER,
>
> When I saw you quoted this morning in the New York *Times* dismissing the work of Masson as "plain nonsense," I felt tempted for a moment to take out a plagiarism suit against you. But I decided to refrain from any action and ask you instead for proper attribution in future.
>
> Now that you have dispatched that Alberich to Hades, may I offer my own services as replacement? I would happily settle for a mere 33% of his annual salary—i.e. $10,000 p.a.—and I can assure you I would do the job 2,467 times better.

Eissler wrote back saying, "Thank you for offering your good services for an annual salary of $10,000. I will submit your offer to the Board of the Archives at our next meeting"—which was the end of that, since the next scheduled Board meeting was eleven months away. But if Eissler had accepted his half-serious offer, "I would have worked faithfully as archivist for him for ten years," Swales said. "I would have been willing to put off doing my own work for the privilege of being around Eissler, of learning from him."

In his letter offering his services, Swales also urged Eissler "to make every effort to attend my lecture at N.Y.U. on November 18th," adding, "Many people of eminence in Freud scholarship plan to be there, and—dare I say it?—the lecture already seems destined to become an historic occasion in the history of psychoanalytic scholarship." When Swales wrote these brave words, he had not yet written his lecture. Then, five days before the date, "I drank a whole bottle of wine and wrote it all in one night," he told me. "It just came out like that, because it was that well rehearsed in the data." This was the first time Swales had spoken in public, and when he sat down, after three hours of speaking, he received a standing ovation from the audience of psychologists, psychiatrists, analysts, and academics. In the lecture, he offered his thesis that Freud and Minna Bernays had been lovers, that during a trip to Italy he had made her pregnant, and that he had then arranged for her to have an abortion, under the cover of taking her to a spa for the treatment of tuberculosis. The lecture (which has since been published in the journal *The New American Review*) is a dazzling tour de force. For evidence of the affair and the abortion, Swales goes to Freud's own writings; the centerpiece of his argument is a noted passage in "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life," known as the Aliquis analysis, in which Freud asks a young man he has met on a holiday trip to associate to a word the young man had unaccountably been unable to recall while quoting a well-known line from Virgil: "*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*." The young man's associations to "*aliquis*" presently lead him to an embarrassing thought. Freud writes:

> "Well, go on. Why do you pause?"
>
> "Well, something *has* come into my mind . . . but it's too intimate to pass on. . . . Besides, I don't see any connection, or any necessity for saying it."
>
> "You can leave the connection to me. Of course, I can't force you to talk about something that you find distasteful; but then you mustn't insist on learning from me how you came to forget your '*aliquis*.' "
>
> "Really? Is that what you think? Well, then, I've suddenly thought of a lady from



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whom I might easily hear a piece of news that would be very awkward for both of us."

"That her periods have stopped?"

"How could you guess that?"

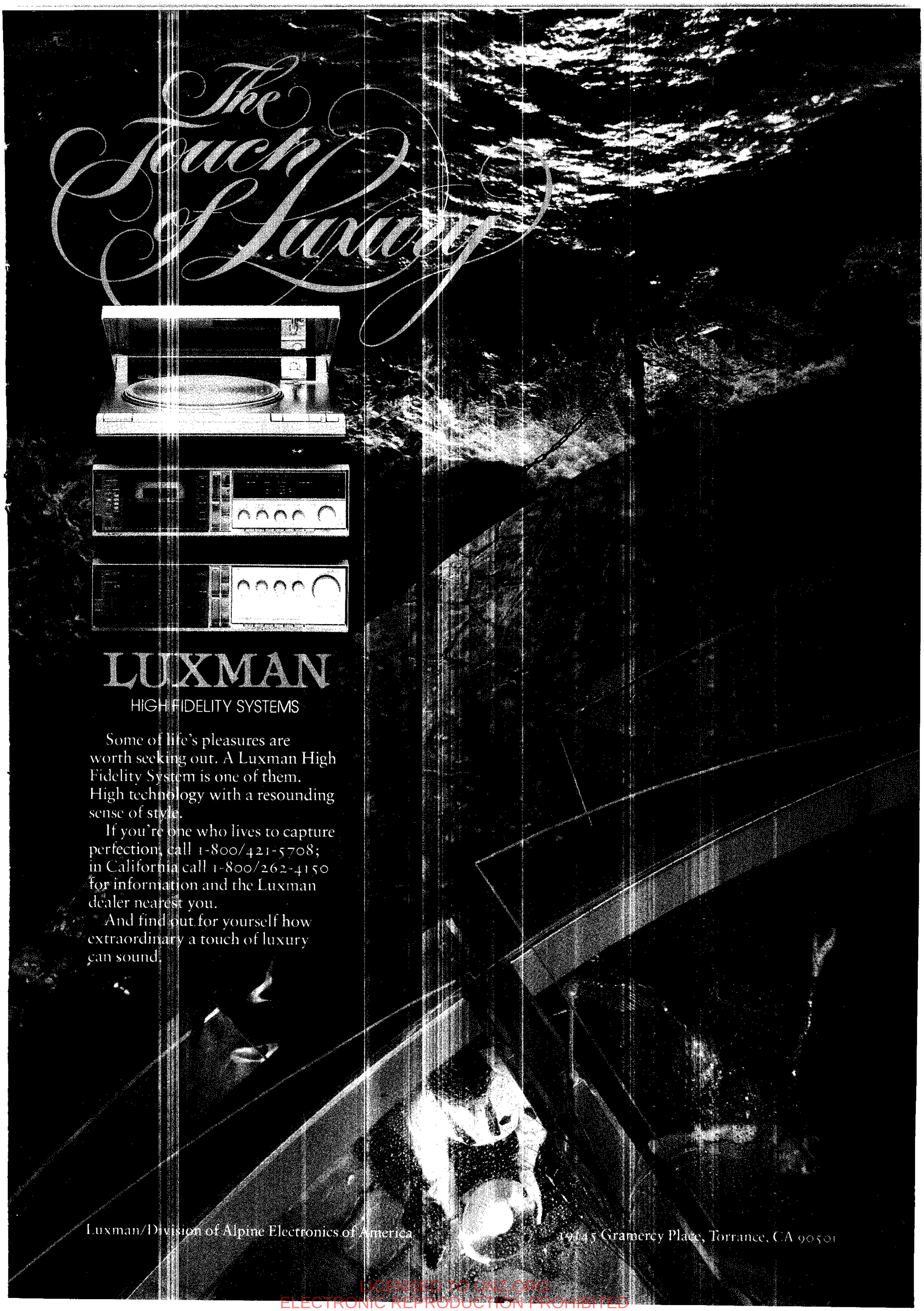
"That's not difficult any longer; you've prepared the way sufficiently. Think of the calendar saints, the blood that starts to flow on a particular day, the disturbance when the event fails to take place, the open threats that the miracle must be vouchsafed, or else. . . . In fact, you've made use of the miracle of St. Januarius to manufacture a brilliant allusion to women's periods."

"Without being aware of it. And you really mean to say that it was this anxious expectation that made me unable to produce an unimportant word like '*aliquis*'? "

"It seems to me undeniable. You need only recall the division you made into '*a-liquis*,' and your associations: relics, liquefying, fluid. St. Simon was sacrificed as a child—shall I go on and show how he comes in? You were led on to him by the subject of relics."

"No, I'd much rather you didn't. I hope you don't take these thoughts of mine too seriously, if indeed I really had them. In return, I will confess to you that the lady is Italian, in whose company I also visited Naples."

Swales' argument—that the man who had forgotten "*aliquis*" was Freud himself, covertly speaking of his own situation with Minna—is so cogently developed and so firmly grounded in the biographical actuality that Swales established during the seven years of his Freud research that it is practically impossible to refute. The whole thing is immensely satisfying to contemplate as a piece of intellectual work; there are no loose ends, all the pieces fit, the joints are elegant. But it's all wrong. It's like a Van Meegeren forgery of Vermeer, in which all the pieces fit, too, but from which the soul of the original is entirely, almost absurdly, missing. It is possible (though unlikely) that Freud had an affair with his sister-in-law, who came to live in the Freud household after the death of her fiancé and remained for forty years. (The rumor of an affair was spread by Carl Jung, who told an interviewer in 1957 that Minna had confided the secret to him; Freudians have dismissed Jung's revelation as a malicious lie, while anti-Freudians have been inclined to give it credence.) But if Freud had had the misfortune to fall in love with his wife's sister, *and* to make her pregnant, *and* to have to get her an abortion, is it probable, psychologically speaking, that he would have sat down a few months later and cheerfully worked these miserable and sordid events into his clever and lighthearted Aliquis analysis? How callous can a man



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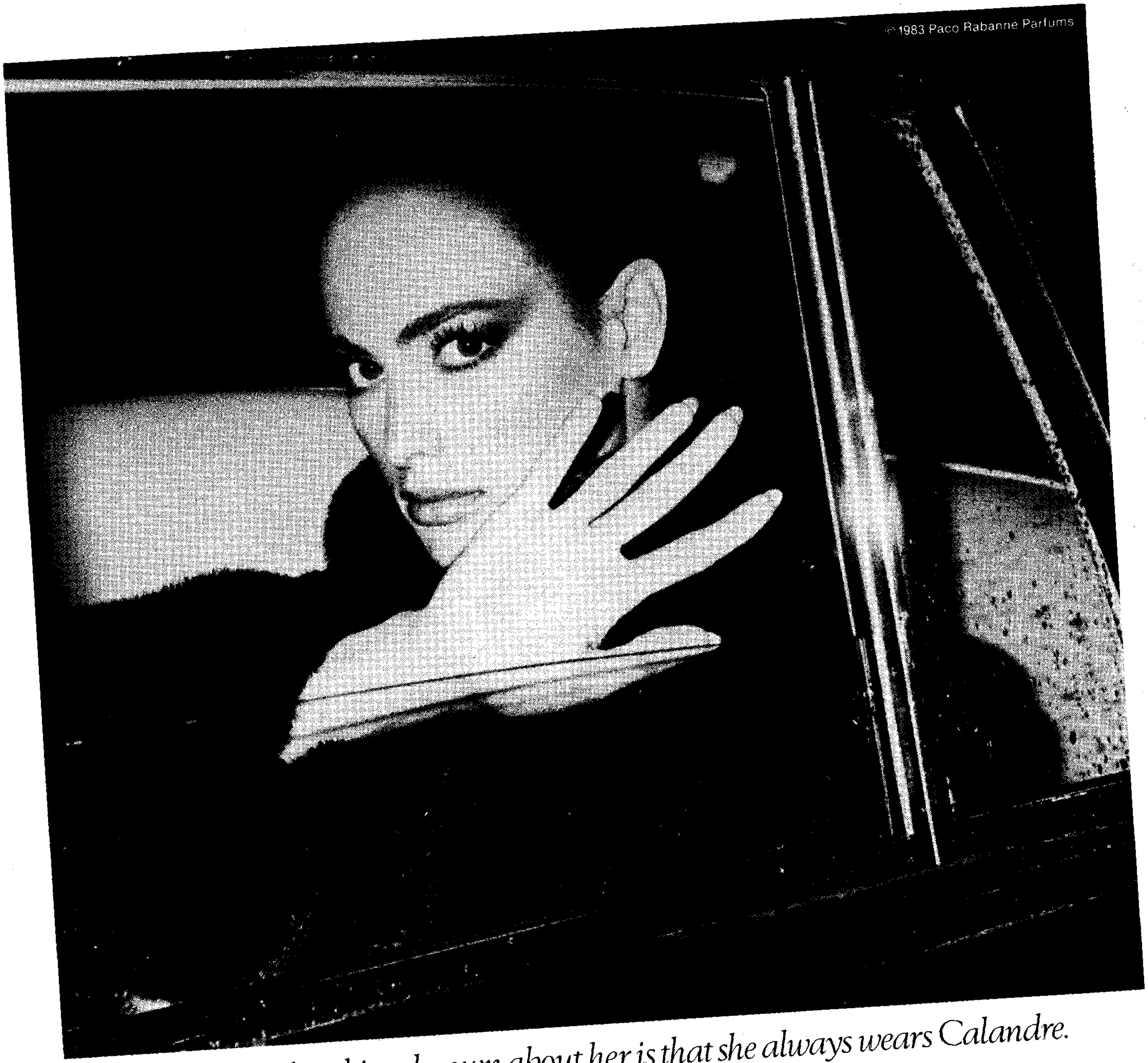

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One of the few things known about her is that she always wears Calandre.

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get? It was on this point—on its psychological improbability—rather than on some of the questions of factual detail raised by Freud scholars, that I found I couldn't accept Swales' reconstruction, however greatly I relished its elaboration.

Eissler, as one might expect, couldn't accept it, either. Although he didn't attend the lecture, he heard about it from colleagues and read about it in the *Times*. (The faithful Blumenthal had written about it in the *Times* of November 22nd, in a story captioned "Historian Links Freud and Wife's Sister as Lovers.") On January 10, 1982, Swales wrote to Eissler, "The other day, I was told that you *are highly skeptical of the thesis I put* forward in my lecture at N.Y.U. in November, and that you characterize the whole business as being merely 'rumors' about Freud's sex life. But I urge you, Dr. Eissler, not to take up an untenable position against me in that regard. The general verdict among those who attended the lecture is that it was one of outstanding scholarship, and that my historical reconstruction is far more soundly founded than Freudian reconstructions. If you would like a transcript of the lecture for your private perusal, then please let me know, as I will be only too happy to oblige." Eissler wrote back, "I am touched by your concern about my salvation. If you wish to donate a transcript of your lecture to the Sigmund Freud Archives, it will certainly be accepted and forwarded to the Library of Congress. If I find time to read it, I will be glad to do so. Depending on what you wrote, I might publish a rebuttal. If you do not desire the latter, please let me know in time."

On March 11th, Swales wrote Eissler a letter that ranks with the forty-five-page letter to Masson in its biliousness, if not in its length (a mere twelve pages). As Swales had foreseen, relations between him and Eissler deteriorated after he went to Eissler to complain about Masson. Eissler's only response to the forty-five-page letter had been to ask Swales to send proof that Masson had offered to let Swales see unpublished material. When Swales sent the damning letters, Eissler didn't respond; he dropped Swales as abruptly and as impulsively as he had picked him up and showered him with money and flattering attention—just as, with infinitely more regret, he was to drop the irrepressible Masson.

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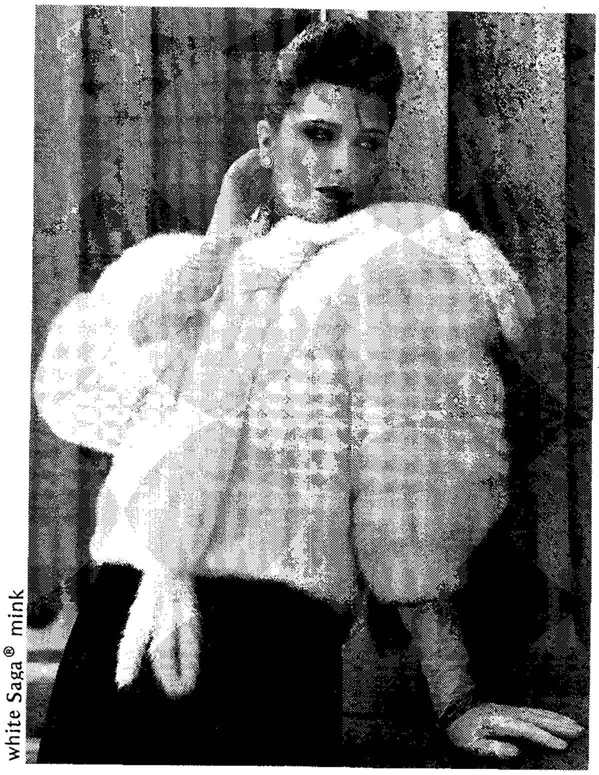

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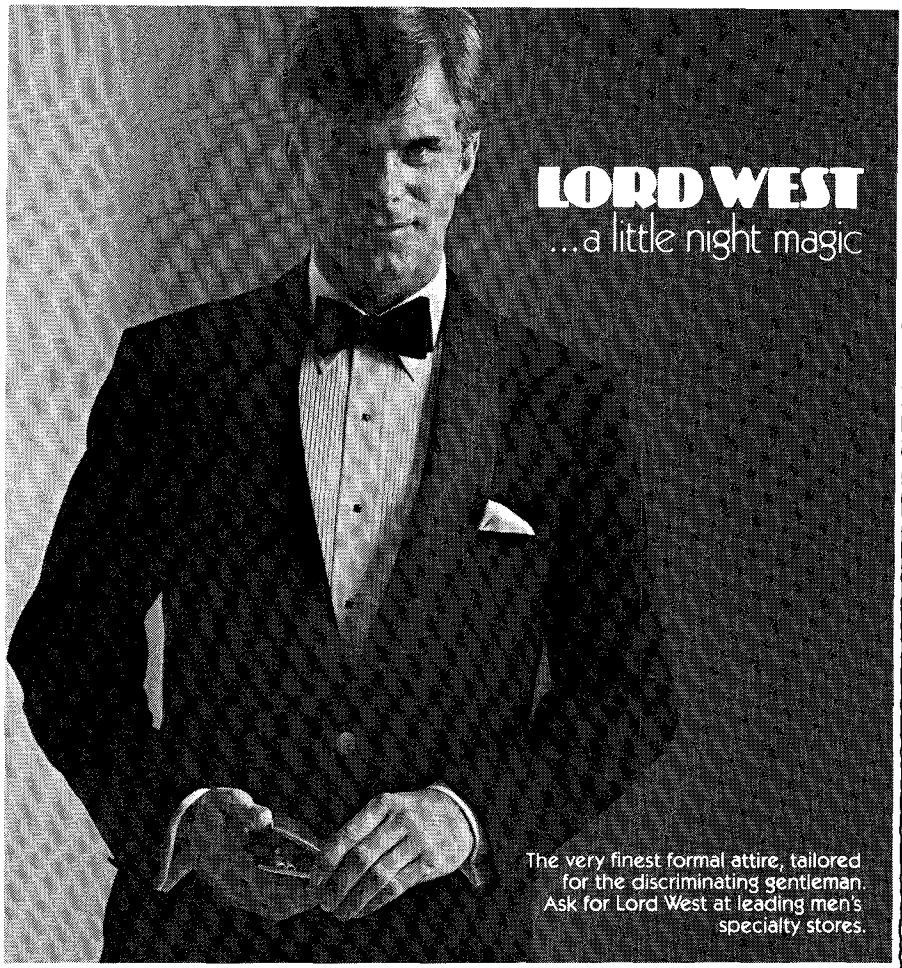

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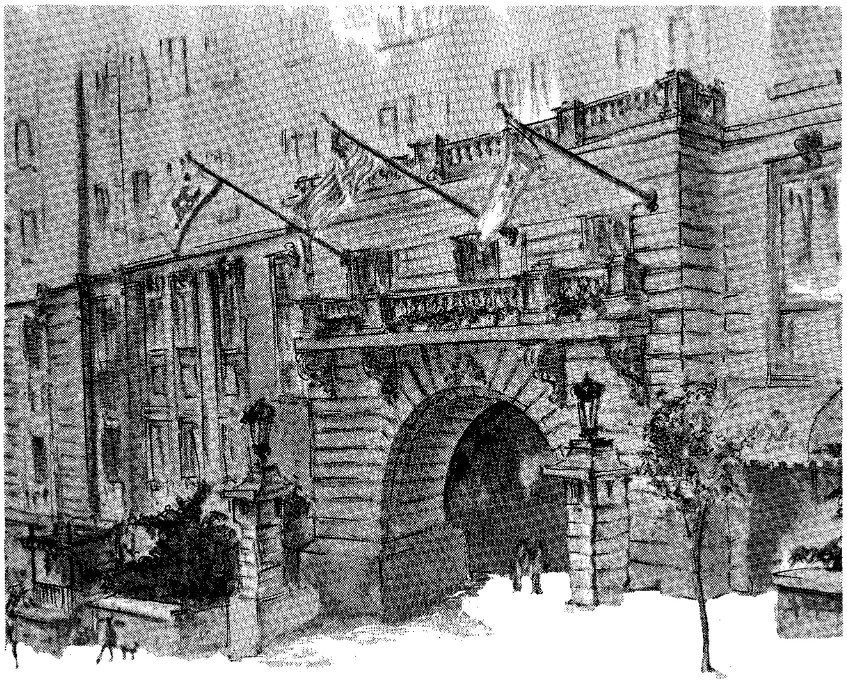
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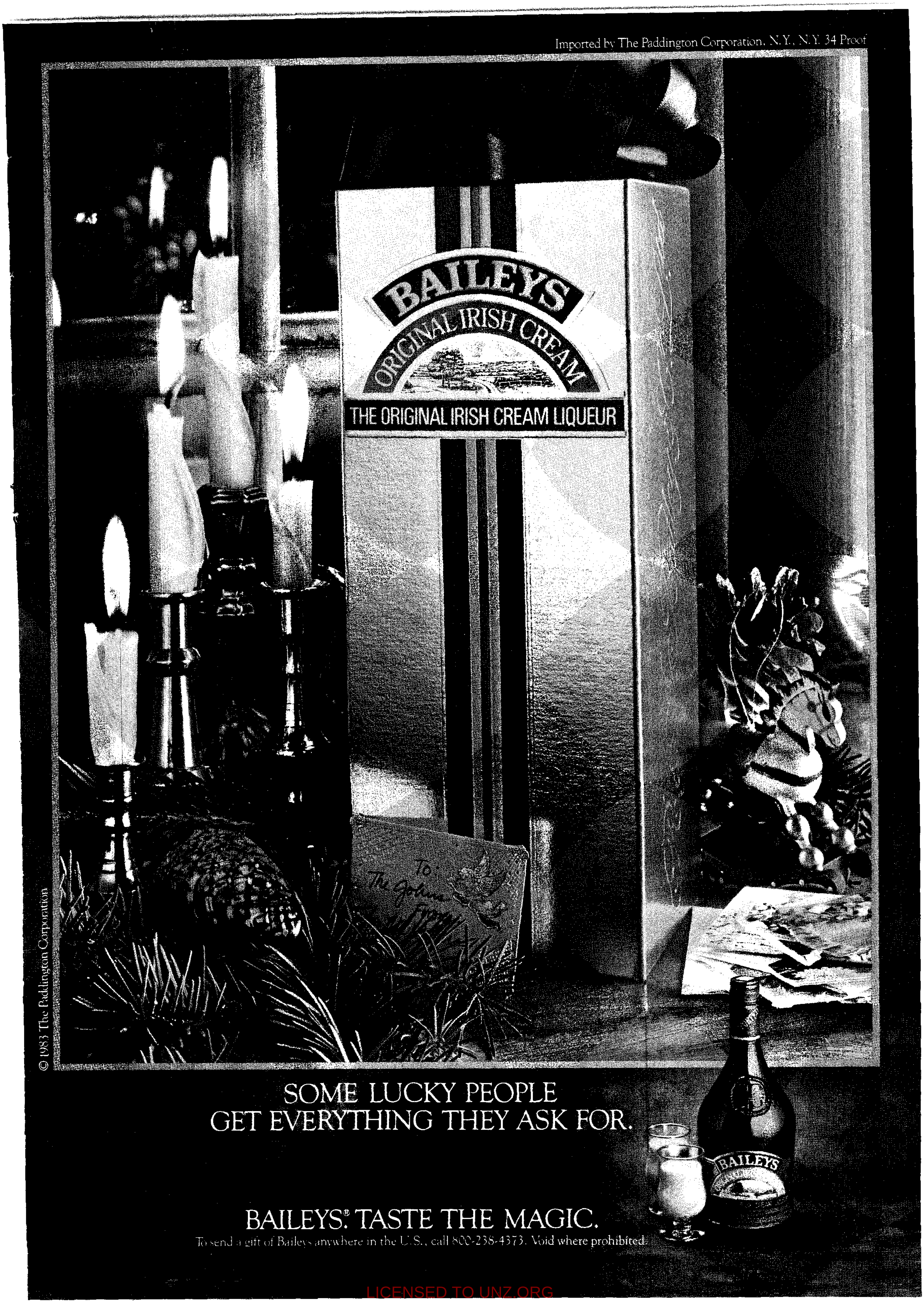
are suddenly taken up by someone whom we consider superior and admirable, we accept his attentions calmly, whereas when we are dropped we cannot rest until we feel we have got to the bottom of the person's profound irrationality. Nor can we easily accept the verdict sent down to us through the mortifying silence of someone who has found us wanting and has packed up and moved on. We protest it, each in our way—our futile way, since the more effective is our protest the more surely do we drive away the person whose love we have lost not because of anything we did, but because of who we are. By protesting Eissler's withdrawal from him with an outrageous lawsuit, Masson only confirmed Eissler in his appalled recognition of who his protégé was. By sending Eissler an outrageous letter (in which he had the impudence to refer to Anna Freud as "the Blessed Virgin of psychoanalysis"), Swales only impelled his former benefactor to retreat further and further from him. Swales had heard from his former associate Robert Byck, among others, that Eissler had called him "schizophrenic" and "paranoid," and in his letter he demanded of Eissler that he "hasten to write me apologizing for having made a false allegation about me and for having denounced me as 'schizophrenic' and 'paranoid,' " and he went on, "You will also send copies of your letter to all those to whom you have said such things—or you will supply me with all their names and addresses so I can do the job for you. If, however, you stand by what you have said about me, then I must urge you to be man enough to *publish* such views—in which case I may seek to litigate the matter in a court of law." Swales sustained this dire tone in eleven of the twelve pages (several were occupied with a bellicose defense of the Minna Bernays thesis), and then, in the final paragraph, he made a surprising about-face:

> Having fired away like this, now I would just like to say how sorry I am, how deeply I regret the fact that this letter is so brutal. Were it not that you would certainly distrust my motives, having now said what I have, I would like to be able to say, Can't we make up and be friends? Let me tell you, even if you were "hung, drawn, and quartered" I would still like you. [Swales is here alluding to a letter that Eissler once sent to Milton Klein. Another Milton Klein had just been convicted of fraud, and Eissler, who had recently become friendly with the innocent Klein, wrote to inquire if he was the guilty one, adding, "Even if you were hung, drawn, and quartered, I would still like



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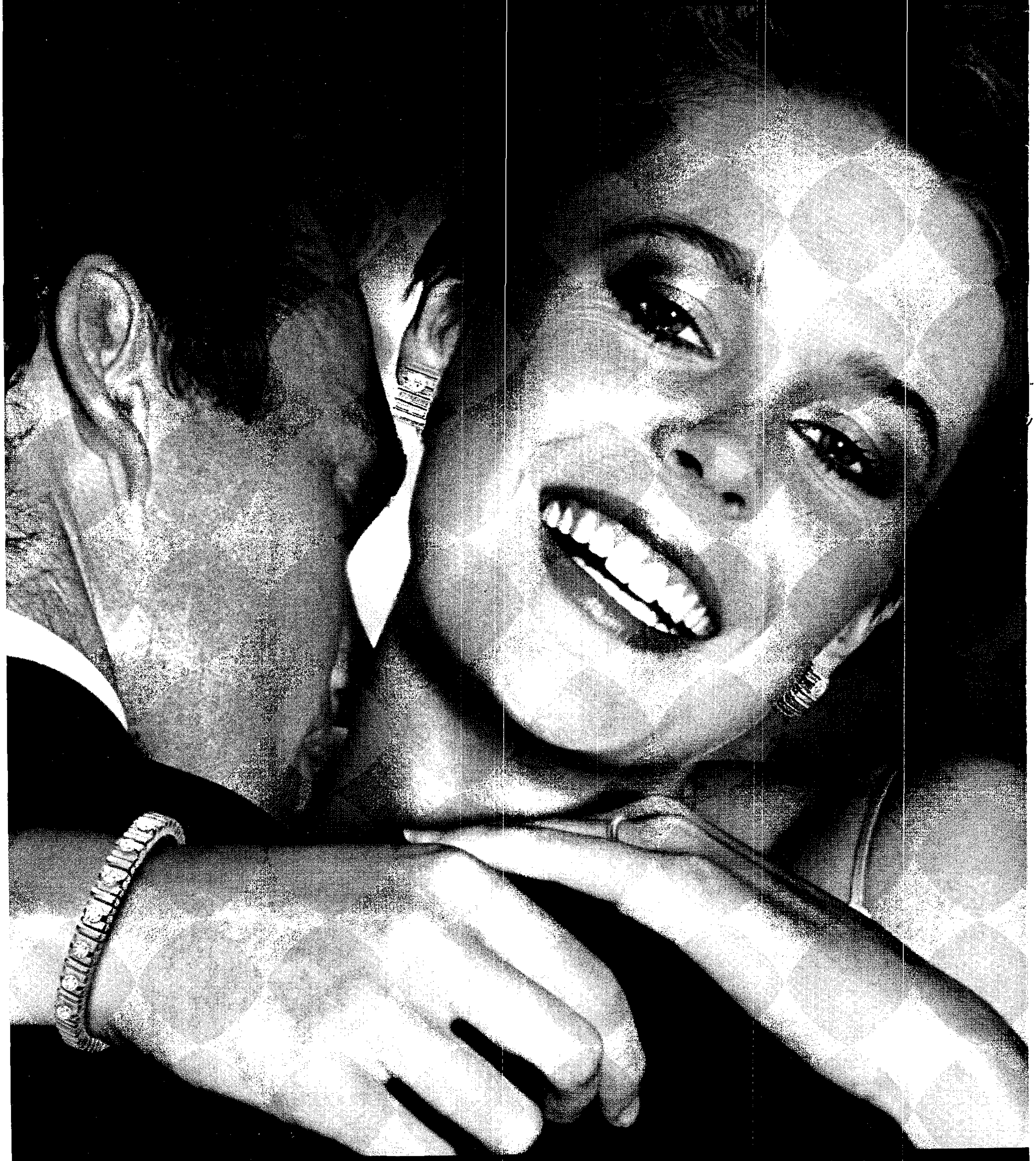

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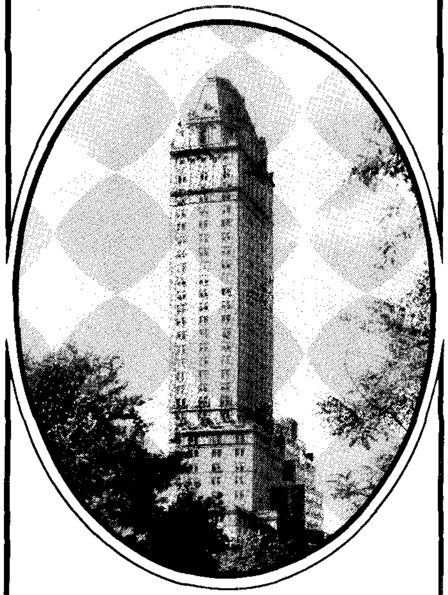

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you." Klein eventually went the way of all Eissler's enthusiasms; he incurred Eissler's displeasure with a paper called "On Freud's 'Blindness.' "] More than that, though, I think you are a great polemicist and a talented thinker, albeit at times a deluded one. Isn't it a shame that our common preoccupation with Freud should drive us apart rather than bring us together? I think that this must say something awfully significant about Freud, rather than anything very much about you or me. Let me repeat, then, I really like you, and while I am ready to do battle if need be right up to the hilt, it causes me great personal sorrow that we are at war. We could be learning oh, so very much from one another.

In his reply, Eissler passed over Swales' overture in silence, merely saying, with unaccustomed prudence, "In reviewing the observations which gave me the feeling that you suffer from schizophrenia, I realize that this impression was wrong. I therefore retract the statement I made to Professor Byck and apologize for having made it."

Eissler's diagnosis of Swales as a schizophrenic cut deep, and continues to rankle. "If you've ever met a schizophrenic, there's no way that you could properly call me schizophrenic," Swales told me one afternoon indignantly. But on other occasions he would say, with a mischievous smile, "Maybe Eissler is right. Maybe I am schizophrenic." One afternoon, he said, "Let me tell you of an episode of clinical paranoia I once went through. It happened while I was working for the Rolling Stones. I was racked by toothache and was doped up on codeine, taking twelve to thirteen tablets a day. The Stones had given a Sunday-afternoon concert in Hyde Park, and after the concert I stayed behind in the park. I was sitting in a deck chair by the Serpentine, near a copse that has a high metal fence around it, and I saw this guy coming toward me. I looked at this man, and in a moment of superior intuition I read everything about him—his body posture, the way he came across—and it all added up to me that he had something to hide. Everything about him exuded something strange, hidden, guilty. And he was looking into the copse as he walked past it. This is where the delusion comes in. I thought, Why is he so interested in the copse? And then I thought—it's mind-boggling to reflect on it now—I thought, Wow! This man is a spy! I should explain that there was a roadway that went into the copse through a big gate, and standing in front of this gate was a park atten-

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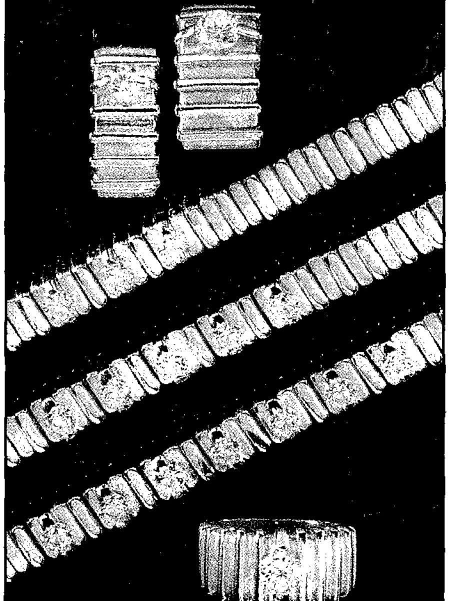

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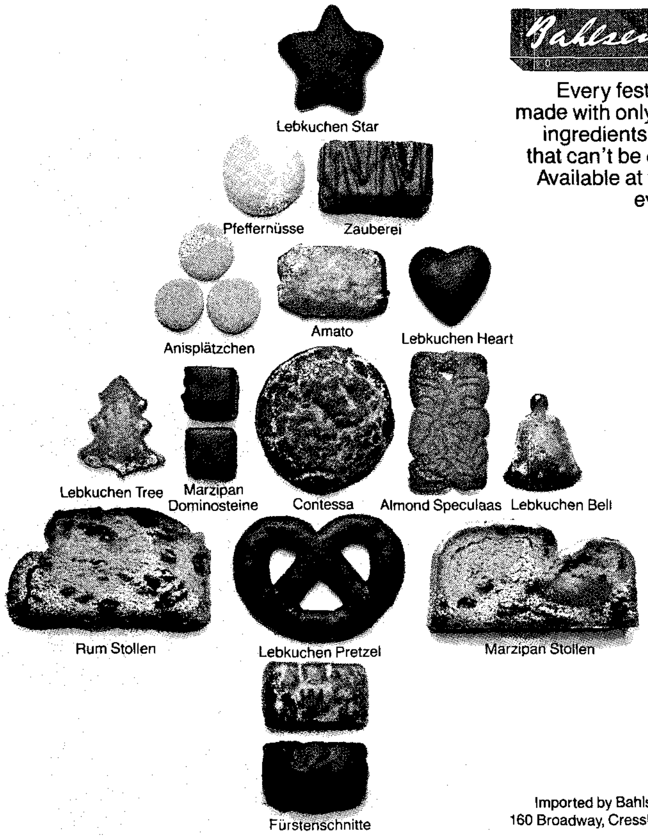

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dant, maybe even a security guard. So I immediately leaped to the conclusion that in this copse in the middle of Hyde Park in London there was a British Intelligence center. There's some logic to this conclusion, because adjacent to Hyde Park are the royal residences of Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother, and also the Russian Embassy and the Czechoslovak Embassy and all those other Communist embassies, and I thought, It's obvious: we're picking up signals from all these embassies, and this guy is a Communist spy. He walked around the fence, and I followed him to see what he was doing. He was wearing the classic clothes of a spy—an old raincoat—and every step he took confirmed me in my belief that he was an espionage agent. So I thought, Wow! I'll track him, prove that he's a spy, and become famous overnight for catching a spy. He began to realize that he was being trailed, and there followed a half-hour scene that is classic in the movies, with him hiding behind trees and looking out, and me getting out from behind my tree and following. We went around the copse in this way once or twice, whereupon he shifts into a very brisk pace, walks out of the park, and starts to go up this street called Kensington Palace Gardens, with me in pursuit. Now, wait for this: I run up to a cop on Kensington Palace Gardens—this is where all the embassies are—and point at the guy and say, 'Look, Officer, he's a spy! You must arrest him!' The cop looks at me like I'm daft, and says, 'What makes you believe that?' and I say, 'Listen, Officer, this is no time to explain, but do you know that top-secret place in the middle of Hyde Park? Well, he's spying on it! He's a spy!' By now, the guy is fifty yards up Kensington Palace Gardens, looking back anxiously, and he runs off at a fast pace. And I say to the cop, 'Look, he's running off, he's guilty!' And the cop says, 'Now, be off with you, son, be off.' And it was such a deflation that I let go. The next day, Monday morning, I came into the Stones office, and Shirley, the secretary there, very Cockney, very down-to-earth, is there, and I say to her, 'Shirley, you'll never guess what happened. There was a spy in the park,' and I tell her the story. And she starts to break up. She laughs and laughs, and I say, 'Shirley, I'm not kidding, I'm serious.' And then she shows me a map of London, and guess what this top-secret copse is! It's a bird sanctuary."

Swales told this story on himself with amusement. But of another incident from his recent past he spoke with a certain shame. "I did something to Anna Freud that I'm not proud of," he said. "I may have gone a bit far." On October 11, 1981, he wrote to Anna Freud to complain that Masson had been "slandering" him in both Europe and America, and, specifically, had been trying to prevent the BBC from hiring him as a consultant on a projected TV series about Freud. Swales asked Anna Freud if she had "authorized Masson to act against me in the systematic manner described," and ended his letter with a request for copies of some letters of Charcot to Freud, of whose existence in Anna Freud's house he had learned from Masson's New Haven lecture. (Swales had several dozen Xerox copies made of the lecture and distributed them in the men's room of the Waldorf-Astoria, where the American Psychoanalytic Association was holding its annual winter meeting. "It was such a bad and stupid paper," he said to me later, "and I wanted people to see what a fool Masson was, and to ask themselves what Anna Freud and Eissler had been up to all those years.") Unknown to Swales, Anna Freud wrote frantically to Eissler on October 19th:

> I urgently need your help and advice on how I can dissociate myself from this whole Masson-Swales matter. I just got a letter from Peter Swales, a copy of which I am sending you. How can I know what is true and what is fiction, or who is the guilty one or who is innocent? I only know this: I never "commissioned" Masson to proceed against Swales. The main thing is: I wish to have nothing to do with it, neither now nor later. I authorize nothing nor give out copies of letters.
>
> Could it be that Masson made promises in the name of the Archives and allowed access to material that is blocked? I cannot believe that.

To Swales, Anna Freud wrote one of her cool, laconic letters:

> Thank you for your letter of October 11th. Please excuse the delay in my answer, which is due to a very busy time here.
>
> You are quite right in assuming that I want to keep out of the dispute between you and Mr. Masson. I think at my age it is too late for disputes.
>
> As regards your wish to have access to certain letters, I am sorry to say that this is not possible at the moment. I have decided that for a time no further such access will be given to anybody, since the consequences are not always what I would wish them to be.

When Swales received this letter, he called a friend of his, Claudia Berman,

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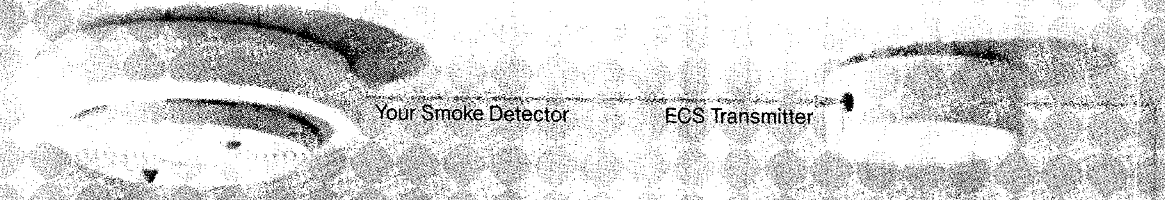

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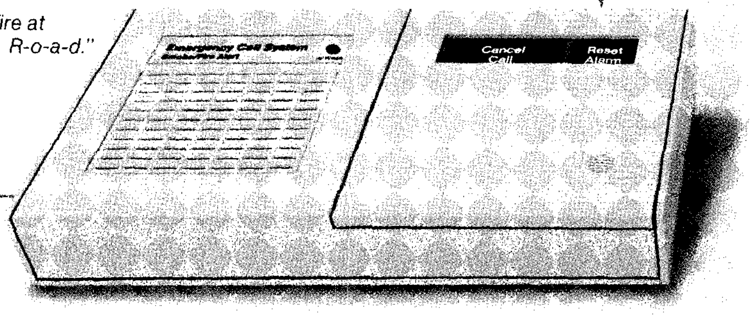

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and asked her if she would send Anna Freud a letter that he would dictate over the telephone. The letter, which Berman duly sent, requested of Anna Freud copies of two letters of Freud to Breuer, which Berman said she needed for research she was doing on Breuer's famous patient Anna O. (Bertha Pappenheim). Anna Freud fell into the trap and promptly sent Berman one of the letters. (The other she withheld as "purely personal.") Then Swales did the thing he is not proud of: he wrote to Anna Freud and gloatingly revealed that Claudia Berman had been a decoy, saying, "It was I who encouraged her to write you. As a matter of fact, I am even responsible for the text of her letter, having drafted it for her over the phone." Eissler knew of the incident—Swales could not resist sending him a copy of his letter to Anna Freud—and brought it up in one of our evening conversations. "That was a terrible thing to do to the poor old lady," he said. "To use a decoy—all right. I have done it myself in my time. But to rub her nose in it—to show her up like that! It was very mean of Swales to do that."

After the Minna Bernays lecture, Swales began to make public further areas of his Freud universe. He gave a lecture at the New School on May 20, 1982, entitled "Freud, Minna Bernays, and the Imitation of Christ," and he privately published a series of papers on such subjects as Freud's plot to murder Fliess, the influence of cocaine on Freud's concept of the libido, and the influence of Johann Weier's 1563 book about witches on Freud's seduction theory. He publishes privately by eccentric choice rather than out of necessity; several psychoanalytic journals have opened their pages to him, but he prefers to do things his own way. To one of these papers, called "Freud, Martha Bernays, and the Language of Flowers," published in January, 1983, Swales appended a postscript that is a kind of credo:

> I am acutely aware when preparing my works that some of them tend to read like *folies à trois* involving Freud, Swales, and the reader. But I console myself with the reflection that the subject of my investigations was an exceedingly bizarre, complex, and devious individual—indeed a man of such masterful artifice that probably to most mortals he will forever remain inscrutable, but especially to those whose conception of psychology, if not general sensibility, has been cast in the reflected image of Freud's theories and who are therefore, of necessity, as it were, prevented from ever seeing through the man.
>
> Needless to say, there is *no way* by which the Freud who emerges in the foregoing pages and in certain other of my works is to be reconciled with, or incorporated into, the standard, received view of the man as "chaste and puritanical," as a scientist of "stern morality" and "flawless integrity." . . . But I am quite content for posterity to judge whose version of the man is the more authentic—whose is the more profound and essential in its fidelity.
>
> In the meantime, I shall continue to expand and to develop the gnostic version of Freud as found in these pages. And if there are readers who, recognizing in this version the *true* Freud, are thankful for it, then I urge them please to give me their moral support.*

The asterisk led to this footnote: ". . . also a little material support. Please wrap $10 (or £5 or 20 DM or 50 FF) in a piece of opaque paper, put the paper in an envelope, and mail it to me at the above address. That way I can continue with publications like this whilst retaining my intellectual and moral independence."

Although Swales leads a bohemian life and is regularly short of cash—"I am the punk historian of psychoanalysis," he once said—he is not entirely without ties to the regular world. After giving the first Minna Bernays lecture, he walked around town and left copies of the lecture at the offices of ten New York literary agents. One of them, Georges Borchardt, actually read the lecture, called Swales the next day to say he would like to take him on, and presently negotiated a contract for the Fliess biography with Random House, for which Swales received a ten-thousand-dollar advance. Borchardt says that in all the thirty years of his agency he has never taken anyone else off the street, as he took Swales.

"There are forty or fifty analysts to whom I send my papers, but I don't write for analysts," Swales told me. "I'm not really interested in what they think. My interests are epistemological. I believe that the Freud and Minna Bernays affair is central to an understanding of Freud's self-analysis, that it's of primary importance in comprehending Freud's intellectual development. That's all I want to say. It's not as if I'm concerned per se whether Freud had an affair with his silly sister-in-law or not. I built my Freud universe years ago. Today, I plug up a hole or sandpaper it here and there, polish it up. But I did all the work by about 1977. My Freud universe has fermented and brewed, and when I've published everything, 'my Freud'—if I may speak like that—will make more

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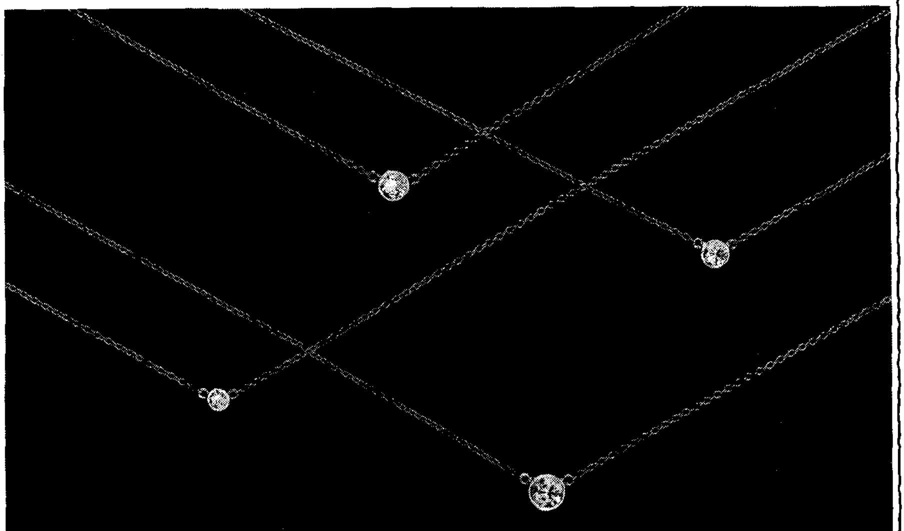

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sense, will be internally consistent. What I'm doing, in a sense, is declaring war on a whole profession—that of psychoanalysis. It can be reduced, in a sense, to my standing up there and saying, 'You don't know what you're talking about. You don't know who this man was. You call yourselves psychologists? You haven't the faintest idea who this man was.' The analysts are utterly ignorant. They don't know the material, they don't know how the data interlock. Eissler is the one exception. I wish he didn't write in the idiom of psychoanalysis. I wish he wrote just as a psychologist.

"I had a terrible thought about Eissler the other day. I'll make this awful confession to you, probably at my own expense: If Eissler were to drop dead tomorrow, I'd be a broken man. I'd feel I had nobody left to write for. It's weird. I'd feel cheated if he were to die. I'd think, Oh, God, what's the point of going on?"

•

HE took pleasure in his own speech, in his own thoughts, yes, even in insignificant indifferent actions of everyday life, and was convinced that no one could perform them as well as he. Everything he said and thought possessed a plasticity, a warmth, a quality of importance, which was meant to conceal the lack of deeper substance. For his gifts were not remarkable, he knew little, never delved very deep, and he lacked completely the basic conditions for scientific work: criticism and thoroughness. As a result, his achievements are of moderate value, and lack any original content. It was his temperament, his personality, the liveliness and clarity of his presentation which brought about his success. . . . When Weiss talked of a well-known phenomenon, he gave the impression of a great discovery freshly made by him; one could as little help believing in his assertions as one can help laughing when someone else laughs, or yawning when someone else yawns. Much of the high opinion in which people held his ability was inspired by himself, for he was always in the right place, buttonholed everyone, talked only about himself and of himself as the most able expert on the subject with which he just happened to be occupied. Another positive element in his talent was the quickness with which he thought and his brilliance at putting two and two together. One could almost say that his self-confidence was the direct physiological result of the vivacity, quickness, and clarity of his thought processes. He behaved invariably as we would after a lot of champagne: light, capable, and happy, and with his incessant restlessness he gave the impression of a raving maniac.—*Freud to Martha Bernays on September 16, 1883, writing about Nathan Weiss, a colleague who had just hanged himself.*

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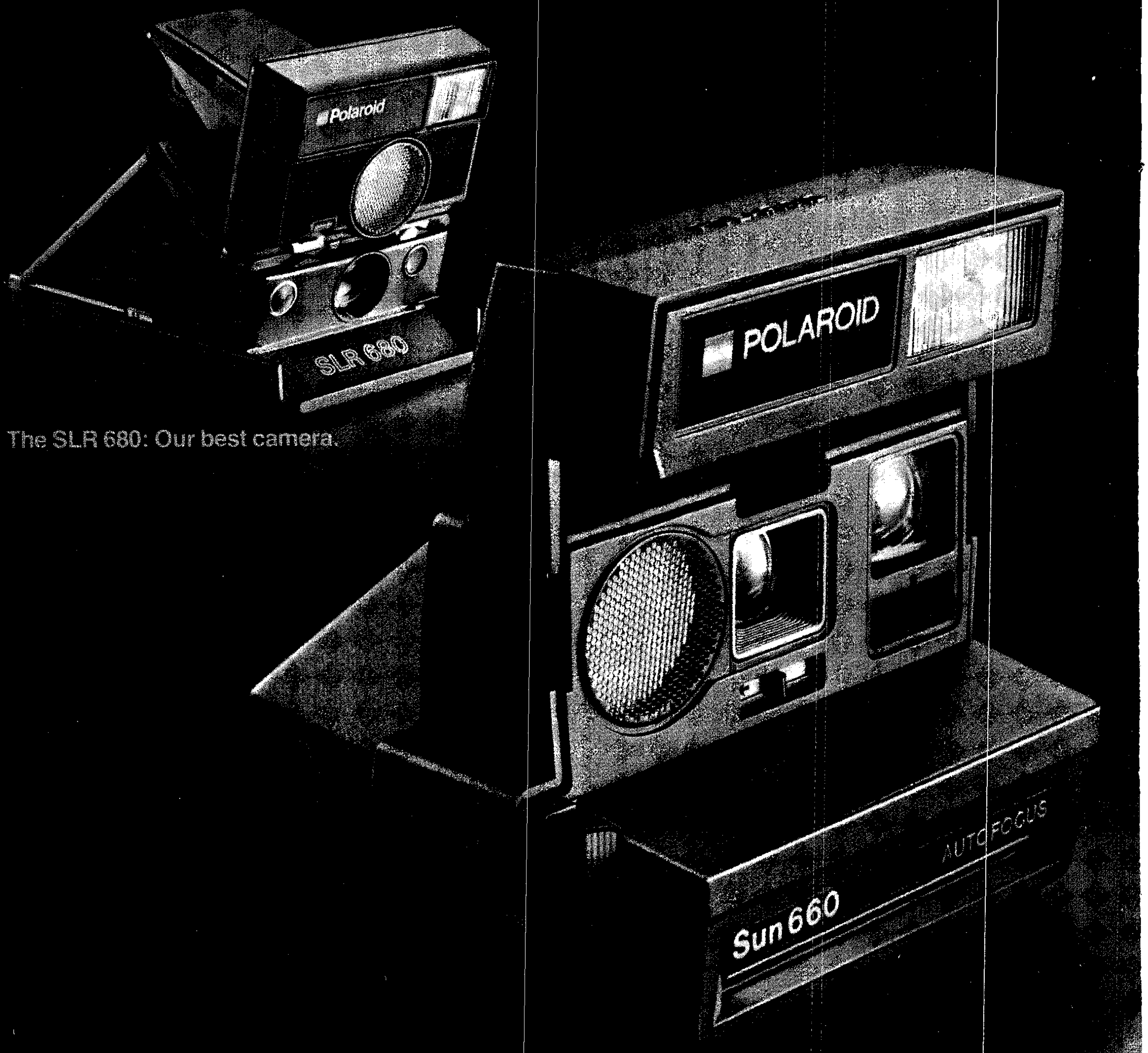

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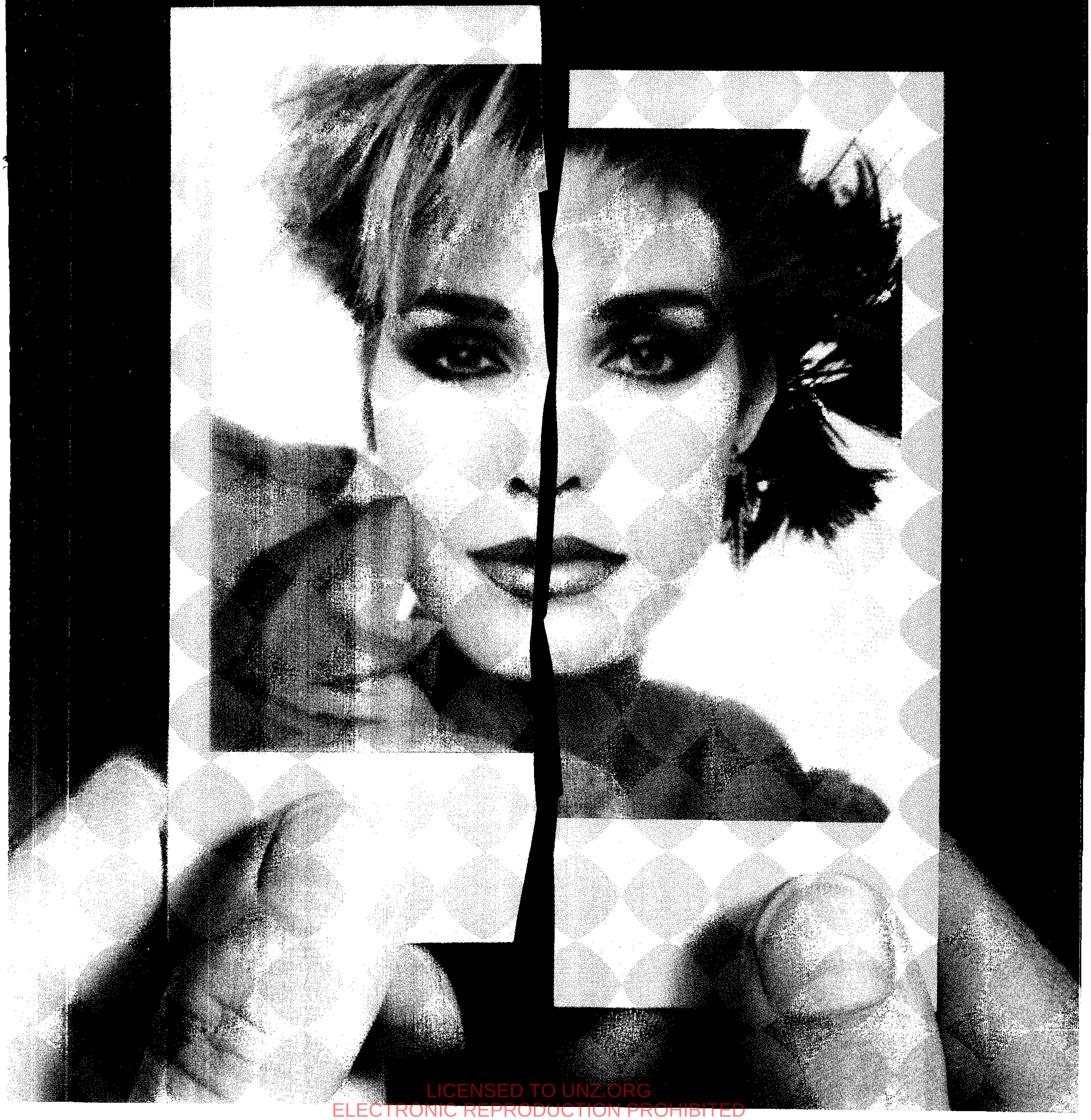

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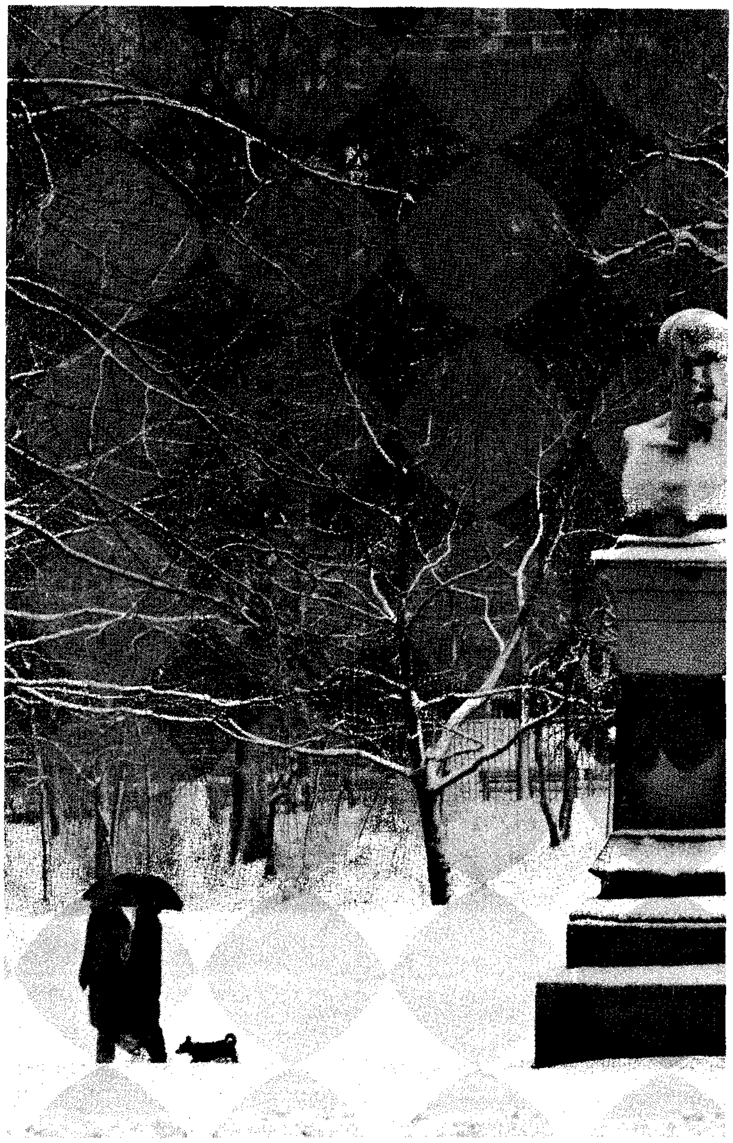

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in the Superior Court of California, naming Eissler, the Archives, the New-Land Foundation, and Muriel Gardiner and her grandson Hal Harvey, the director of the foundation, as defendants. Masson's lawyer was James J. Brosnahan, of the large, solid San Francisco law firm of Morrison & Foerster, whom Masson had approached in November, 1981, and who took the case on a contingency basis, because it interested him. In a twenty-seven-page complaint, which sometimes reads like "J'Accuse," Brosnahan charged Eissler and company with wrongful discharge, breach of implied covenant, breach of duty, negligent misrepresentation, interference with contractual relations, conspiracy, intentional infliction of emotional distress, and libel. "Plaintiff's termination by Defendants was wrongful and against public policy because it contravened fundamental policies supporting both freedom of speech, as guaranteed in the California and federal constitutions, and the pursuit of historical research and inquiry, which is one of the enumerated purposes as set forth in the by-laws of the Archives," Brosnahan wrote, and added, "Rather than promote historical research, writing, and publication on Freud and his work, the Defendants have acted, from personal and private motives, to inhibit, silence, and suppress such scholarship. Among those motives was to conceal from the public the facts that Freud himself may have recognized that he had been wrong to abandon completely the 'seduction theory' and that Defendants' own psychoanalytic views, and hence their treatment of their patients, needed re-evaluation and re-examination." (Paradoxically, nowhere does Masson's thesis seem more untenable than in his lawyer's precise and lucid expression of it. Freud lived to the age of eighty-three. If he had "recognized that he had been wrong to abandon completely the seduction theory," why had he given no intimation of this change of mind during the forty-odd years that followed his repudiation of it?) The lawsuit's charge of libel referred to Eissler's *cri de cœur* to the *Times:* "Would you make Director of the Archives someone who writes plain nonsense?" This, Brosnahan wrote, "was intended by Defendant Eissler to expose Plaintiff, and did in fact expose Plaintiff, to contempt, ridicule, and obloquy," for which he asked six million dollars in damages.

The suit never came to trial. Masson's prospects hinged on a ruling as

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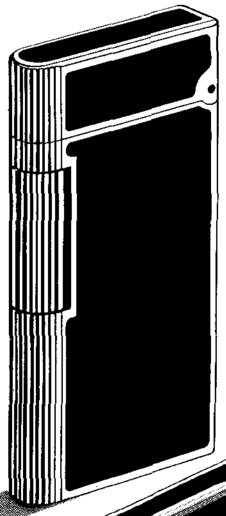

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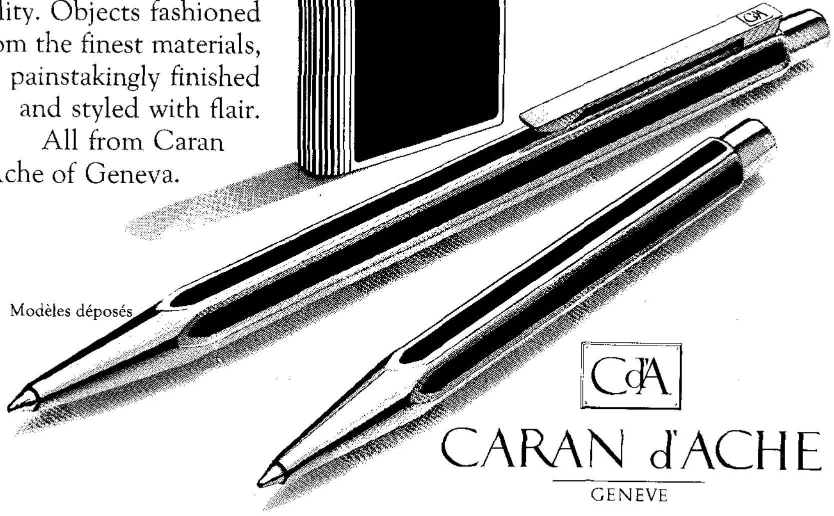

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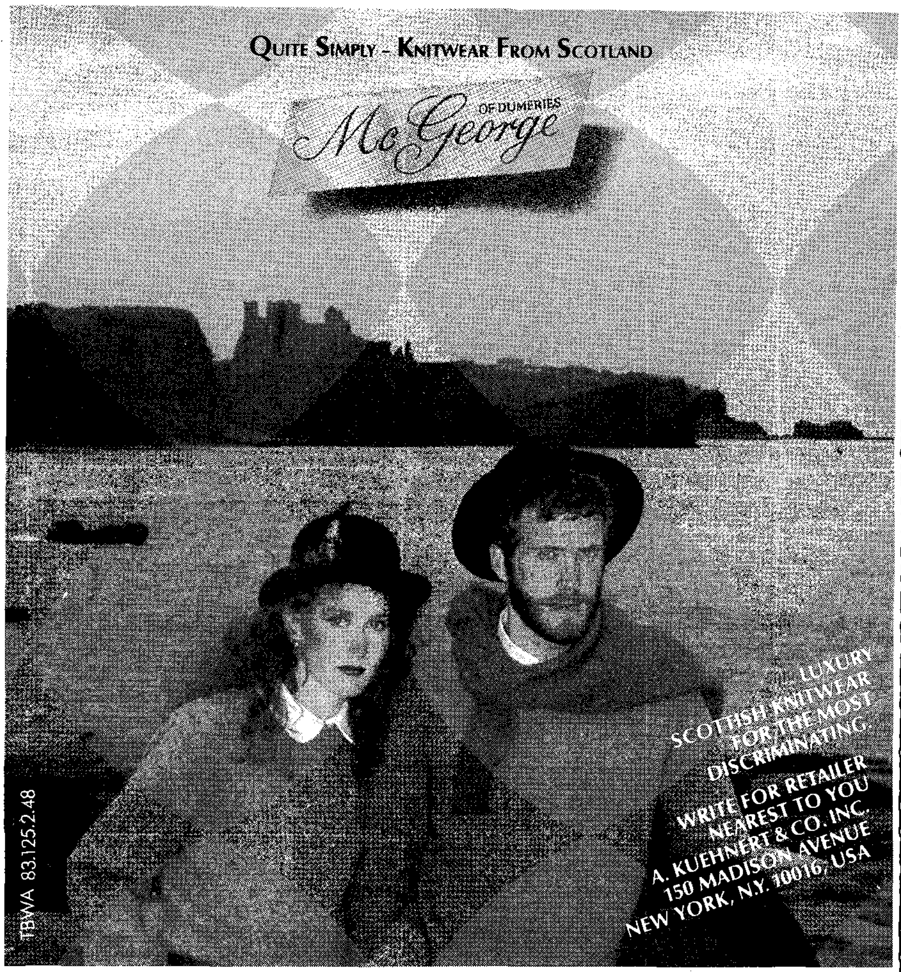
to whether the case should be tried in New York or in California. In New York, he felt, he stood no chance whatever, because of New York law on unwritten contracts; in California, he stood a chance. But since the ruling would have more probably been for New York—*it* hinged on whether the headquarters of the Freud Archives were in Manhattan or in Berkeley—Masson decided to accept a settlement financed by Muriel Gardiner, who, at the age of eighty, had felt disinclined to enter into a court battle. He would receive a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, half to be paid at the time of the settlement, in August, and half nine months later, in May; for his part, he would return the tapes and documents that Eissler and Anna Freud had given him, and promise not to use in his writings any of the Archives material to which he had had privileged access. Gardiner, who recently wrote a movingly artless and deadpan memoir of her hair-raising activities in the Austrian underground before the outbreak of the Second World War, and who has been the center of a curious and somewhat pointless controversy over whether she was or wasn't the real-life source for Lillian Hellman's "Julia" (Lillian Hellman says she wasn't), has maintained a remarkably evenhanded and forbearing attitude toward Masson. "I liked Masson," she told me in her modest pied-à-terre in a new apartment building on the West Side. Muriel Gardiner grew up in Chicago, the granddaughter of Nelson Morris, who founded one of the giant meat-packing companies, and has been very rich all her life. In her memoir, she writes of a streak of asceticism and a yearning to be socially useful which developed in her character early on and which have marked her life as a psychiatrist, psychoanalyst, political activist, and benefactor. (Among the many objects of her largesse was Freud's famous patient Sergius Pankejeff—better known as the Wolf Man—whom she helped support in Vienna during the last several years of his life, and whose memoirs she translated and edited in 1971.) She is a tall, robust, vigorous woman with white hair who dresses in pants suits and speaks, slowly and deliberately, in well-formed sentences uttered with an old-fashioned upper-class intonation. "Masson and I worked very well together," she went on. "He was energetic. I think he had some right on his side, though he got a little more than he deserved. It was a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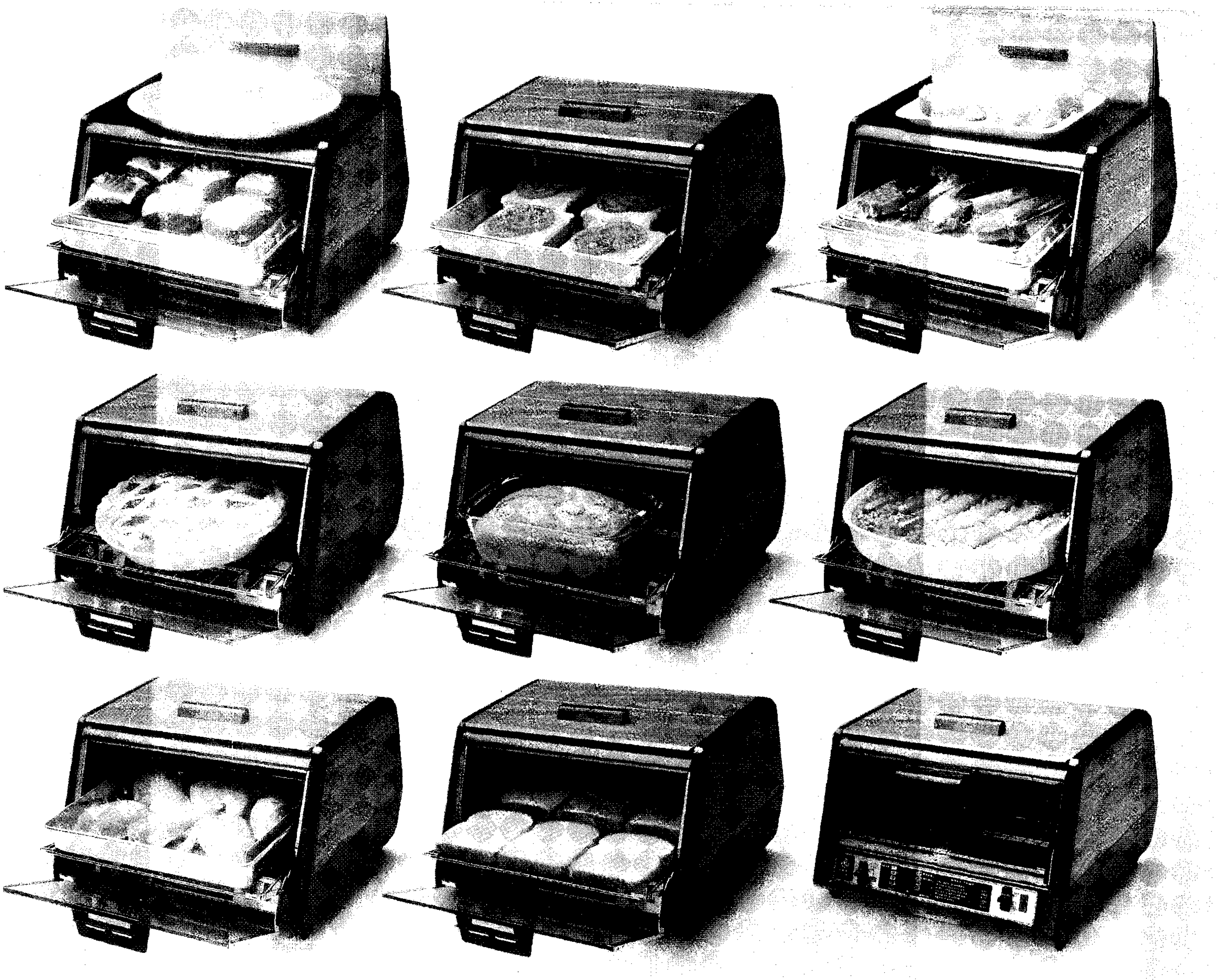

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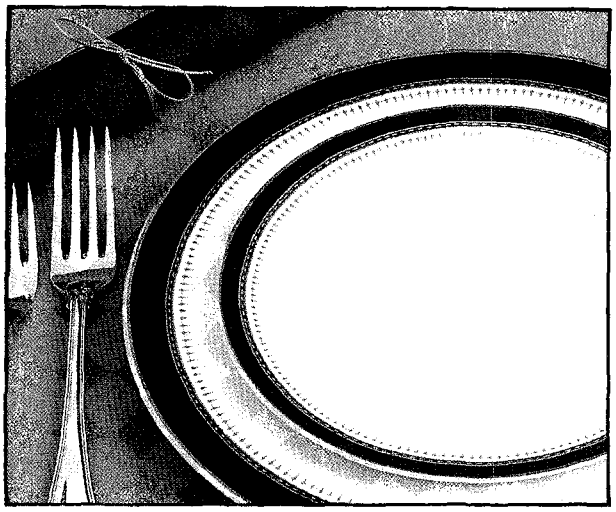
very emotional business. Kurt Eissler is wonderful, but he doesn't know anything about people. He did so many ill-advised things. He sort of fell in love with this image of the outgoing and unrestrained young man he always wanted to be."

Gardiner went on to tell me of her first meeting with Masson, in 1978 in England, at what Masson has called "a swishy little gathering of the top analysts in the world," which Anna Freud had organized at Hampstead. Masson was there under the wing of Eissler, and Gardiner met him one evening in the bar of the hotel where the world's top analysts were staying. "There were comfortable little tables and comfortable chairs," Gardiner recalled, "and I sat down at a table with two analysts I knew and a young man whom I'd never met before, who turned out to be Jeff. My first impression of him was that he was slick. 'Slick' may be too strong—'facile' may be the right word. He made everything too easy. After a while, the two analysts I knew left for dinner, and Jeff and I stayed and talked for about two hours, and I liked him better. He seemed more serious; he didn't have this too easygoing manner. I soon got the impression, though, that he didn't have the right personality to be an analyst. Analysis was too passive even for me, and Jeff is a much more active and energetic person than I am. I thought, He'd never be satisfied with it and never be good at it. But I didn't tell him this. Several people talked to me afterward about him, and one analyst said, 'I think he's a manipulator.' And I said, 'If he's a manipulator in good causes, then it doesn't matter.' Another analyst said, 'Oh, he's an opportunist.' I thought, It's interesting that two analysts who are so different from each other—who, in fact, dislike each other—should have the same feeling about him. I always got on well with Jeff alone. His memory was very good. He may not be the most brilliant scholar in the world, but he's a hard worker and he's reliable—I mean about appointments and things like that. But after he dragged me and my grandson into the suit, I don't think I could be civil to him. A decent person who considers himself your friend doesn't turn around and sue you."

DURING a visit I paid to Masson in November, 1982—three months after the settlement was signed—he was in the process of moving



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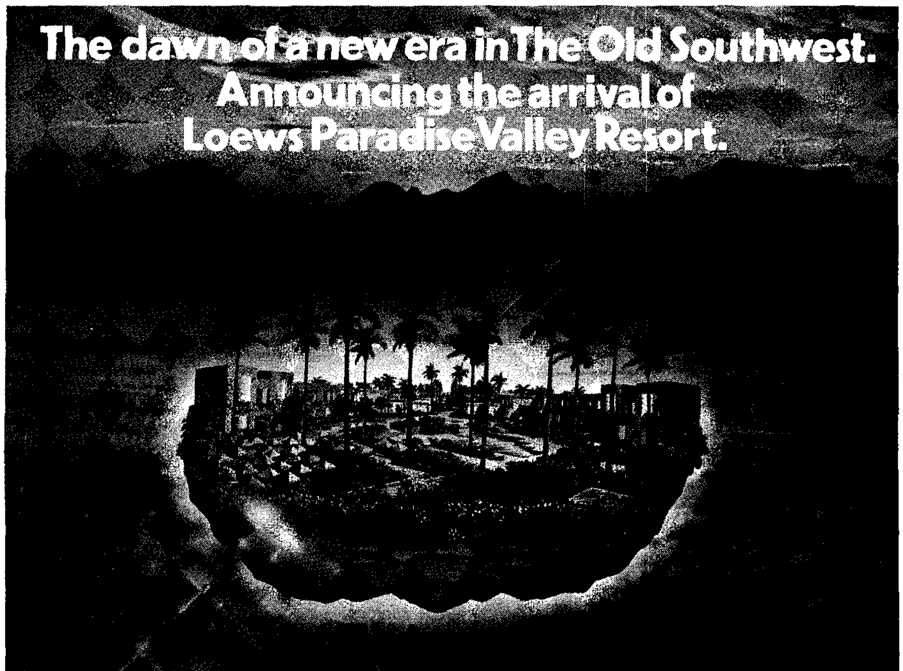
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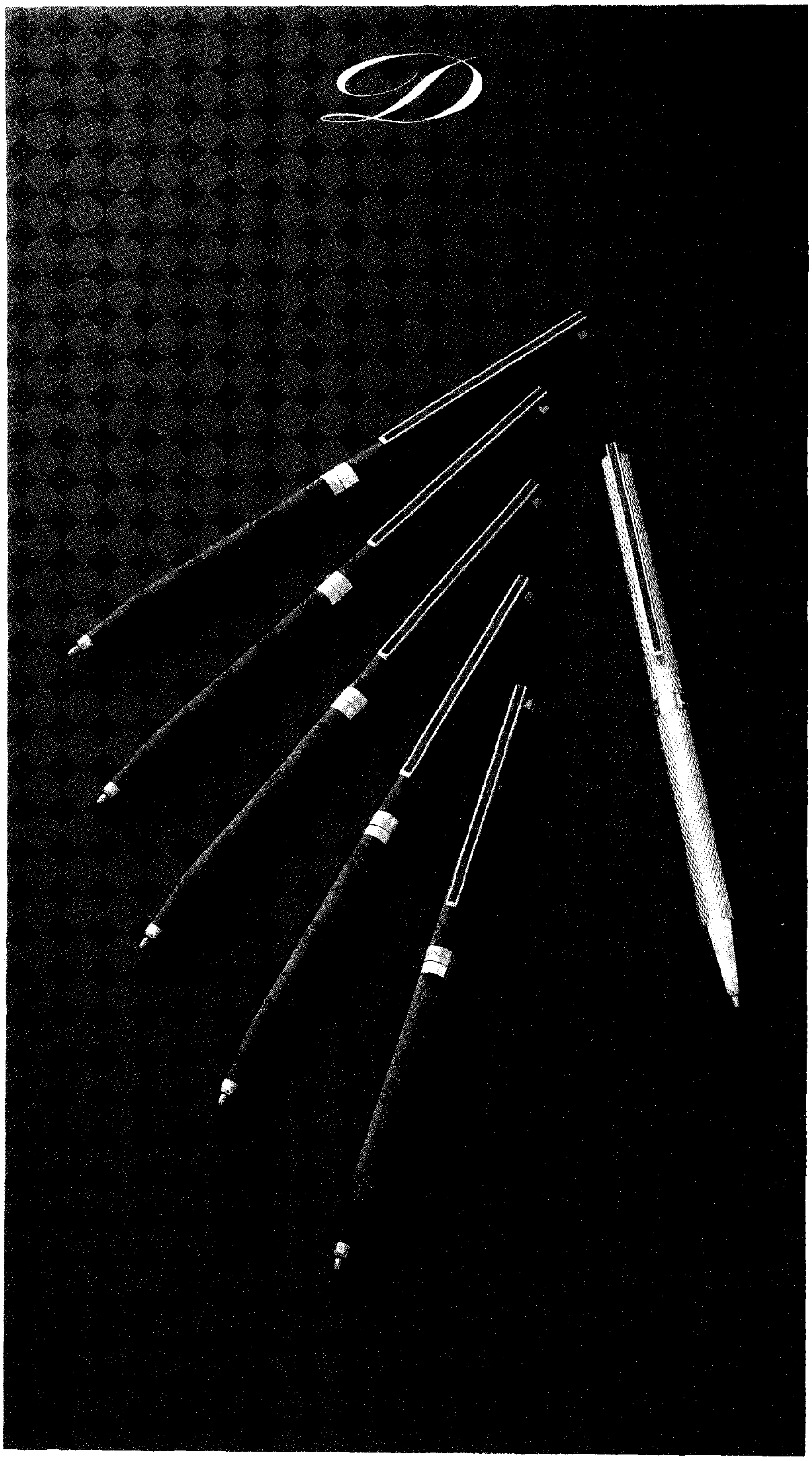
from a house high in the Berkeley hills, where he had lived with his former wife, Terri, to new living quarters in the flats below. The new place was a considerable comedown in every sense from the old one, which had been a spectacular modern house with a tree-filled atrium, a swimming pool, a garden, and the obligatory breathtaking view of the Bay. An Italian journalist who had interviewed him there had written in *La Repubblica*, "The forty-year-old Masson reflects in his world—a splendid house, a Porsche in the driveway—the limpid rationality of young and modern America, which contrasts with the sombre Middle European atmosphere in which Freud formulated his theories." The Porsche had long ago been reclaimed by the company, and the new place was a small apartment in a shabby Victorian house—the sort of nondescript, almost-not-seedy digs typically inhabited by young academics who have not yet risen very far. When I arrived there, around lunchtime on a Saturday, Masson's girlfriend, Denise Cammell—a thin, very pretty woman in her early thirties with a large amount of fashionably frizzy reddish hair, wearing bluejeans and an unironed shirt—was in front of the house sweeping, while her daughter, Karima, a sturdy and cheerful eight-year-old, hovered nearby. In the house, there were unpacked cartons everywhere, and an atmosphere of forlornness and homelessness. Masson was in the kitchen heating up, with a nonplussed air, a Stouffer's frozen meal while his daughter, Simone, a thin, dark, discontented eight-year-old with an interesting face, tried to attract his attention. "Yes, lovey, in a minute," Masson said, scrutinizing the directions on the box. A small, nervous Abyssinian cat named Rāma wandered about the apartment with the air of a mental patient. Denise came into the kitchen, sized up the situation (Masson had invited me for lunch), and ran out to the store to buy things for sandwiches. She returned almost instantly, and had lunch on the table almost instantly. Everything Denise did was quick, effective, and pleasant, and she had a warm, easy way with both the girls. She was the owner of two boutiques in Berkeley and of an exercise studio that followed the principles of Jane Fonda. Her father had just lost "all his banks," she said, with a nice mixture of filial rue and self-mockery.

"Denise is *echt* California," Masson



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said fondly. "When I first met her, you couldn't get more than six words out of her, and they were generally 'like,' 'you know,' 'I mean, like.' She spoke in half sentences. There's something so *echt* California about that."

"It has nothing to do with California," Denise said.

"But you have a basic mistrust of speech, right?"

"It's just not fast enough," Denise said. "It doesn't say what I mean."

During lunch, Denise suddenly turned to Masson and said emotionally, "Those old people—Eissler and Muriel Gardiner—I worry about them. I feel their pain. Eissler knew he was playing with fire when he messed with you, but he couldn't help himself. You're charming—you affect people. You touched Eissler, and you hurt him. I see him bearing the pain. *But you don't feel it*, Jeff. You just don't feel it. I worry about that."

"Denise worries too much," Masson said imperturbably.

"What you did to them, is that—is that *betrayal*?" Denise asked.

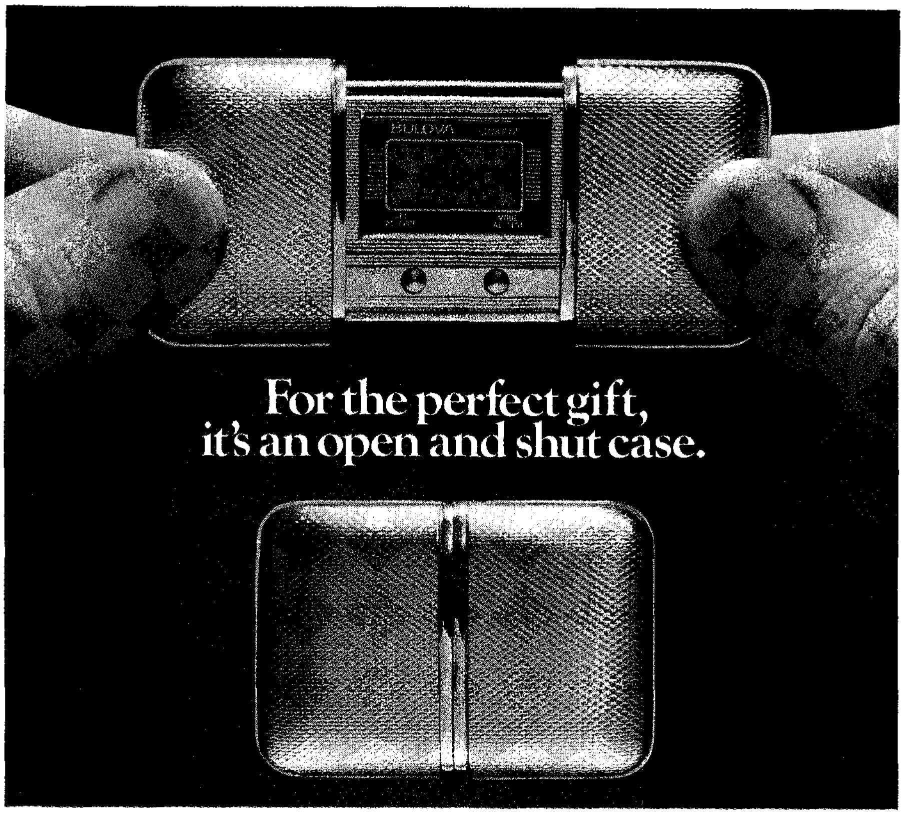
"Of course not," Masson said. "What did I do? I gave an interview to the *Times*. Is that reason to destroy a man's career?"

Denise started to say something, and then thought better of it.

"I miss Hanumān," Simone said.

"Yes, lovey," Masson said. "You'll see Hanumān tomorrow, when you spend the night with Mommy." Hanumān was one of the three family dogs, now in Terri's keeping.

After lunch, when Denise had gone back to sweeping the yard, and Simone and Karima had gone off to play in Simone's room, Masson talked about Terri. "She is undoubtedly the most interesting human being I have ever met," he said. "I still love her. I don't think we'll ever come back together. I find her impossible to live with. But she'll always be someone I look up to and respect. She has a fabulous intellect, which she will under no circumstances use anymore. She's Polish. She was in the Warsaw ghetto as a child. When we met, in Toronto, she was a very successful film producer for Canadian television. I persuaded her to quit her job and study philosophy at the university. I got her interested in psychoanalysis, and for many years we worked together, read the analytic literature together, endlessly discussed analytic theory, collaborated on papers. She has a brilliant mind. She



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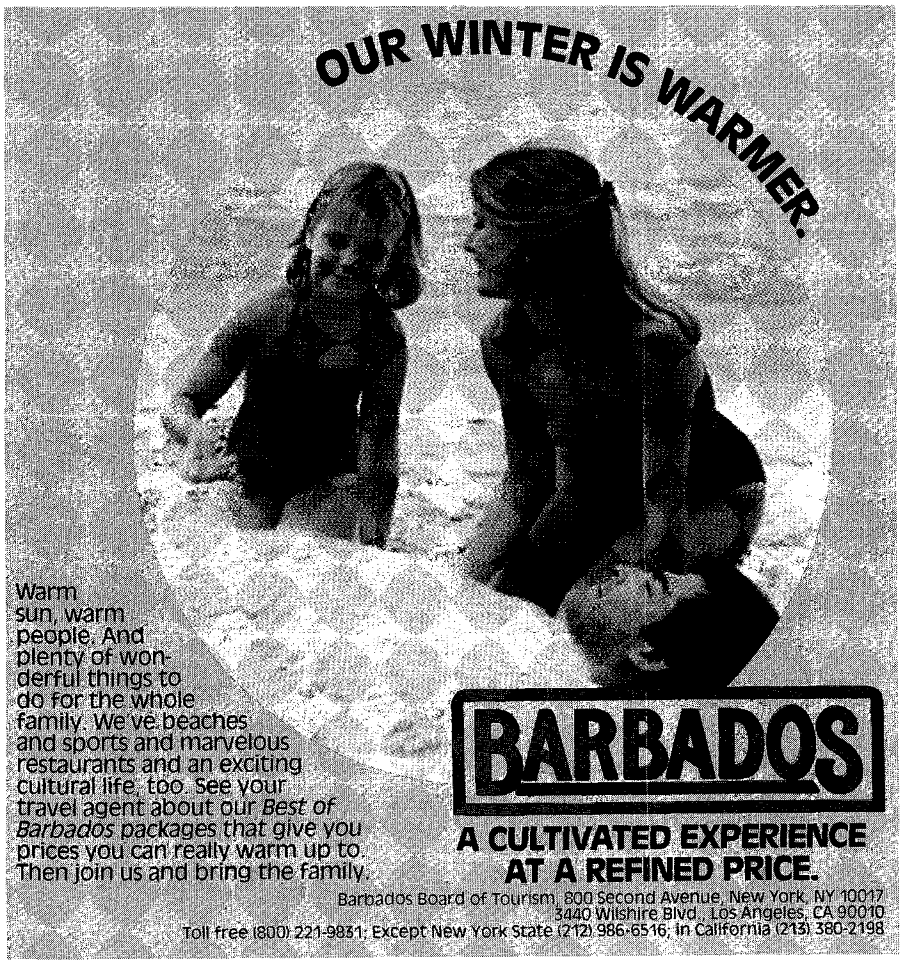
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really knows how to think. I am not a thinker. I am a fantastic researcher. I love to go to libraries and archives and dig up weird things, but that's all. Terri's mind is like a beautiful machine—to watch it at work is an awesome experience. But she refuses to use it anymore. She is completely disillusioned with psychoanalysis—her analysis was even more disastrous than mine, if that's possible—and with everything else. She rides horseback and studies ballet and absolutely refuses to read a book or talk about anything serious. It's very disturbing to me. She leads a totally disordered life. This is why Simone is with me. Someone has to get her to school in the morning, and Terri doesn't get up until two or three in the afternoon. Someone has to make her meals—Terri says, 'Get her a hot dog.' For the first three years of Simone's life, Terri was an unbelievably perfectionist mother. She was obsessed with taking care of Simone. She would make special food for Simone, she would never let anyone else take care of her. If Simone had a cold, Terri would nurse her as if it was a fatal disease. Then, when Simone was three, it suddenly stopped; it just didn't interest her anymore. When we came to Berkeley, Terri decided she wanted to make money, so she took a job as a headhunter—she found executives for big corporations. She did it so brilliantly that within a few months she was making fifteen thousand dollars a month. We lived very well then. We moved into that big, beautiful house, we bought the Porsche, we had a maid. But then she quit the headhunting business—just like that—and we went from living on fifteen thousand a month to zero, with bills coming in."

Masson's present problem was how to get through the next six months—after which he would receive the second installment of his settlement. The first half had gone mostly to his lawyer and to taxes. He had not accepted the thirty thousand dollars in severance pay the Archives had offered him. ("I thought it was hush money," he said.) A small advance he had received from the German publishing house Suhrkamp for a book he was writing called "The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory" was almost gone. He had sent a prospectus of the book to Farrar, Straus & Giroux, where Alice Miller—a Swiss psychoanalyst who supported Masson in his views on the seduction theory and happened

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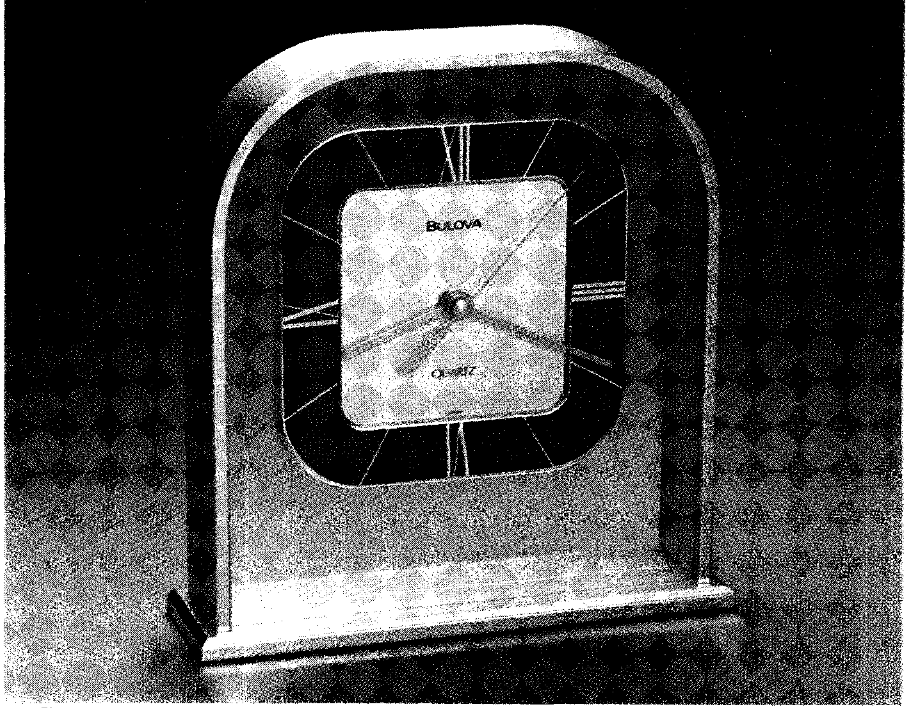

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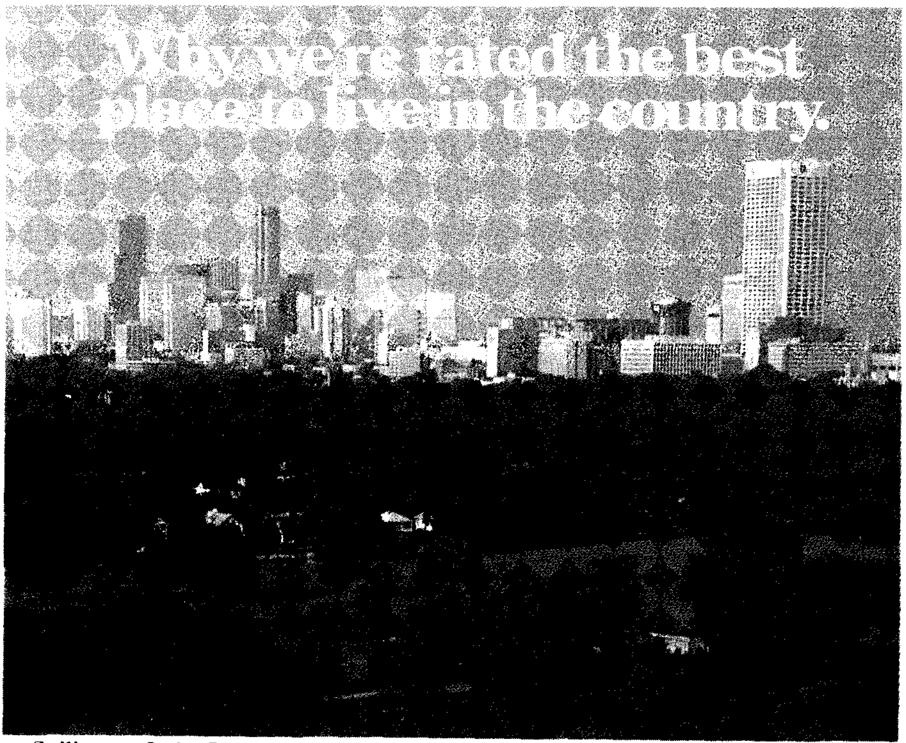

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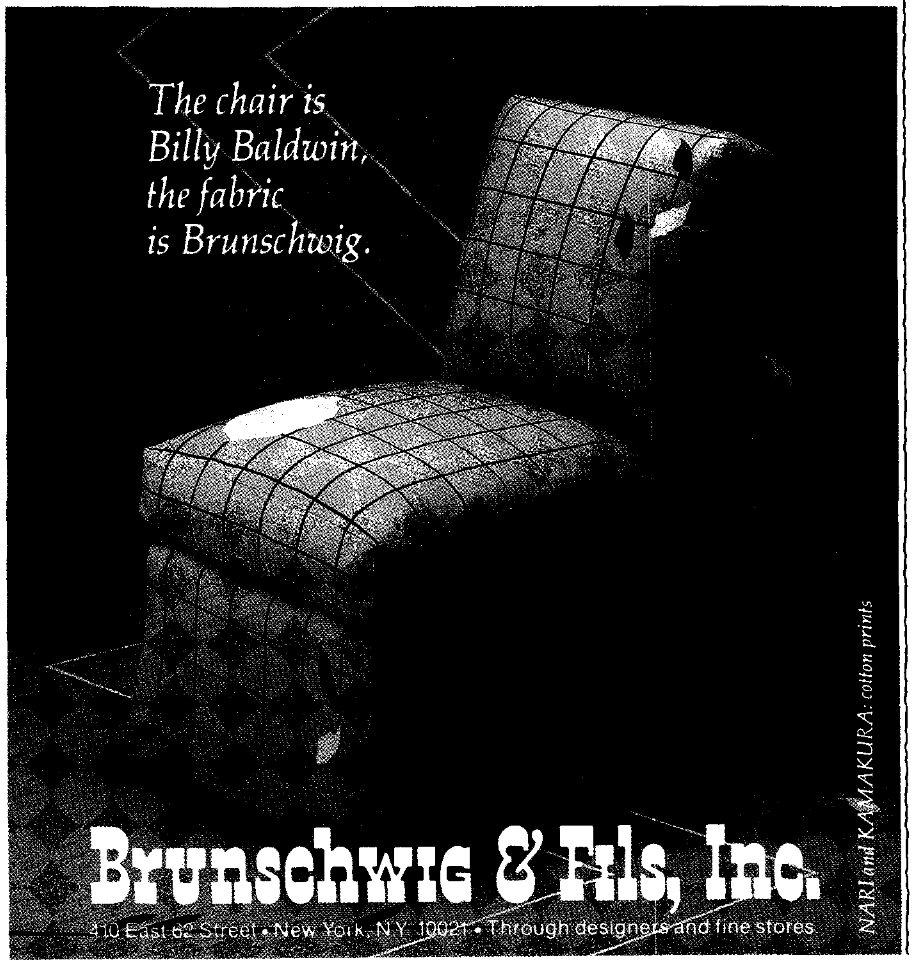
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to be in Berkeley on vacation—purportedly had influence, but he wasn't very hopeful that a trade publisher would take a book with so many footnotes.

"Never in my life have I had to worry about money the way I am worrying about it now," he said. "They want a thousand dollars at Simone's school, and I don't have a thousand dollars. Until now, there was always a salary coming in. I have been in the university since the age of seventeen, and since the age of twenty-nine I've had a university position. I never had to worry. I now realize how comfortable it all was. The job with the Archives was ideal. I didn't have to teach, I didn't have to see patients, I could travel all over the world, I had lots of prestige, I had money—it was great. Nobody gives up that kind of thing easily."

"But why did you sue Eissler?" I asked. "There are people who are fired from jobs who don't sue."

"What should I have done? Been thankful that he fired me?" Masson said. Then he admitted frankly, "I suppose I did it out of revenge. Eissler had no *business* firing me. You don't *do* that to someone you've been close to. Eissler did to me what Freud did to Ferenczi. This was one of the things I found in Anna Freud's house that appalled me so much. I found evidence of how Freud dumped Ferenczi. I found a packet of letters in Freud's desk between Freud and Jones and Eitingon showing how they had ganged up on Ferenczi and tried to prevent him from reading his last paper at the Wiesbaden conference of 1932. In this paper, called 'Confusion of Tongues Between Adults and the Child,' Ferenczi writes about all the seductions that took place among his patients when they were children. It is a beautiful paper; I think it's my favorite paper in the whole of analytic literature. But Freud couldn't bear to be reminded of seduction. It was like a guilty secret. It reminded him that there was something rotten at the core of psychoanalysis—namely, his abandonment of the seduction theory—and he didn't want to know about it. And Anna Freud and Eissler didn't want to know about it, and they didn't want anyone else to know about it. It was the same thing with my discovery about the Schreber case. That was even more appalling. I found an 1884 article in Freud's library written by Paul Flechsig, Schreber's psychiatrist, which he had personally sent to Freud, reporting that he performed castration experiments on hysterical and obsessional patients in his asylum. This means that when Freud wrote his essay on Schreber he knew that castrations had taken place in the asylum where Schreber was held, but he still could write that Schreber suffered from the *delusion* that the great Paul Flechsig wanted to castrate him. I think Freud was a great and remarkable thinker, but *he wasn't honest*. He was a man who just lost his courage. His entire theory after he abandoned seduction was the product of moral cowardice, because Freud knew that Schreber was in an asylum where they were trying to castrate him, and he never mentions it. Now, what would you say about somebody like that? No matter how brilliant he is, how good a thinker he is, he is not being honest if he omits that fact from his essay."

"That's a very serious charge against Freud," I said. (Later, it occurred to me to wonder if Flechsig had not sent Freud the article *after* Freud had published his essay on Schreber; when Flechsig's article first appeared, Freud was an obscure young neurologist, to whom an eminent psychiatrist was not apt to send complimentary reprints.)

"There aren't too many interpretations possible of my discovery," Masson said grimly. "I think Eissler would have admitted that I was right. I think if I had said to him, 'Look, I'm never going to make this public—this is just between you and me—but just take a look at this,' he would have said, 'Yes, you're right. But never, never tell the goyim.' I swear that's what he would have said. 'Never let it out; it's just between the two of us. We can know this. We're strong enough to digest it. But for anybody else it would be the beginning of the end of psychoanalysis.' It would have been like Dostoyevski's Grand Inquisitor."

"Did Eissler ever tell you that there were certain things that had to be kept from the goyim?" I asked.

"No," Masson said, and abruptly changed his tack. "If Eissler had ever told me that I must keep quiet about certain things, I never would have accepted the job with the Archives. I figured that Eissler was like me—that he didn't care, that he wanted the truth to come out, however damaging to the profession it might be."

"But didn't you suspect, knowing how Eissler reveres Freud, that he

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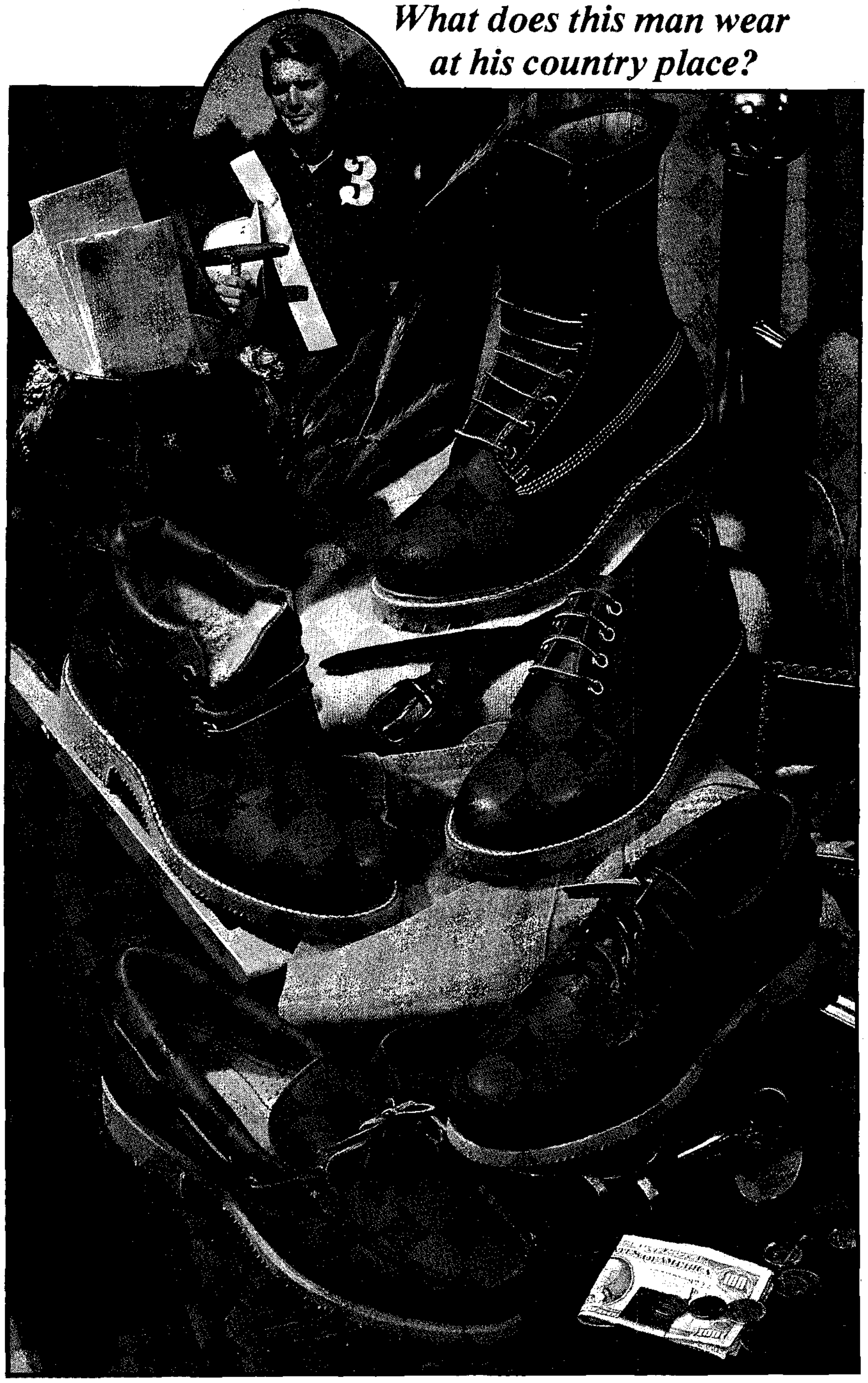

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couldn't tolerate hearing anything said against him?"

"No, I didn't think that. I thought he *could* tolerate it. I thought he was like me. What difference does it make to him or to me what Freud did or didn't do? He's not our father. With Anna Freud, I could understand it. But for Eissler to feel that way—I thought he was too intelligent for that."

"You should have read him more carefully."

"Yes, perhaps. But he chose me for the job. If he had wanted a hagiographer of Freud, there were thousands of people he could have chosen. But he chose me. He knew I was not like those other people. He was warned about me by just about everyone who had ever met me. And still he chose me."

"So maybe the question isn't why he fired you but why he hired you."

"That's right. When I was in France last month, somebody said to me, '*M. Masson, si l'on est un lapin, on n'invite pas un renard à dîner*'—if you are a rabbit, you don't invite a fox to dinner. 'Now, you are a fox,' this man said, 'and the analysts are rabbits. Why did they invite you into their warren?' And it's a good question. What *was* Eissler's idea in making me his successor? It puzzles me even now."

The telephone rang, and Masson answered it in the next room. When he returned, he sighed, and said, "Alice Miller—she's just like my mother, I swear. I feel guilty about her. She's here in Berkeley, she has nothing to do, and I feel I ought to do more for her. I like her," he added defensively.

"Eissler and I had a wonderful time together," he went on, "and I still love him—I really do. After the Board voted not to renew my contract, he wrote me a long letter. It's an incredible letter, a kind of love letter. I got it out of my files to show you, but now I'm not sure I ought to show it to you." Masson deliberated, and then went and got the letter. "You might as well see it," he said, and he handed me the letter, which read, in part:

DEAR PROFESSOR MASSON,

I guess the moment draws nearer when your official connection with the Sigmund Freud Archives will be terminated, and I guess that our friendship will go down the drain at the same time. Both started full of promise and with an outlook of constructive coöperation, and both seem to end in disaster.

My friend and teacher August Aichhorn always said that when two people part they should part in such a way that they can greet each other when they meet later. I do not know for certain: shall we greet each other when we meet again, or shall we look aside, in different directions? . . .

I am sure I mentioned in conversation with you that from my 30th year of life I never did anything for another person with a view to receiving later acknowledgment or gratitude. In this case, I beg to be permitted an exception. Have you ever had another friend who was not only ready to give but also actually gave you, at the mere mention of a desired favor or a request, as much as I did, with pleasure and without asking for any reciprocity? If you have had one, give me his name, I should like to meet him.

Now everything I got for you has turned into shambles, and I know I shall never be able to convince you that you have destroyed it unnecessarily and wantonly. I shall not repeat my arguments because they fall on deaf ears anyway.

You will recall that I informed you loyally and faithfully whenever I was told that you were indiscreet, dishonest, an inefficient historian, gossipy, bragging, etc. All these accusations and suspicions were rejected by me, because I loved you and believed in you.

When the two unfortunate interviews were published in the New York *Times,* I tried to deny that you had committed a terrible gaffe. Only after hearing from one Board member after another that they had been shocked by the interviews, and after repeatedly rereading the second one, I had no argument left in your defense. I was forced to drop the praise with which I had introduced you to the Board in 1980, and had to admit that I had been mistaken. . . .

However, I do not want to reproach you, although I think with bitterness about what is going on. I carry the full responsibility. I am the older and the more experienced one of us two, and I should have recognized that you were not the proper person for the functions in which I desired so much to see you active. I reproach myself that I permitted myself to believe in you, although I was warned by many people—frankly, by almost everyone who knows you. But all of us are stubborn at times, and I steadfastly declared that what people said about you could not possibly be true. I still think they may be wrong, although I have had such a high price to pay for having trusted you and your abilities, your charm, your wit, your affection. *Tant pis. . . .*

Do you remember our first meeting? Already at that time you broached the question of a complete edition of the Fliess letters. Do you remember that I told you I feared that Anna Freud would not agree to it, because her father's letters have been regularly used to diminish his character, or for like purposes? Do you recall what a certain Professor Masson answered?

Do you recall that Anna Freud after a conversation with you repeated the same premonition? Did you not reassure me that this could never happen, so far as you were concerned, because you admired Freud like no one else, and the complete edition would only show him in his full glory, etc.

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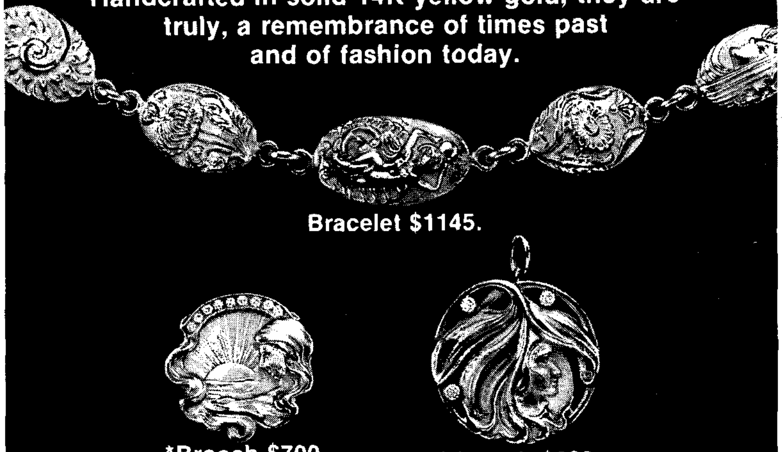

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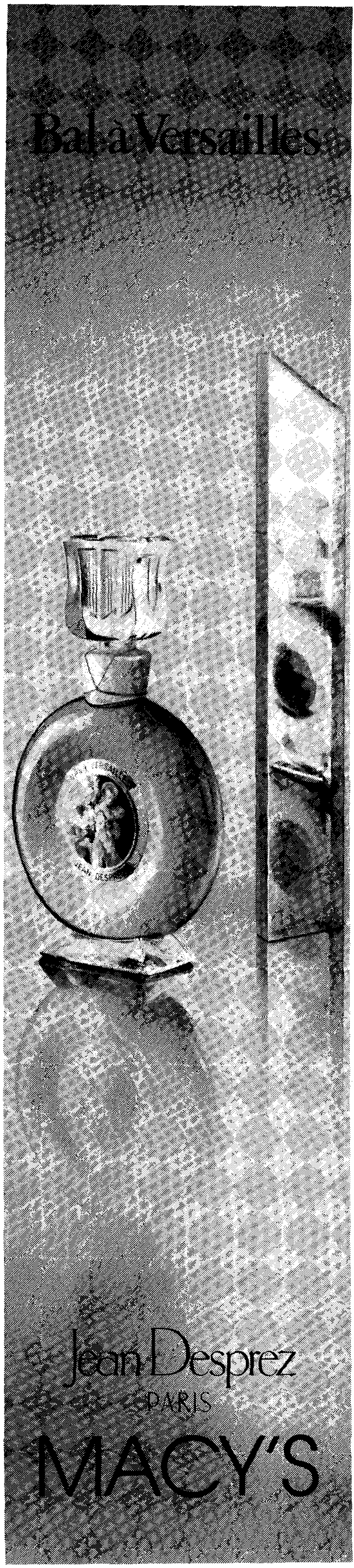
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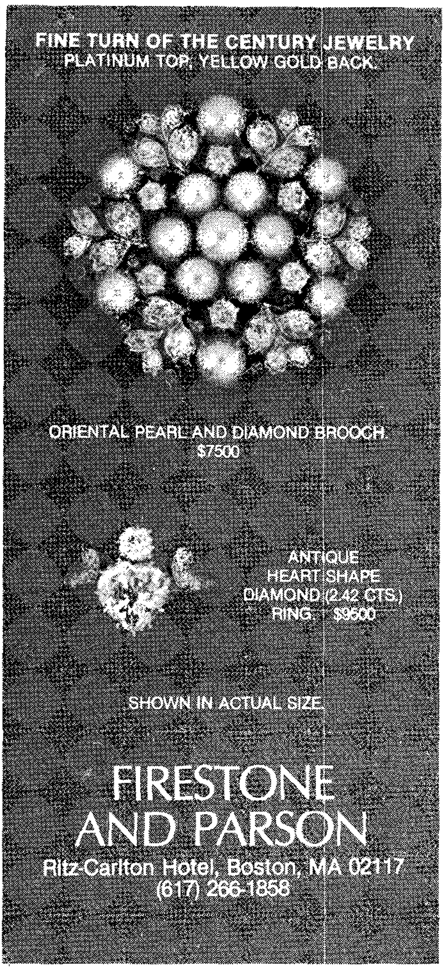
regarding Freud's character. You were in no position to foresee your later opinion when you started your work. But you must admit you broke the promise you had given and did exactly what Anna Freud feared might happen again. . . .

My original draft of this letter ended with the statement that the fiery sign of "*Mene mene tĕkel upharsin*" should appear on the wall of your study, because you broke your solemn promise and caused Anna Freud heartache and disappointment, but I was told that you would probably not have enough sense of humor to tolerate such an ending and might feel provoked by it.

I do not know how to end. Should I write "with best wishes"? "Sincerely"? "Truly yours"? "Let bygones be bygones"? I do not know.

K. R. EISSLER, M.D.

THE day before I was to return to New York, I paid a call on Victor Calef, a well-known San Francisco analyst who had been a friend of Masson's. Calef, a squat, dark-complexioned older analyst, with bluntly etched features and a tough, no-nonsense manner, told me bitterly, "Jeff rejected me. I don't need that." He had little to say about Masson's position on the seduction theory; in fact, he seemed rather foggy about exactly what that position was. The same could be said of all the other analysts I spoke to who had been friendly with Masson and were no longer on speaking terms with him. In every case, it was a personal issue—not ideology—that had caused the breach. Calef had felt wounded and slighted when Masson backed out of a Festschrift that Calef had organized for his former teacher and idol, the Freud scholar Siegfried Bernfeld, and had planned to have printed in a small professional journal. A large art photograph of Bernfeld in profile hung on a wall of Calef's office, and whenever Calef mentioned his name he would glance over at the photograph, as if Bernfeld himself were in the room. Calef told me that Masson had worked with him in the early stages of the Festschrift project but had then withdrawn, saying that he had bigger fish to fry than to write for a little local journal. "It was a rejection of me," Calef said. "I was hurt. I felt like a fool." He added, "It was a great loss for me. I was very taken with him. At my age, to lose any friend is difficult." Another San Francisco analyst, Edward Weinshel, with whom Masson had been on equally friendly terms, said that he had broken off relations when Masson failed to write or call after Weinshel's wife died. Masson himself told me of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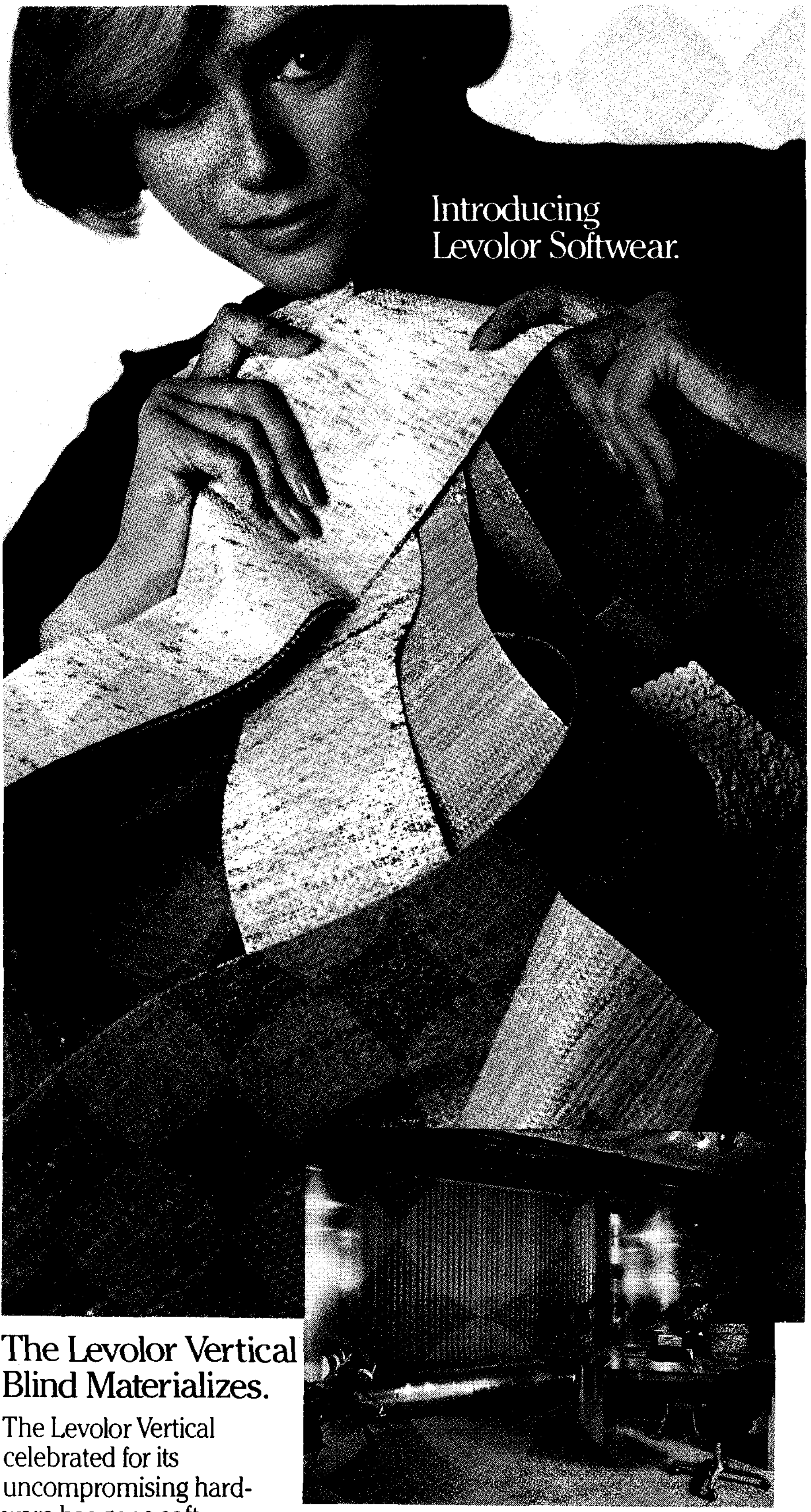
the trouble he had got into with a Berkeley analyst—a distinguished older European woman named Anna Maenchen—when he complained to a young woman he had met at a party about having to "drag this old bat Anna Maenchen with me on the plane to Europe." Unfortunately, the young woman turned out to be a patient of Anna Maenchen's; during a session, she quoted Masson's words, and Anna Maenchen never forgave him.

After seeing Calef, I dropped in at the house of Robert Goldman, the chairman of the Sanskrit department at Berkeley and Masson's best friend. Goldman, an attractive, bearded, fast-talking, very smart and funny man, who went to Erasmus Hall High School, in Brooklyn, had met Masson in India fifteen years ago, when both were Ph.D. candidates. He and his wife, Laurie, an artist, also originally from New York, served me coffee and cake in their living room and talked about Masson with the sort of affectionate derision with which one will speak of a lovable but endlessly troublesome pet. Laurie Goldman said that it was impossible to have Masson over for dinner with other people, because of the way he monopolized the conversation. "He has to be the center of attention at all times," she said, "or he goes to sleep." The Goldman household (there were two small boys, Seth and Jesse) reminded me of the pleasant, orderly, art- and book-filled households of youngish academics and professionals on the upper West Side of New York. "Jeff is a connoisseur of rejection," Goldman said. "He has few friends. He falls out with everyone eventually. He goes through people. If he had wanted, he could be living in Anna Freud's house now. He gets depressed and bored when things are going smoothly. He needs chaos and trouble and excitement." Of Masson's work in Sanskrit, Goldman said, "He's good. He cuts through mounds of traditional *dreck* to find something fresh and alive. But he's careless in his scholarship. He makes small, foolish errors that get pounced on." Goldman added, "He destroyed the Sanskrit department at Toronto, and he *almost* wrecked the Berkeley Sanskrit department when I brought him out here on a visiting professorship."

Wendy O'Flaherty, a classmate of Masson's at Harvard and now a professor in the University of Chicago's Divinity School and a widely published and highly regarded Sanskritist,



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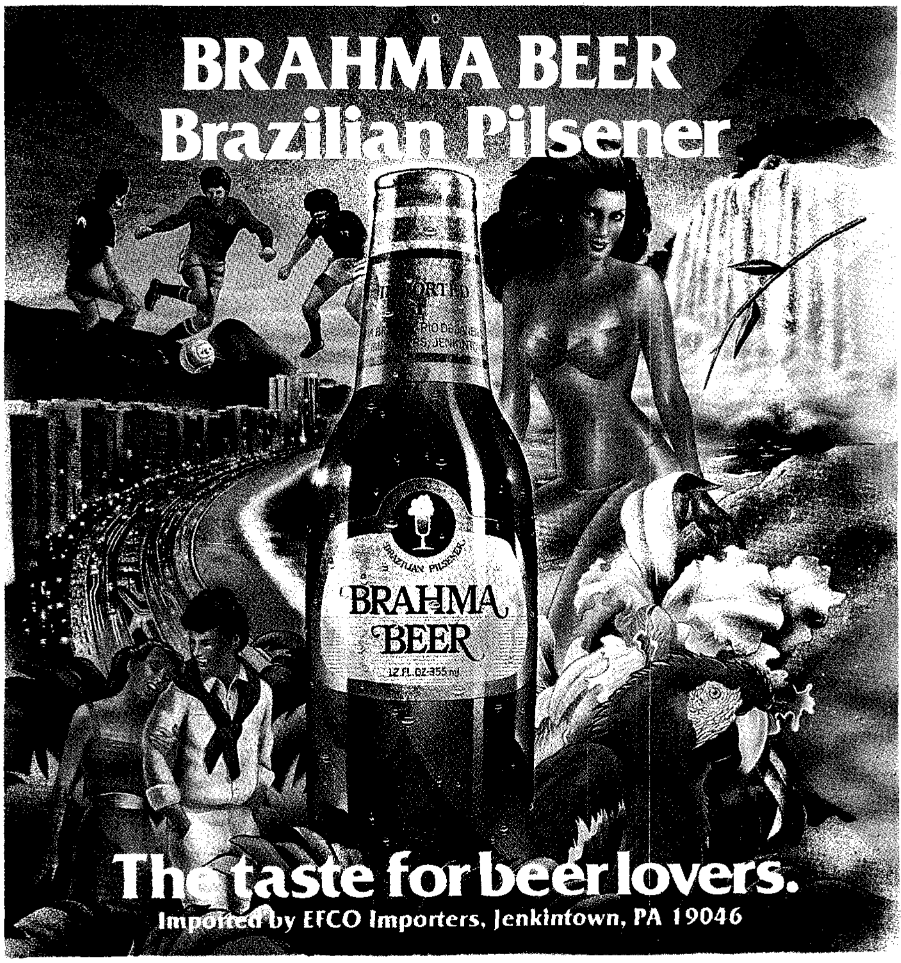
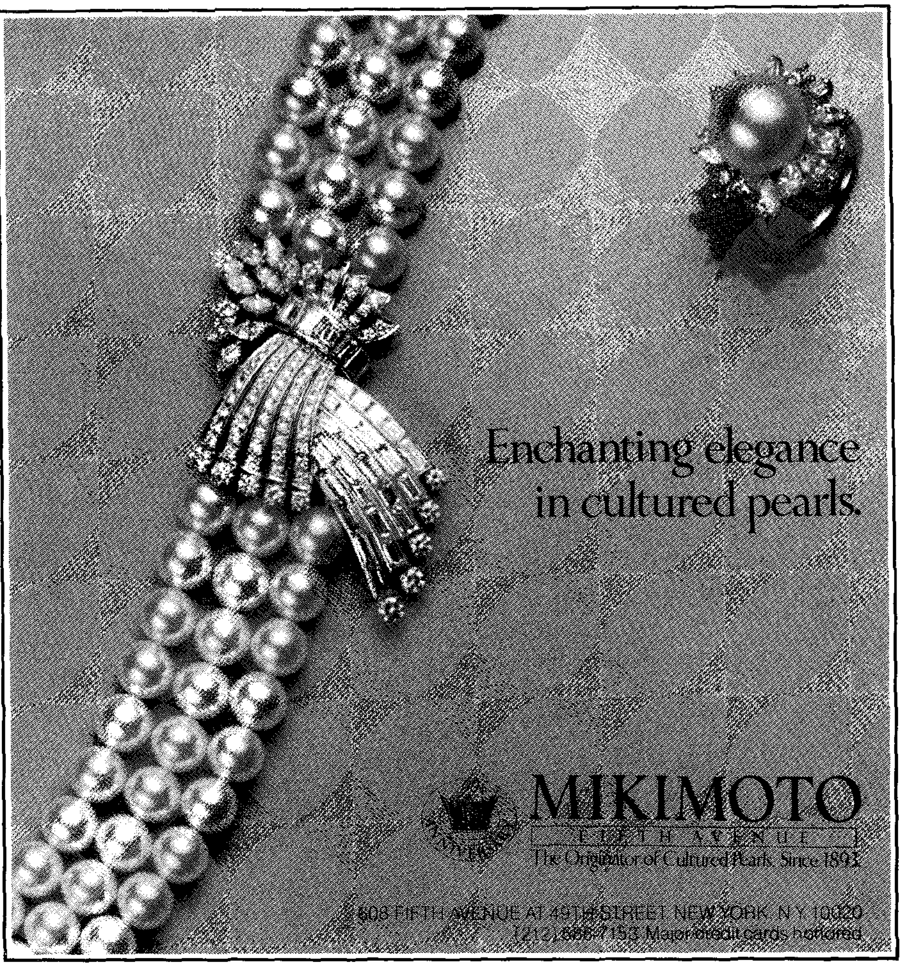


grudgingly agreed with Goldman's assessment of Masson's scholarship when I talked with her on the telephone. "I think Jeff is a good Sanskritist," she said. "It's not impossible to be a good Sanskritist, and it doesn't necessarily take brilliance to be a good Sanskritist. It takes a kind of knack for the language, and it also takes a lot of hard work. Jeff had both of those capacities, and some of the work he has done is very good work, like his book on Abhinavagupta's aesthetics. But he is so mean, and I think the meanness spoils the work. I have trouble dealing with his hatred of everything, and with his anger. He's full of self-hate of a very complicated kind. I don't know anyone whom Jeff loves. I don't even know anyone Jeff likes. I can't imagine being friends with Jeff. I can't *imagine* anyone being friends with Jeff. I touch certain nerves in him that may make him even meaner to me than he is to everybody else. I gather from other people that he's not nice to anybody, but he certainly has always been beastly to me. I wouldn't sleep with Jeff, and he might have regarded that as a kind of gauntlet."

I WAS leaving San Francisco for New York on an evening plane, and that afternoon Masson and I had a final meeting, in my hotel room. Earlier, I had spotted him and Alice Miller in the hotel dining room and had joined them for a few minutes. Alice Miller spoke dourly of her conviction that ninety per cent of all women who come into psychotherapy were sexually abused as children. "Isn't that figure very high?" I asked. "It is a modest estimate," she said darkly. Later, in my room, Masson went on with the subject. "There you have the kernel of disagreement between me and every orthodox analyst. Orthodox analysts say, 'We can't do anything about the past, we can't help the fact that your father raped you when you were five.' That sounds reasonable enough, but it's so easy to slide from this position into saying, 'It doesn't matter whether he did or not; the important thing is your feelings about it.' Which is not reasonable. There's an enormous difference between whether you were beaten within an inch of your life and whether you imagined you were. There's an enormous difference between whether you actually were in Auschwitz and whether you dreamed you were in Auschwitz. And it's not the fantasies that we have to look at first; it's the reality. Freud originally believed that, and he did always have a certain pull in that direction. He was never comfortable with having given up the seduction theory. It bothered him all his life. It was as if he were haunted by a piece of intellectual dishonesty, because with every patient he's ever written about—the Wolf Man, the Rat Man, Dora—he keeps coming back to the question of fantasy versus reality."

I said, "You know, as you've been talking I've had the feeling that you're bored with what you're saying. You're making yourself go through the paces, but none of this interests you very much anymore."

"Right," Masson said. "It doesn't. It's no longer new to me. I've discovered it. I know it. I don't want to spend the rest of my life explaining what I know. I'm finished with psychoanalysis. I want to get on to something new. I'm quick. I understand things quickly, and I get bored easily. When I've understood something, I don't want to have it repeated to me a hundred times. Even the way I drive. I can't bear to drive in Berkeley. The light turns green. The other drivers look at it, they think about it, they say to their companions, 'The light has turned green. That means we can move now. Let us proceed.' In France, the light turns green and fifty cars move. Most people, having discovered one letter of Fliess to Freud, would stay with it for the next twenty years. They wouldn't discover anything new. Just having gone to Anna Freud's house would be sufficient for them. Not for me. Once I was there and found what I wanted, it would have been time to get on to something else, to search for new things. I was always searching for new things. I got bored with Sanskrit. I found what I thought were the most interesting things in Sanskrit—I put them all in my book 'The Oceanic Feeling'—and that was it. I thought, If I continue in Sanskrit, I'll always be working over the same material—and I didn't want that. I wanted new territory. I found it with Freud. And now I feel I've come to the end of that, too. I wouldn't feel that way if I were in Anna Freud's house and had everyone's confidence. Then I would be going through the house with a fine-tooth comb, looking for important new material. But since I can't, I feel there is nothing further for me to do in that field. 'Assault on Truth' will be my swan song. It doesn't mean that it will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be the end of me—only of my interest in psychoanalysis. I'll move on to something totally different."

"What will you do?" I asked.

"I really don't know," Masson said. "I had this idea of doing a book on love, which everyone who knows me tells me is a terrible idea. Bob Goldman, Terri, Denise—they all say it's junk. I guess I don't have that much to say about love. There's another idea I had when Terri and I were still together—that she and I and Simone would go around the world, staying for a couple of months in each country and finding out what's wrong with each culture. I feel I have unique insights into the evils of different societies, and I feel if I had someone like Terri with me I could collect about twenty-five countries and show how if you grow up in this country and that culture your life will be distorted in such-and-such a way. But who is interested in that? It's not a very constructive thing to do."

"But you don't like doing constructive things," I said.

"No, I don't. I don't think there's anything constructive to do. I hate books that say how wonderful something is. I see that for people who are truly smart, like Bob Goldman, there really isn't much they want to do, or can do. The truly smart people seem to do less and less. It's terrible. The dull have taken over. All the books I read today—they're junk. I can't find anything to read in any field. I've stopped reading the analytic journals. There's nothing in them anymore, nothing whatever. In the fifties, there were at least a few things you could read."

"You have, as they say, decathected from analysis," I said. "There isn't anyone in the profession whom you care about anymore. When you were fascinated by analysts, you found the analytic journals interesting enough."

"I was a fool then," Masson said. "I can hardly believe some of the things I did and felt in those days. I remember a dinner party at our house where we had invited a lot of so-called important analysts. I desperately wanted to be recognized as somebody of consequence, and it was my fantasy that the phone would ring and somebody really distinguished would be on the line for me. And, sure enough, in the middle of dinner the phone rang, and the maid—we had a maid then—came in and said, 'There's a Dr. Eissler on the phone.' Everybody exchanged looks, and I was so pleased I could have fainted. I said to the maid,

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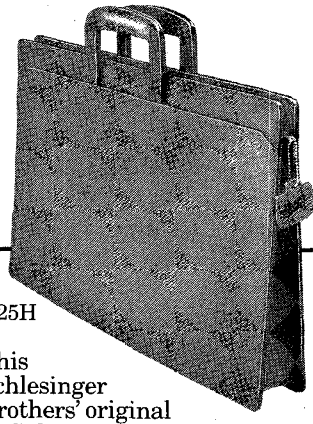

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'Tell him I'm having dinner and will call him later.' I could have clapped my hands in glee. Now, what a totally childish, adolescent reaction that was! Today, I would go ten blocks out of my way to avoid speaking to an analyst. There are no duller people in the world than analysts—except, possibly, Sanskritists."

"You're in a kind of depression," I said.

"But I'm not. When I was at that meeting of the Archives Board, and all those people were there, I listened to them, and I thought, God, they're real bores. I didn't care if anybody agreed or disagreed with me. But I knew those thirteen people were bores. They didn't have anything interesting to say."

"Nothing *is* interesting. We invest certain things with interest."

"*No*. Certain things *are* objectively interesting, and certain things are *not*. I'm always interested when people come up with something I didn't know. Even Alice Miller. In some ways, she's quite an ordinary person, but she does manage to say things that are interesting. Eissler was interesting. He had peculiar ideas about dreams, about all kinds of things. He was not boring, and for a while he was fascinated with what I was discovering, but in the end he turned out to be a company man. I think that the best people in any field eventually become disillusioned and withdraw from the field. I'd like to find some way to avoid that. I don't want to withdraw. I don't want to become cranky and eccentric and paranoid—which I don't consider myself yet—but I can certainly see myself going in that direction. Terri's solution was just to forget everything intellectual and start dancing. She studies ballet. Well, at forty-five she can't become a great ballet dancer. She rides horses. She developed a disdain for the world of ideas, in which there was nobody as good as she was. She's the smartest person I've ever met. She thought better than I did. Anything I said, she'd go a step further. Bob Goldman is a little bit like that, and he's bored with everything, too. Nothing really interests him, either. Not even these historical ideas of mine. He hears them for the first time and says 'Yes, isn't that interesting?,' and that's it. He'll never pursue it. He's a very pessimistic man."

A FEW days after my return to New York, Masson, in a state of elation, telephoned me to say that Far-

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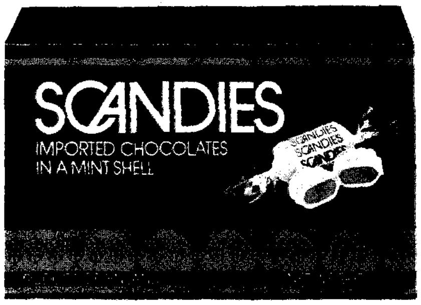

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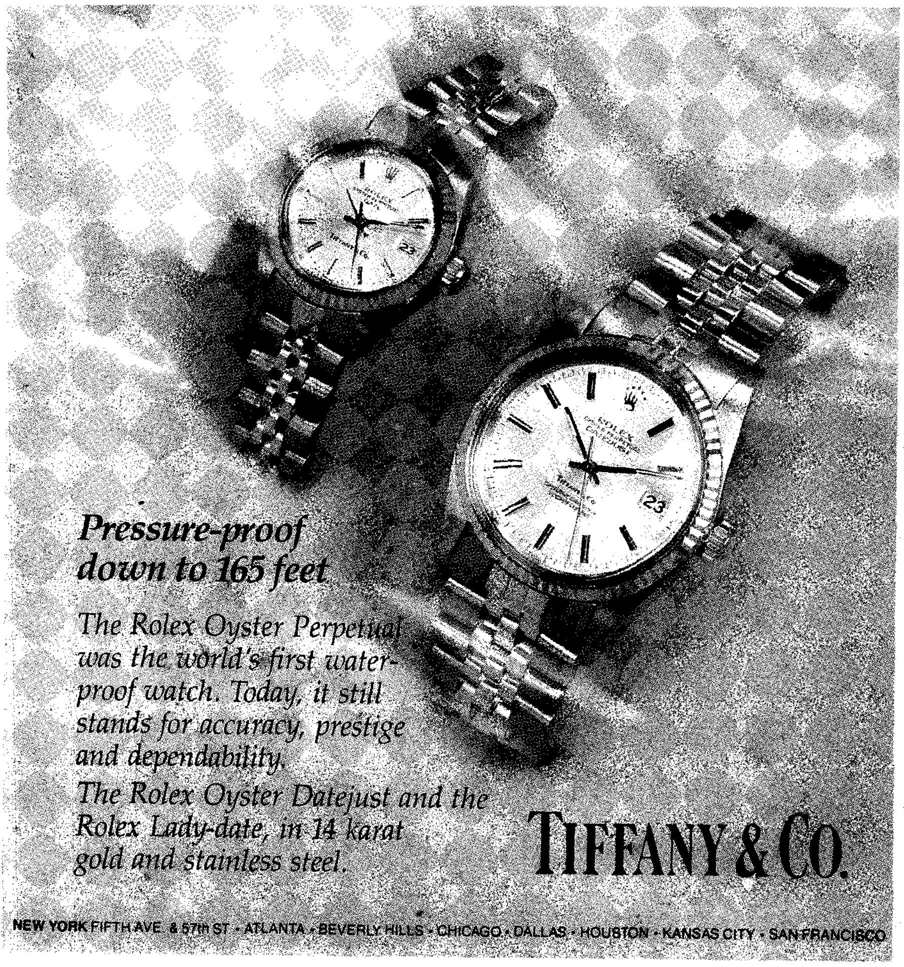

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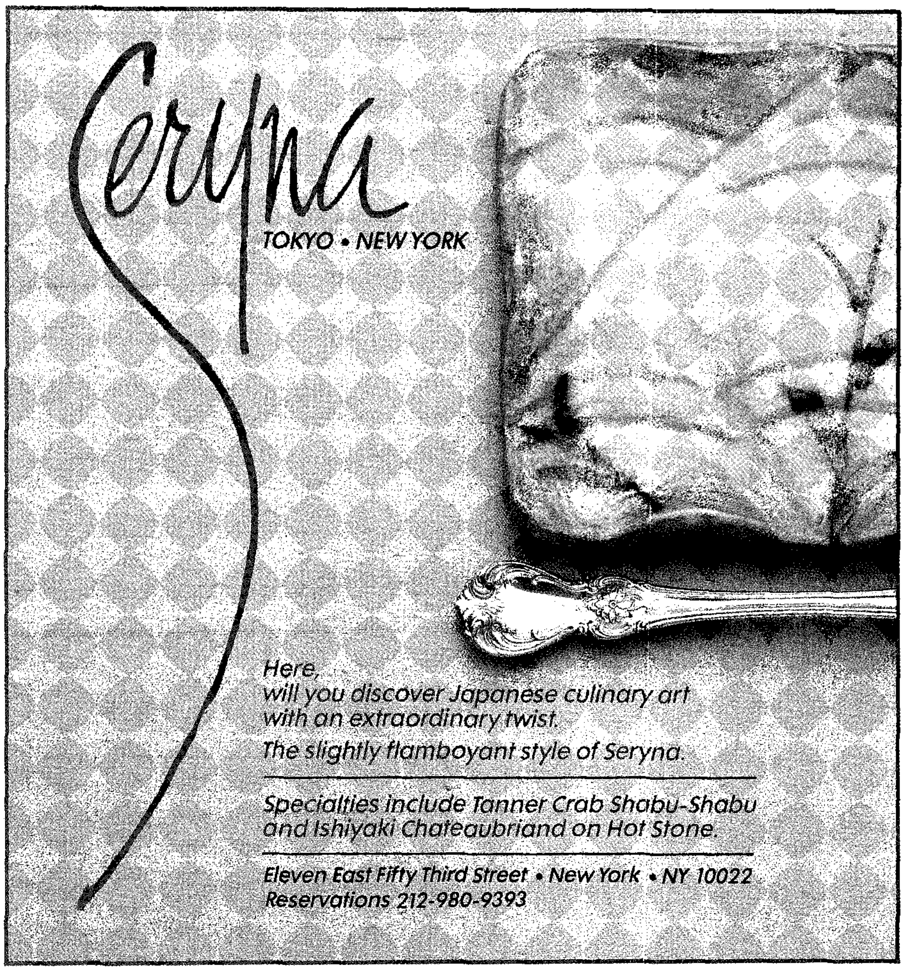
rar, Straus & Giroux had taken "The Assault on Truth." "Wait till it reaches the best-seller list, and watch how the analysts will crawl," he crowed. "They move whichever way the wind blows. They will want me back, they will say that Masson is a great scholar, a major analyst—after Freud, he's the greatest analyst who ever lived. Suddenly they'll be calling, begging, cajoling: 'Please take back what you've said about our profession; our patients are quitting.' They'll try a short smear campaign, then they'll try to buy me, and ultimately they'll have to shut up. Judgment will be passed by history. There is no possible refutation of this book. It's going to cause a revolution in psychoanalysis. Analysis stands or falls with me now."

Over the next months, Masson often called me to keep me abreast of developments with "The Assault on Truth" and with the complete Freud-Fliess correspondence, which Harvard seemed to be hanging back from publishing. In May, 1983, he received the second seventy-five thousand dollars of his settlement with the Archives, and wrote Eissler a long letter of self-justification and recrimination, which Eissler never answered. In June, Harvard accepted the Freud-Fliess letters, paid Masson four thousand dollars, and scheduled publication for the fall of 1984. In September, Masson was expelled from the Canadian Psychoanalytic Society (and thus automatically from the International Psycho-Analytical Association) for nonpayment of dues. In October, I spoke to Wendy O'Flaherty again. She asked me what Masson was doing. I told her he had written a book that he expected to be a best-seller.

"That's what he's making money on," O'Flaherty said impatiently. "I mean, what does he care about in life? If he's bored with Sanskrit and with psychoanalysis—both of which I think are infinitely interesting—what has he found to care about in their place?"

I said I didn't think he had found anything, and added, "I wonder if he has ever cared about anything."

O'Flaherty said, "When I was little, I remember how astonished and interested I was in how easy it is to take life—when you're driving a car, all you have to do is move the wheel a few inches to the left and you kill somebody and also die yourself—and how difficult it is to keep alive someone who is sick. Building is interesting,



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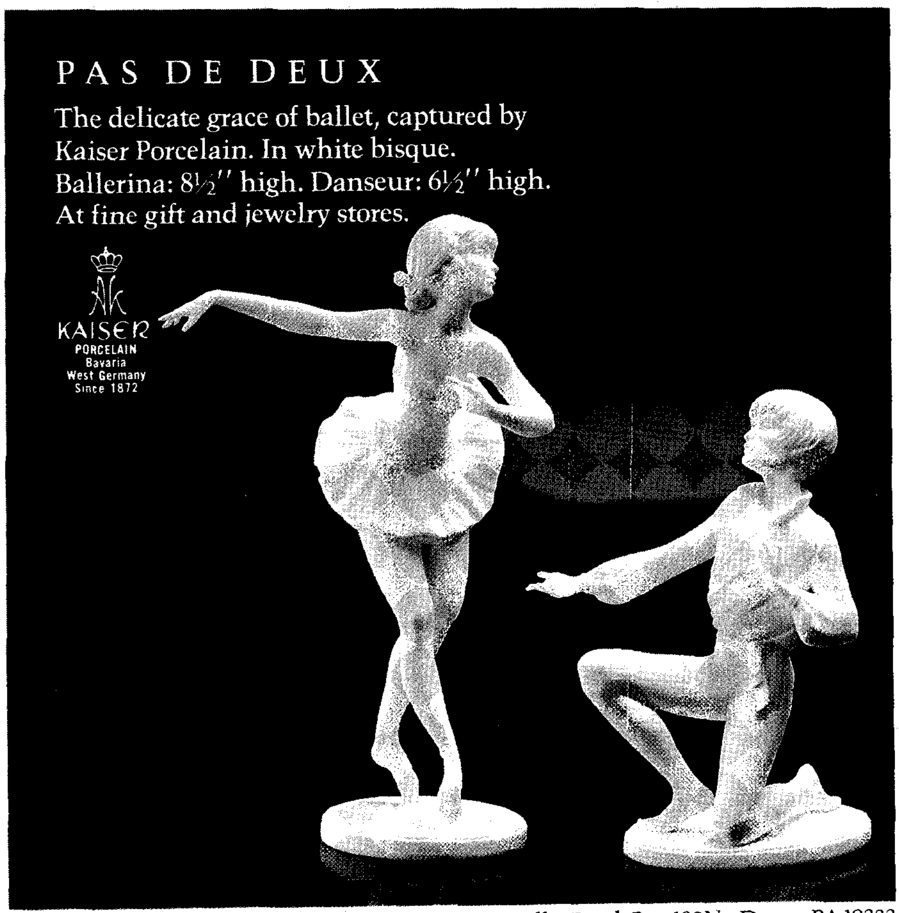

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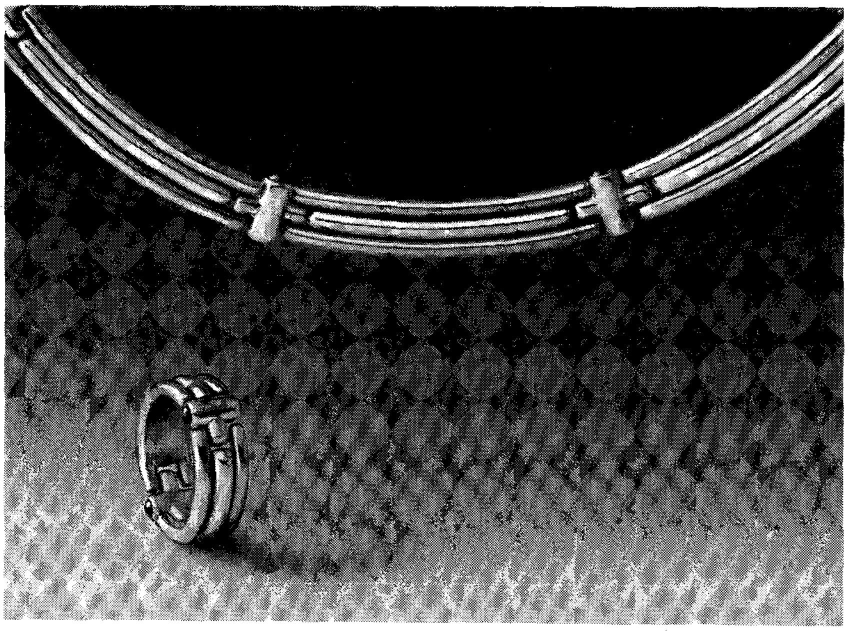
because it's ultimately impossible, I suppose, but killing is boring. It's easy to see through something—to show how stupid it is, or how wrong—but that doesn't take very long, and then you're finished. If you want to show how boring India is, and how stupid it is, and how wrong Freud was, and how stupid analysts are, that doesn't take more than a year or two. I think that's the way it has been with Jeff—not so much not caring about anything but caring only to kill. Killing may be amusing while it lasts, but it never lasts very long, and you are back where you started. Killing doesn't solve the problem of boredom."

In September, I sent Masson a book by Marshall Berman, another schoolmate of his at Harvard—a study of the social origins of modernism, called "All That Is Solid Melts Into Air." A few weeks later, I received this reply:

> Many thanks for sending me the book by Marshall. I was, I confess, struck by how much I have changed in views over the years. I cannot read something like this anymore without distaste. I can't bear these "large" comparisons and broad comments. The naming of names is also very tiresome, page after page. In short, I am convinced, yet again, that there is little left to read. But it was nice of you to send it to me, and it gave me yet another opportunity to wonder about old cathexes and transferences.
>
> I have begun working on my next book: "Attitudes Toward Women and Children in Nineteenth-Century European Psychiatry." I drive down to Stanford every Thursday and work in the Lane Medical Library. I have selected 842 volumes of pediatric, gynecological, and psychiatric French and German medical journals, and read them through, cover to cover, from 1880-1900, looking for interesting material. It's working. For example, yesterday I found the ice-penis: a gynecologist invented a special machine (the size and shape of a penis) that sends very cold water into the female vagina. There are pictures of it, and elaborate case histories. But I must confess that when I began looking over the journals, and realized that I was now dealing only with printed sources—that there would be no envelopes tumbling out of the bookshelves filled with old and unknown letters from Freud—I became depressed. Simply nothing can take the place of being the first person to look at a new document and realize its significance. Books are not the same as letters. Not that I am sorry for what I did, only sorry that I never got the opportunity to go through Anna Freud's house really carefully. Even now I like to fantasize about what I would have found. I know that such an opportunity will never come again, and it makes me a little sad.

—JANET MALCOLM

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)



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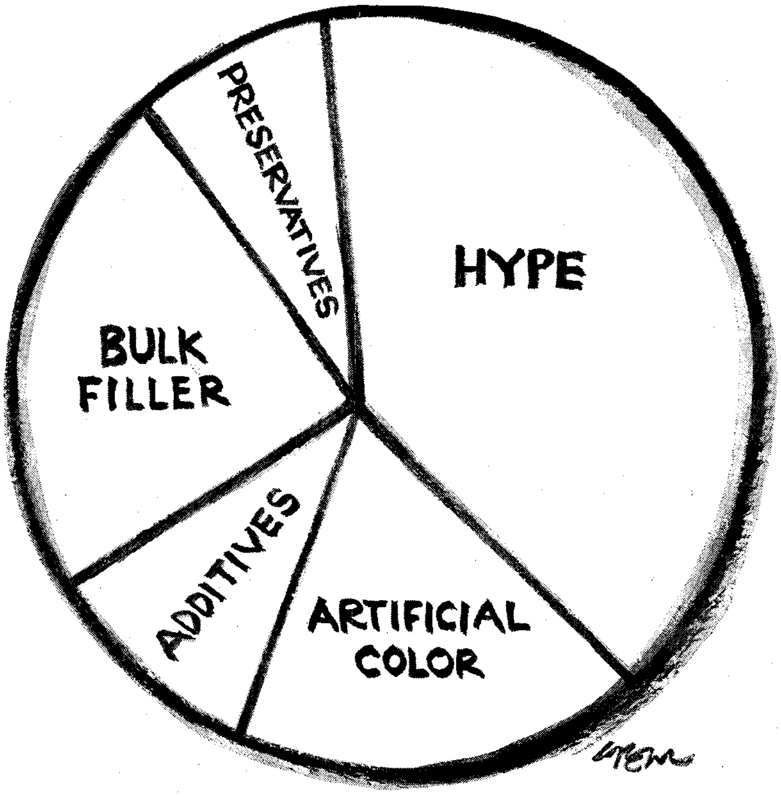
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ON, COMET! ON, CUPID! ON, DONDER AND BLITZEN!

IT seems like only yesterday that the main challenge facing friends and relatives of cherished children at this time of year was to move through the toy departments earnestly searching out items on a list that someone had made sure would reach them with or without a pretended detour to the North Pole. Nowadays, such seasonal travellers among the dolls and games and stuffed animals are constantly being urged by various savants to consider the full implications of what they are up to, and to put certain stern questions to themselves and others. It is a serious mistake to allow children's tastes in toys to be stereotyped according to sex, right? Boys or girls, we're all in this thing together, right? In that case, should one risk a possibly un-Christmassy confrontation and mention to a boy who asks for a three-and-three-quarter-inch action figure—say, the one called G.I. Joe, a Real American Hero—that an action figure is really a doll for boys? Should one take another risk and inquire of a little girl who has put in for a baby doll if she's *sure* she wouldn't be just as happy with G.I. Joe, A Real American action figure? All right, what if Joe's missile-launcher and flamethrower accessories could be left out of the package? Then, there are the questions that arise if the list you're given includes several of the Smurfs, those bright-blue elflike characters that were invented by a Belgian cartoonist in the nineteen-fifties and that in the last two or three years have been the rage in this country with very young girls and boys, who, in equal degree, seem to find them delightful—or, in the current vernacular of that age group, "smurfy." Should one simply let it go that among the couple of dozen members of the Smurf family, which includes characters with such names as Jokey, Grouchy, Brainy (naturally, he's the one with the glasses), Lazy, and so on, there is only one female, and that her name is Smurfette, as if her only attribute were that of being a Smurf with a female suffix? Smurfette has long yellow hair, and from a quick look at the dozens of books available about the doings of the Smurf crew, and at the Smurfs' animated-cartoon program—according to the charts, it is the most popular of the programs shown during the Saturday-morning children's cartoon time—nobody counts on her for much help in moving the smurfy plots along. There have been complaints among feminists that in the Smurf world the control authority is all-wise and all-powerful Papa Smurf, whereas there is no all-wise and all-powerful Mama Smurf—or even a brainless and feckless mother sort. Naturally, there is no mother figure in Dungeons & Dragons, whose subtitle is the "Fantasy Role Playing Game," and which is played almost entirely by boys or, on occasion, by grown men. In this world of dungeons and dragons—the widely recognized shorthand for this pastime is "D. & D."—the plots are heavily weighted with pseudo-medieval trappings featuring mystical figures such as demons, devils, magicians, slave-masters, and a few good guys, often wearing imaginary armor. The action is loosely under the control of a player designated the Dungeon Master, who has possession of a kind of script, known as a module, and is the person the other participants turn to for wisdom and direction. It would certainly break D. & D.'s mystical spell to suggest that the Dungeon Master is a kind of Papa Smurf for the older crowd.



ACTUALLY, in the minds of some observers the fact that there is a father figure on the Smurf scene is a big advance, considering how many of the characters that children regularly encounter are unencumbered by either mother or father. Is there a message in the fact that such a large number of the figures who are children's enduring favorites in song and story are orphans? Ariel Dorfman, in his recent book "The Empire's Old Clothes," contends that when grownups do appear in the world of Walt Disney, whom he calls "the real king of twentieth-century infantile fiction," they are generally pompous and useless sorts, whereas the child figures—child ducks, for example—represent goodness and intelligence and, acting on their own, emerge triumphant from their adventures. Dorfman also wants to know why, in Donald Duck cartoons, all the grownup figures are not mothers or fathers but uncles. Dorfman, an émigré from Chile, is the co-author of a 1975 study entitled "How to Read Donald Duck: Imperialist Ideology in the Disney Comic." The subtitle of his latest book is "What the Lone Ranger, Babar, and Other Innocent Heroes Do to Our Minds." In the case of Babar, another fabled orphan, who, if you remember, was brought to Paris from his African home, to which he eventually returned as king, Dorfman complains that children who read the stories will be flagrantly deceived about European colonial governments' racism and arrogance toward the cultures of

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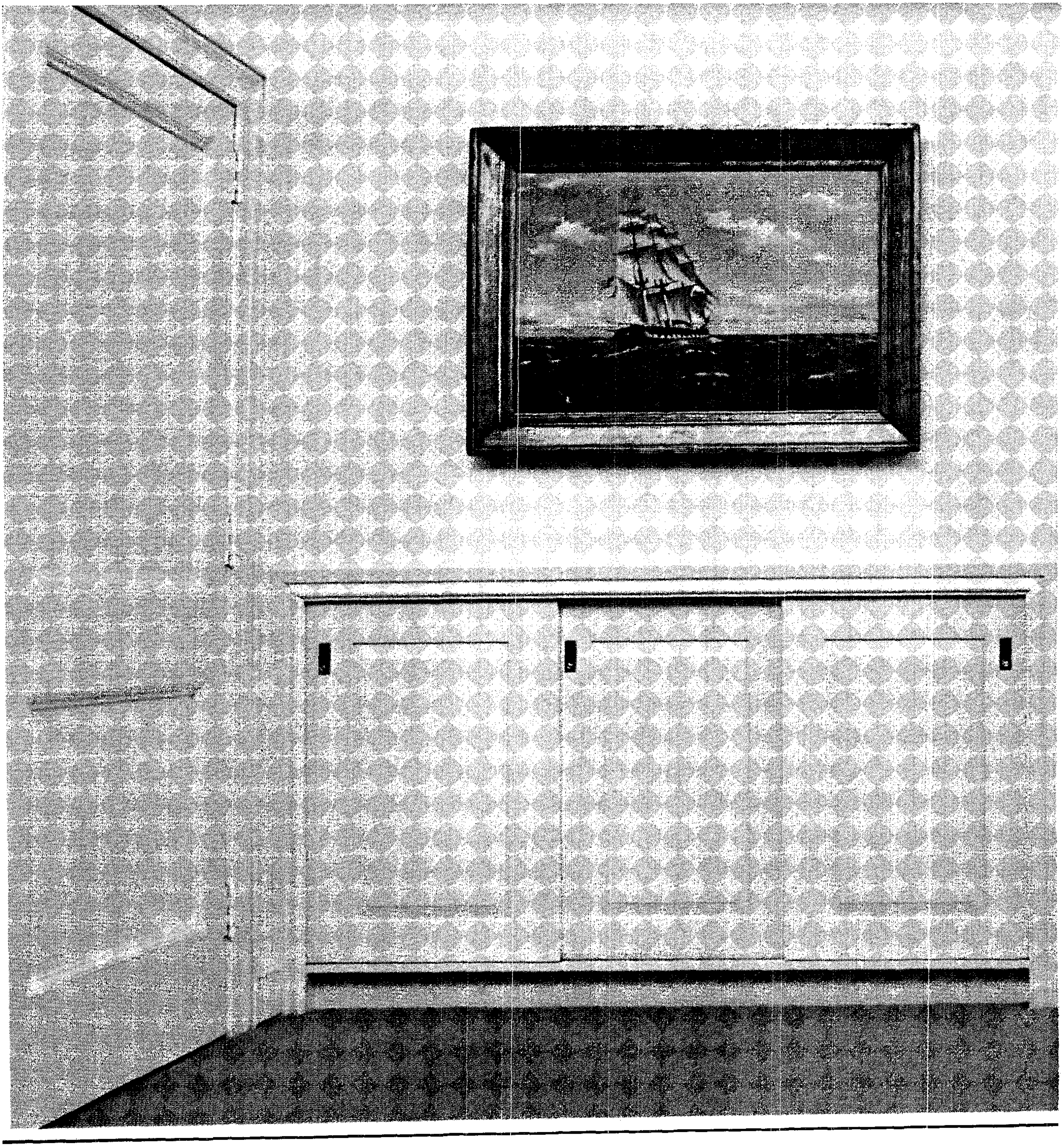

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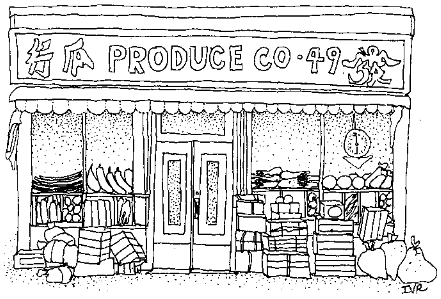
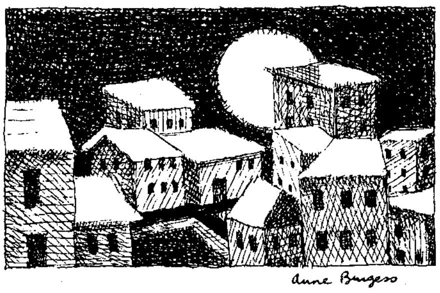
what are now known as Third World countries. What disturbs him about the Lone Ranger is that the famous masked man represents a government unto himself, and a hero "with obscure, dangerous, solitary associations." A Dorfman cavil about the Disney world is that not only are parents invisible there but "laborers, workers, peasants, technicians . . . are inaudible." But in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" the dwarfs are hardly inaudible as they sing "Heigh-ho" while marching off to the mines. Some people are never satisfied, though. As you are doubtless aware, Disney's version of this fairy tale was rereleased this summer, and we have to tell you that David Hinckley, a *News* reporter, went to see it for the first time since he was ten, and concluded that by rights the fairy tale should be called "The Seven Dwarfs and Snow White" and that not to call it that "perpetuates a national bias against short people." He also mentioned rather crossly that—as some children of your acquaintance may have noticed—the plot of "a beautiful girl being rescued by cute little folks has been borrowed almost intact in 'Return of the Jedi' with Carrie Fisher and the Ewoks." The fact that in "Snow White," as in the Smurfs, there is only one female in a large household didn't seem to bother the *News* reporter. The things that did bug him were that Snow White was "relentlessly Caucasian" (Snow *Black*?) and that the dwarfs did all the heavy lifting of the rescue and then got second billing. "Who wastes the Wicked Queen? The dwarfs," Hinckley says. "And what happens in the end?" Snow White takes off with the fairy prince, who looks as if he'd never worked a day in his life. ("Of course not. Why should he? He's tall. Let short people do the work.") Meanwhile, "the Dwarfs go back to the mines," he points out. "What's so heigh-ho, heigh-ho about that?" Skipping over questions about height and Caucasian coloring (they don't seem to bother the Smurfs any), if you're looking for a heroine of children's literature who is spirited and sensible and helps bring about her own rescue and treats her fellow-rescuers respectfully, there's Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz"—another favorite figure in children's literature who made do with only an aunt and uncle. However, we should warn you of some implications of the political philosophy of the Oz books which are dealt with in a set of essays printed in the latest edition of "The Wizard of Oz." (Edited by Michael Patrick Hearn, it's $19.95 and, like all books and children's records mentioned here, can be bought almost anywhere such items are sold; many of the records are also available as cassettes.) One essayist noted that after the book was first published, in 1900, established critics complained that the government of Oz, as described by the author, L. Frank Baum, was unduly populist in nature and paid *too* much attention to the rights and privileges of workers. Christmas shopping for children was a lot simpler in the days when it meant that, one cold afternoon, Papa would ride into town—Mama had to stay home keeping the wood stove hot for the pies—and bring back rag dolls for the girls, jackknives for the boys, and an orange for the baby.

IF you've decided to throw caution to the winds and simply not worry about what things mean (an acquaintance of ours once wrote an essay proving to his satisfaction that the word "meaningful" was meaningless), a gray plush Babar ten inches tall and wearing a green felt suit, and, of course, his crown, is $9 at Lord & Taylor's. The Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street, has him in the eighteen-inch size for $24, and there, among other places, you'll find "The Story of Babar," for $4.95. And here's the nice part: both stores also have Babar's consort, Celeste, in the same sizes—and with her own crown. At the Gingerbread House, she's $19.95. On Caedmon's list, you'll find numerous recorded versions of the adventures of Babar—and Celeste, too. "Babar Comes to America" and "Babar's Surprise," for example, are read with great style by Louis Jourdan on one of these (TC 1551; $8.98). The Smurfs are everywhere in, it seems, all sizes, and in plush and hard plastic. At Toy Park, 112 East 86th Street, a ten-inch plush Papa Smurf is $9.99 and a six-inch Smurfette is $6.50. Each plush Smurf wears a tag that says, "Far away in a land where houses are shaped like mushrooms live a tiny blue people called Smurfs. Some scholars think that Smurfs dropped out of mushrooms while others are sure they just Smurfed out of nowhere. Smurfs are friendly, loyal, kind, and are always on the lookout for new friends. . . ." You'll also find that, by licensing agreement, the Smurfs' pointy-nosed blue faces are on calendars, pen sets, piggy banks, board games, mugs, sheets, sleeping bags, a video game, and scores of other items. "Licensing is the heart of the toy industry" is the way it was put by one industry executive, who is not the same one who wrote the boast in the Smurf catalogue: "No doubt about it, America has been Smurfed!" F. A. O. Schwarz sells a Smurf Deluxe Play Village for what the store calls "the land of little blue men." (Take that, Smurfette.) A vinyl play mat that measures two and a half feet by three feet includes a mushroom-shaped plastic house, a fence gate with a bell that actually rings, and three two-inch plastic Smurfs, for $29.95. As for Disney characters, it hasn't been too good a year for Mickey Mouse. For one thing, the Mickey Mouse balloon in Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade exploded, and he lost his place to that relative upstart Kermit the Frog. However, the Child Guidance people feature Mickey Mouse and his friends on a musical Busy Box that attaches to the side of a crib. Twenty million Busy Boxes, which the manufacturers call "a playground of discovery where babies learn by doing," have been sold. In this one, which is $18.95 at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, Mickey, Donald Duck, and Pluto respond in various cheery ways as the baby spins, dials, rings, pushes, pulls, or slides open various attachments, to lullaby music. The Busy Box has a handle, so that when it's not hanging on a crib someone who isn't crib-bound can carry it around the house. Minnie Mouse isn't visible in the Busy Box show, but we found an eight-piece wooden Minnie Mouse puzzle for young puzzle-solvers at Gimbel's East, for $5. On the latest Disneyland record, "Mickey Mouse Splashdance," which includes such latest-style numbers as "Digital Duck" and "One Little Android," a couple of the songs are sung to Minnie (Disneyland; 62520; $7.98). As for the Lone Ranger, cowboy toys have been rather out of fashion lately, but maybe that will change now that cowboy diplomacy is in style. The Ideal Toy Company, not necessarily making a political statement, has made available



a jointed plastic version of the masked man, nine and a quarter inches high, which sells at most stores for about $13.50. If someone wants to know what kind of thing the Lone Ranger used to pull off in his government-unto-himself days, an outfit called Radio Reruns puts out a number of old radio shows, including "The Lone Ranger to the Rescue." The Barnes & Noble Sale Annex offers a wide selection of these reruns for $3.58. We didn't find any Seven Dwarfs dolls to play mushroom house with the Smurfs, but on Caedmon (TC 1266; $8.98) Claire Bloom reads the story, and also other Grimm tales, such as "The Hare and the Hedgehog" and "The Valiant Little Tailor." And if something from the Oz scene is on your list Dover Publications, 180 Varick Street, has a "Wonderful Wizard of Oz Coloring Book," for $2.50, and at the same place, for $3.95, you'll find a "Cut-and-Assemble The Emerald City of Oz" set. Children can cut out and fit together the Royal Palace, the Ozmapolitan Building, the Emerald City Emporium, and ten other structures. With it comes a sizable Oz population—fifteen two-sided paper-doll characters. Or from the Enchanted Doll House, Manchester Center, Vermont 05255, you can order for $60 an eighteen-inch Scarecrow with a soft body and a vinyl head, and with a blackbird perched on his floppy felt hat. Incidentally, there is some peril in encouraging children to get involved with the Oz crowd, not because of its allegedly questionable politics but because the involvement could turn into a lifetime commitment. There are fifteen hundred grownup members of the International Wizard of Oz Club, about a tenth of whom gathered last summer in Chester, Pennsylvania, in annual convention to discuss and celebrate their common enthusiasm. The daughter-in-law of L. Frank Baum was on hand, and said that at such meetings "even the intimate conversations are about Oz." A quarterly publication, *The Baum Bugle*, is available to members. For information about membership (now, *that* would be a surprise under the tree for someone), write to Fred Meyer, 220 North 11th Street, Escanaba, Michigan 49829. Anyone with a serious interest in joining up would surely be made very happy by "The Oz Soundbook" (Caedmon; SBR 125; $29.95). On four records, Ray Bolger (and who knows the yellow-brick-road route better?) reads portions of "The Wizard of Oz," "Queen Zixi of Ix," "The Land of Oz," and nine shorter Oz stories. There is a musical accompaniment by Don Heckman. Although the books are abridged, the total running time is nearly four hours.

IN the real world, a committee of church leaders has converted significant portions of the Bible into what has been described as "unisex Gospel." Young people smart enough to get into a good college will introduce themselves, faces altogether straight, as "freshpersons." A friend of ours has a relative who appeared last year in a Christmas pageant called "The Three Wisepersons." On the toy counters, though—more than ever, it seems—it is *vive la différence* nearly all the way. The nation's top two best-selling toys, according to a chart kept by the trade publication *Toy & Hobby World*, are G.I. Joe; and five-and-a-half-inch jointed figures, including one called He-Man, in a series called Masters of the Universe. Not far behind these two are three-to-four-inch, mostly warrior characters from "Return of the Jedi." In general, these top-sellers look mean and lean (except those that are exceptionally muscled), and in most cases they come fully armed. Meanwhile, a few steps away, in what we used to call the girls' section of the toy department, the biggest draws are three-to-six-inch items (you've heard about the residential space shortage in New York) with such names as L'il Me, Herself the Elf, and Strawberry Shortcake. The manufacturers of these sweet-faced, becurled, and beruffled products boast, variously, that they are cute as buttons, look good enough to eat, or *smell* like something that is good enough to eat. These dolls, too, come with numerous accessories. No flamethrowers, though. Each doll in the five-and-a-half-inch-tall Strawberry Shortcake line brings along her own pet. Shortcake, who, naturally, smells like strawberries, has a kitten called Custard, while the appropriately aromatic Almond Tea has Marza Panda for a pet. There are a dozen or so different dolls in this empire, all costing $12.99 at Toy Park. At the same place, instead of an armored personnel carrier you'll find a ten-inch trolley car in the shape of a strawberry on wheels ("the berry best way to get around Strawberryland"), for $29.59. It is impossible to imagine these dolled-up sorts making a federal case out of not being able to play shortstop on a Little League team. Even so, among the customers, clutching lists, whom we saw buying several of them was a mother wearing jeans and a T-shirt bearing the words "I Haven't Come All That Far—and Don't Call Me Baby!" Principles count for a lot, but so, it seems, does the prospect of floods of disappointed tears on Christmas morning. We don't mean to suggest that there aren't any bad guys in Strawberryland. There's a rather wicked-looking six-inch Purple Pieman ($9.98 at Toy Park), who, according to the tag he wears, is "Strawberry Shortcake's friendly foe." This Strawberryland crew seems to appeal mostly to girl children five and under. Thereafter, they move along, as if in a kind of ontogenetic progression, to the world of eleven-and-a-half-inch Barbie. Some years back, the Mattel company, which makes Barbie, offered such costumes for her as a doctor's outfit and an astronaut's jump suit. It seems that these items didn't sell worth beans, though, and nowadays Barbie apparently spends most of her time combing her hair and fixing her face as she gets ready to wear slinky, formfitting gowns decorated with ruffles and sequins. Among this year's best-selling Barbies are Twirly Curls Barbie, who has her own hair curler; Angel Face Barbie, who carries her own makeup case; and Pink & Pretty Barbie, who comes with a six-piece costume, including a fake-fur cape. These dolls cost from $10 to $20 all over town. Angel Face Barbie, for instance, is $12 at Macy's. Barbie, by the way, is completing her twenty-fourth year on the toy counters, though she doesn't look it. Two hundred million of the dolls have been sold, and, thanks to her celebrated clothes-consciousness, Mattel is the largest manufacturer of female clothing in the world. Barbie has expensive tastes. Someone may encourage you to buy for this doll a dream house, a dream cottage, a riding horse, a remote-control Super 'Vette, and so on, all of which are widely available. (Barbie's Dream House, for instance, is $134.99 at Toy



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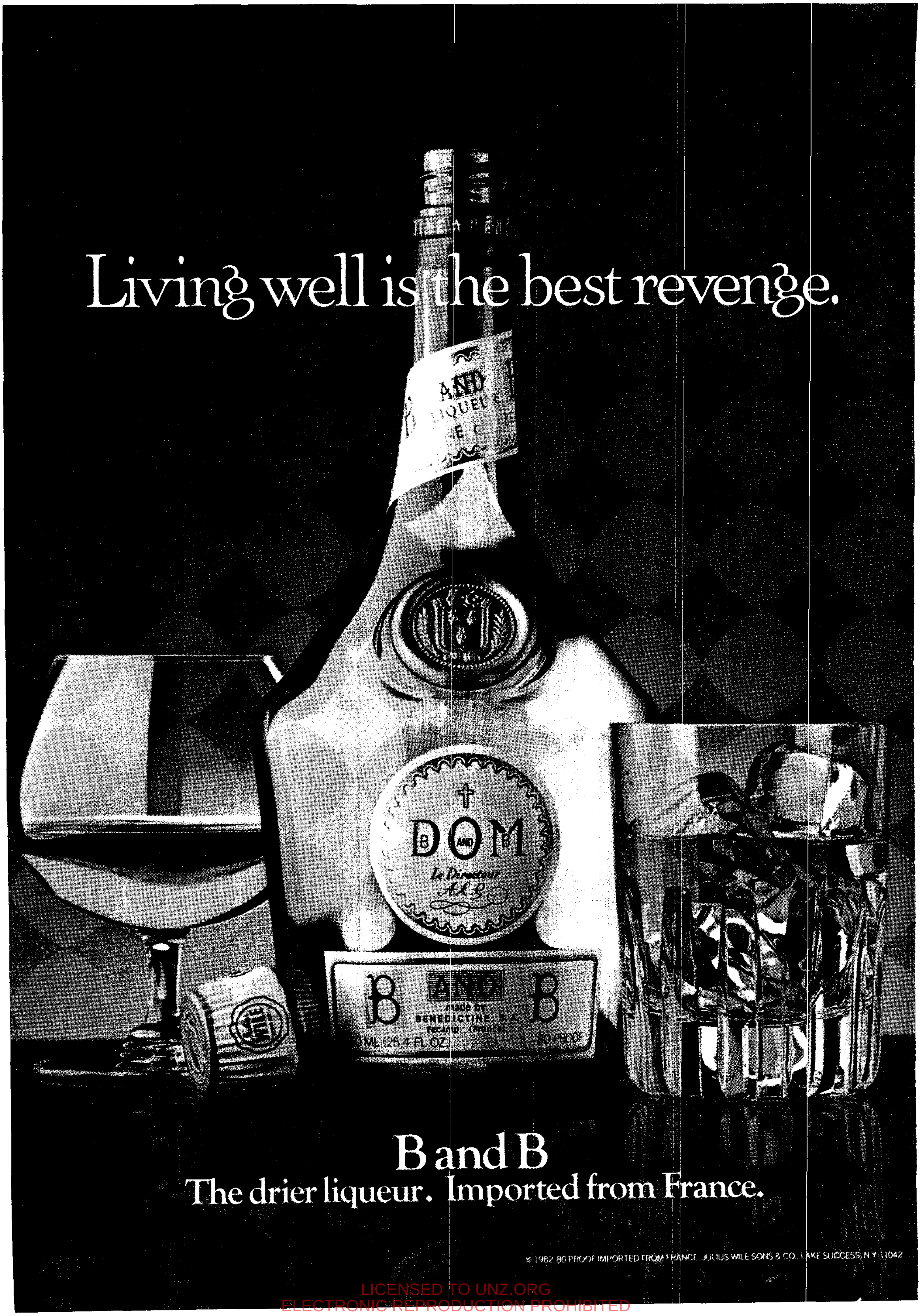

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Park, unfurnished.) It did occur to us to wonder who was paying Barbie's large bills, but this year we were gratified to learn that this doll apparently discovered the traditional work ethic. You can now buy a Barbie accessory called Barbie Loves McDonald's. For $22.99 at Abraham & Straus, you get a plastic McDonald's counter with golden arches up top, a table and two chairs, a pretend grill, and all kinds of serving pieces, such as a spatula, a fry basket, trays, cups, and four plastic Big Macs, which you can stuff into their own McDonald's-style carton. However, Barbie doesn't seem to be working there, after all. McDonald's is identified on the toy carton as "The Fun Place Where Barbie and Her Friends Go to Eat." Barbie's friend Christy, who is black, is behind the counter; Barbie is shown eating at the table, while her friend Ken prepares to join her. After that, no doubt, it's back to Barbie's Dream House.

While the girl dolls are twirling their hair in their dream houses, many of the boy dolls are fighting inside and outside Castle Grayskull, "fortress of mystery and power," the center of "a fantastic universe beyond all time," inhabited by Masters of the Universe action figures (who were voted the Toy of the Year by the Toy Wholesalers of America). Of Castle Grayskull, the manufacturer—the same one that makes Barbie—asks the players, "Who will control its hidden secrets and mystical power? You decide!" Castle Grayskull is an ominous-looking green plastic structure twenty-seven inches wide and eighteen inches tall. It has what is described as a "jawbridge," which opens and closes; a working trapdoor; an elevator; and a cannon. At Gimbel's East, it's $30. There are about a dozen male Masters of the Universe warriors, some representing good and some evil. According to the familiar pattern, the large array of benign warriors includes one girl warrior, Teela. Also at Gimbel's East, you'll find a set of three of the good sorts—He-Man ("the most powerful man in the universe"), Teela, and Ram Man, Heroic Human Battering Ram—for $17. Figures from "The Return of the Jedi," who are also beyond all time, are $4.89 at Toy Park. And then there are the G.I. Joe contingent, who, unfortunately, are not beyond all time. The Hasbro company, their manufacturer, offers them as members of a mobile peacekeeping strike force who are off somewhere fighting terrorists. Is it possible that

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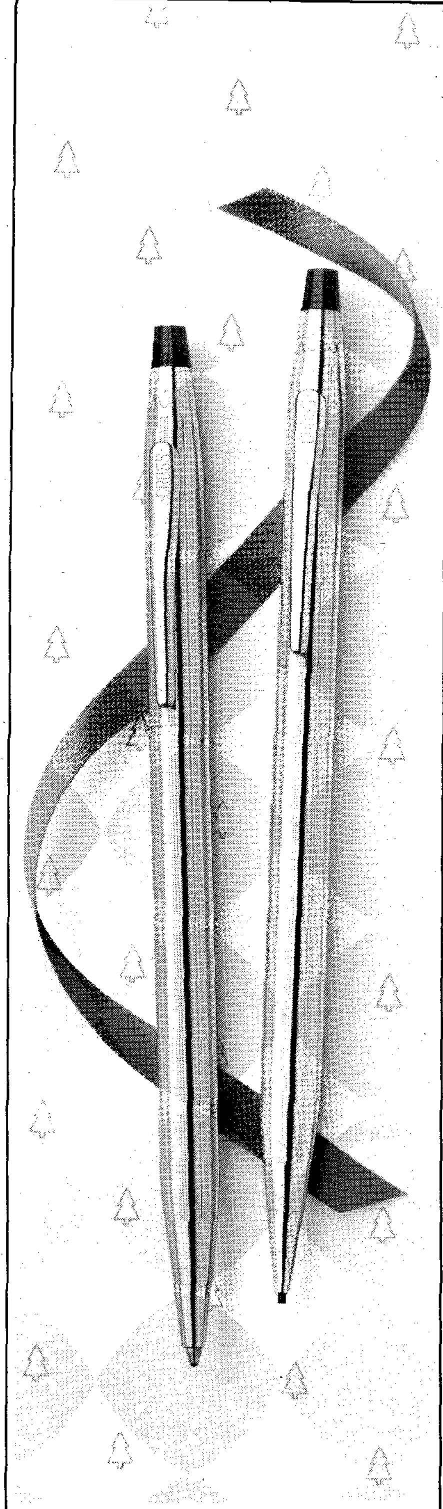

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the Hasbro people, who put this catalogue together way back last winter, knew something the rest of us didn't? Action figures representing both G.I. Joe and the terrorists, who are known as the Cobra Command, are available for about $5 in most toy stores, each equipped with a "two-handed swivel-arm battle grip" to hold his gun. G.I. Joe, who was very big in the nineteen-sixties, fell out of favor with the last days of the Vietnam War, but two years ago *Toy & Hobby World* ran an ad announcing that Joe was returning —or, as the ad put it, "G.I. Joe: The Best is Back." Joe did return in force early last year, and, of course, the way things are going around the world his financial prospects look better and better. Peggy Charren, the head of Action for Children's Television, a watchdog group that keeps a sharp eye on toys and programs for the youngest Americans, complained earlier this year of the G.I. Joe phenomenon, "It's not the kind of Crusade soldiers on horseback kids have played with for centuries, but toys that are equipped with Reagan's defense budget."

PARENTS who venture to offer a distraction from all this toy bloodshed by suggesting an electric train will discover that the big hit in that category this year is the G.I. Joe Electric Train and Battle Set, which is $49.95 at Madison Hardware, 105 East 23rd Street. This HO-scale outfit includes a locomotive, a tank car, a gondola, a flatcar, and a caboose, each with "G.I. Joe" emblazoned upon it, and enough track for a thirty-six-by-forty-five-inch oval. With it come what is described as a "realistic" battleground play mat, twenty-two G.I. Joe figures and the same number of the enemy, and enough jeeps and tanks, together with a helicopter and an "assault bridge," to keep things banging away. The model-railroad business had a bad year in 1982, down from a forty-seven-million-dollar total in 1981 to twenty-nine million, but the military motif has given it a welcome boost this year, as it has the whole toy business. Of the G.I. Joe Train and Battle Set, a Tyco official said happily, "Instead of just watching the train go around, it becomes a whole play situation and environment." Of course, if you're tired of all this khaki color you could try to talk the children into settling for Tyco's Rock Island Express, which is also HO-scale, has the same amount of track, as well as a lighted Diesel locomotive, three freight cars, and a bridge-and-trestle set, and sells for $28.95 at Madison Hardware. The children may not even know that there is a song called "The Rock Island Line." Maybe you could sing it for them; certainly its message would be more cheerful than "Over There"—or, of course, "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy." The Tyco people put out a collection of model kits to go with train sets that aren't reflections of the Pentagon budget. One of the lifelong rules of the writer Nelson Algren was "Never eat at a place called Mom's," and we once suggested that he would probably have felt the same way about a Tyco kit that encouraged children to construct a restaurant known as Ma's Place. Madison Hardware sells for $5.39 a kit to build a business enterprise that Algren, we suspect, would have approached with the same caution; it's a used-car lot (three cars are included) called Honest Sam's.

Last year, the Hasbro company made so much money on G.I. Joe that it could afford to buy Knickerbocker Toys, whose most famous product was a character who would never be seen batting her eyes on a battlefield: Raggedy Ann, the rag doll who wears a tiny fabric heart under her rag dress. (Raggedy Ann and her friend Andy are $25 each in the twenty-four-inch size at the Childcraft stores, 155 East 23rd Street and 150 East 58th.) We have news of another rather striking anomaly. Until a few weeks ago, the Coleco company was being hailed as one of the few current success stories in the video-game/home-computer world, which owes its existence to the immensely complex electronic chip. Coleco was not reported to be laying off, cutting back, losing hundreds of millions of dollars, or demonstrating any of the other signs of calamity that have caused many such companies to make big black headlines. (As you know, the Texas Instruments Company has gone out of the home-computer business, and Mattel, which had thought that its electronics department, whose best-known item is Intellivision, would be its big money winner, lost a hundred and fifty-six million dollars in its second quarter of 1983; fortunately, that company's Barbie and Masters of the Universe are doing fine.) It turned out that Coleco (which until four or five years ago was a moderate-sized enterprise that manufactured outdoor furniture, ride-on vehicles for children, and swimming pools) had also hit it big this year with a product that doesn't

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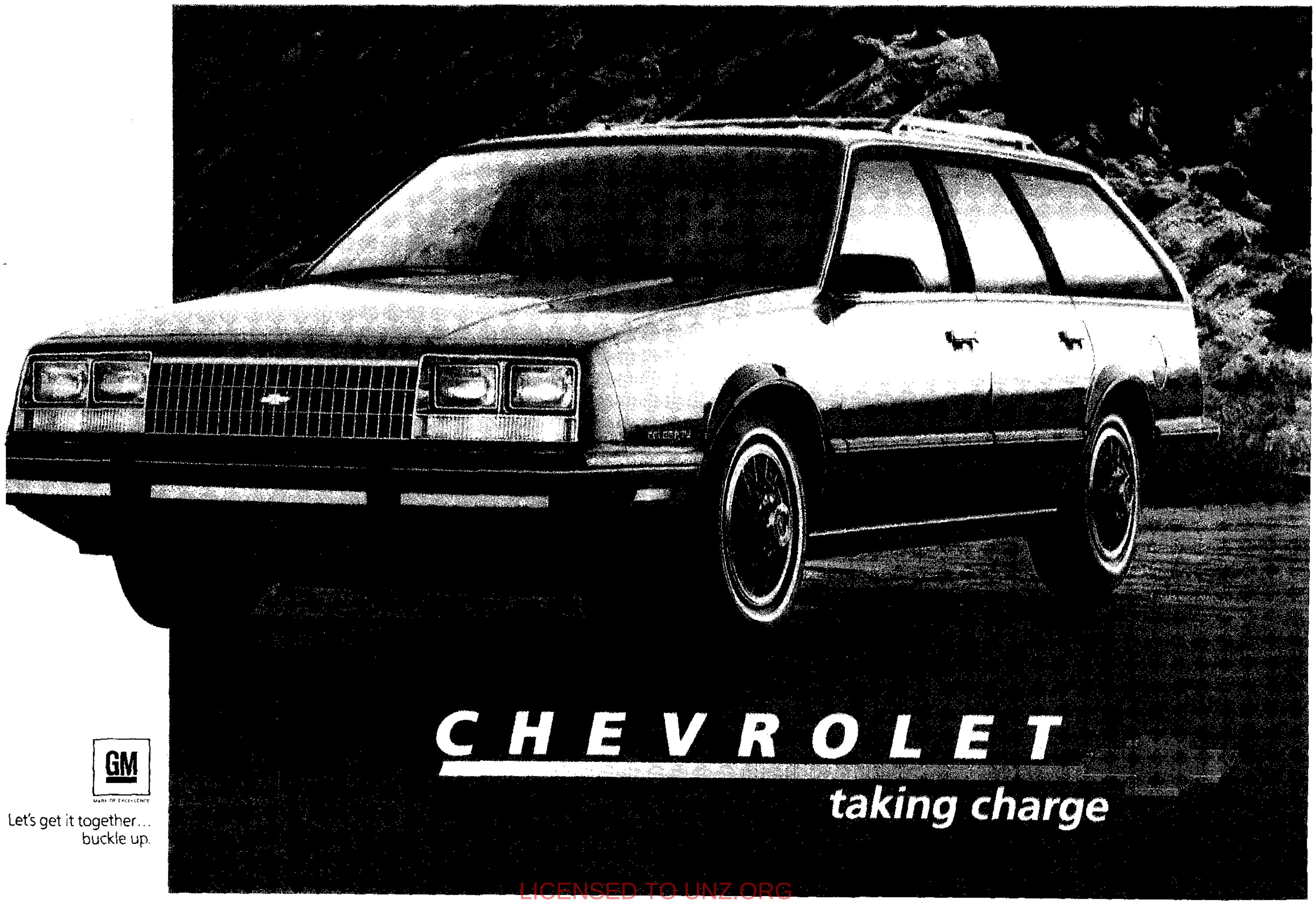

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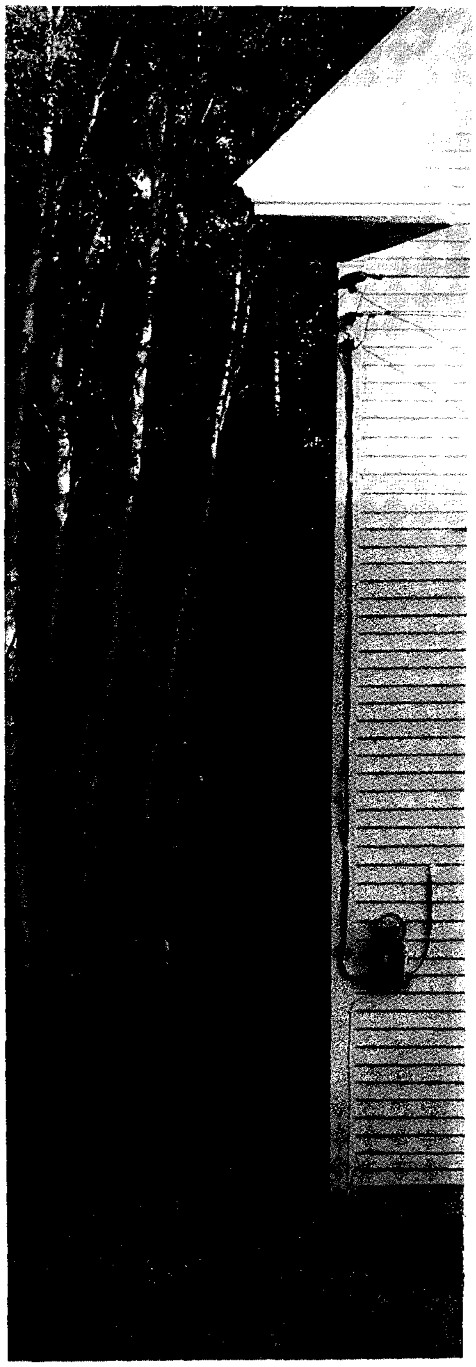

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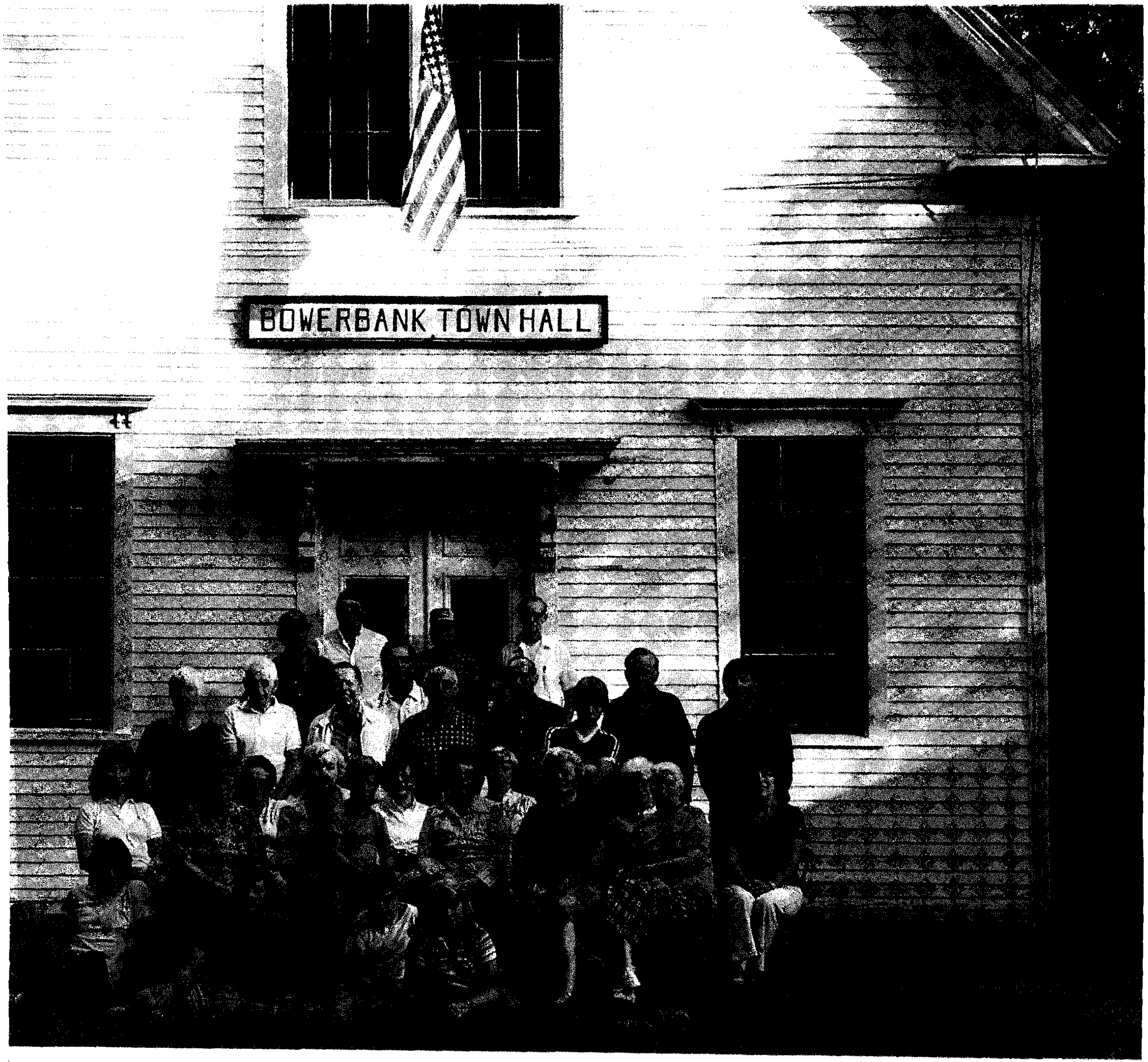
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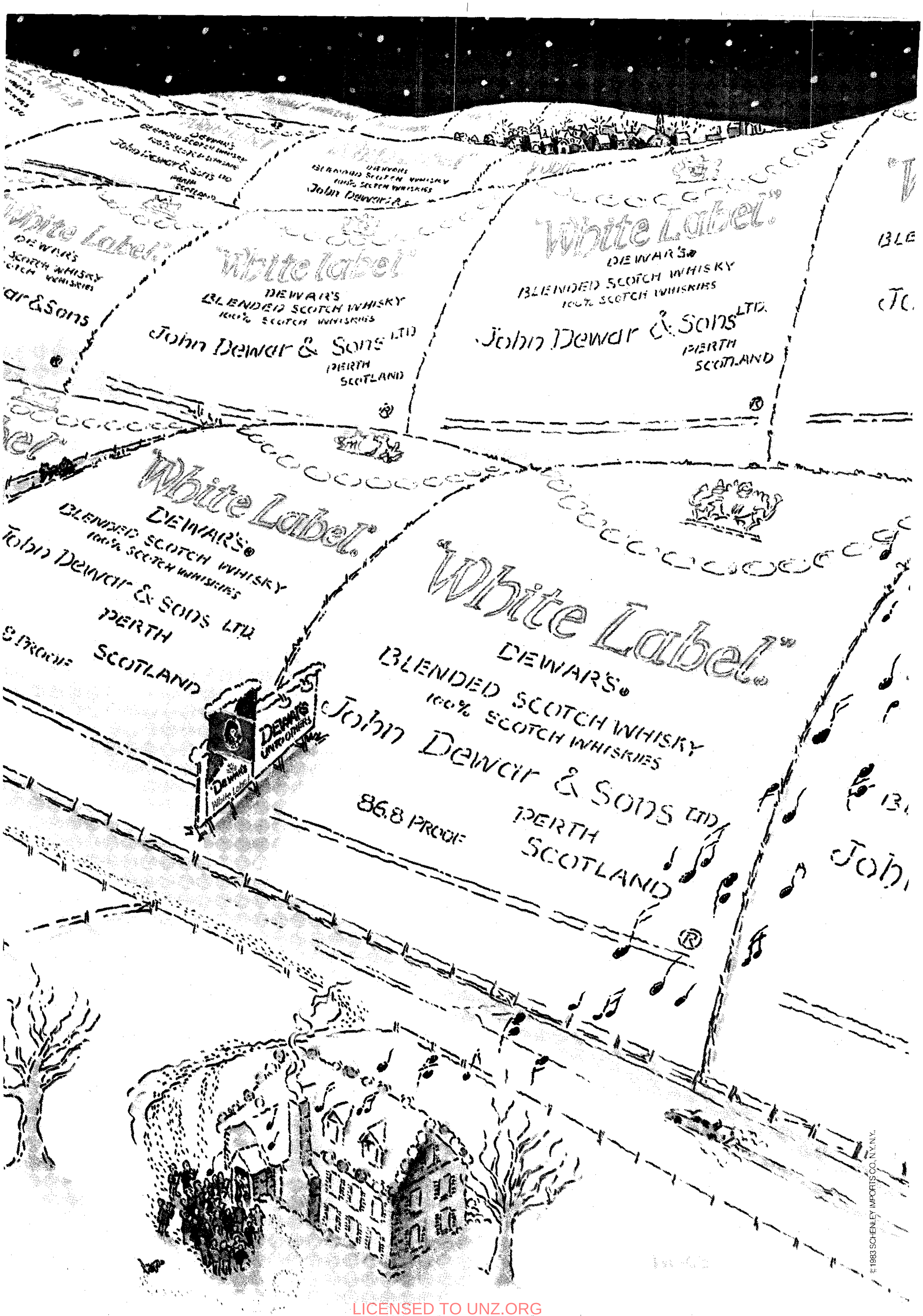
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pulsate, bleep, or in any way boggle the mind—that is, in fact, a kind of rag doll. The dolls are called Cabbage Patch Kids—and surely you have heard more than you wanted to hear about them by now. We would be surprised if any children who ask for one—or their parents, for that matter—have ever read "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," but someone with influence at Coleco had. The reason these dolls don't take up large amounts of space in the toy departments is, of course, that few stores have any. The news that a store has a few of them has lead to near-rioting by parents, who, on other occasions, have no doubt counselled their children on the importance of behaving like ladies and gentlemen. A place in Allentown that had some donated them to patients in the children's wards of nearby hospitals—one way to keep a store's furnishings (and employees) from being trampled on. In spite of the shortage, Coleco expects to sell two million of the dolls this year. However, at the end of last month, came headlined reports about certain manufacturing and cash-flow problems in Coleco's computer divisions—reports that Coleco denied. But what if a very small part of the story were true? How's this for a plot: A big corporation, specializing in electronic marvels—pause for bleeping sound effects—is saved by a rag doll? In any case, if you should ever come upon any of the Cabbage Patch Kids in your neighborhood, we assure you that they make a very nice armful. Ignoring the talk of the residential-space shortage and the accommodating trend to dolls little longer than one's finger, the Cabbage Patch Kids are sixteen inches tall and amply built. They have sculptured plastic heads and yarn hair, long or short, or no hair at all, and their bodies are very soft. Each one is said to be slightly different from all the quarter-of-a-million other such dolls on the market—or mostly off the market just now. Nobody would call these dolls pink and pretty. Some are boy dolls. Some, both boy and girl dolls, are black. And, of course, their toddler-age clothes, which vary from doll to doll, are not formfitting or besequinned. Their rather small eyes are faintly crossed; their pudgy faces do not smile sweetly; their expressions are, in fact, rather wary, as if they might be saying, "What do you mean, my bottle isn't ready?" A few years back, the dolls were made by hand at the Original Appalachian Artworks, in Georgia, and sold for up to a thousand dollars apiece. The usual price before all the excitement was about $25, but now, who knows? There's gold in that there cabbage patch. With each doll come a birth certificate and adoption papers, which the children are encouraged to fill out and send to Coleco to show that they understand that taking on the responsibility of a Cabbage Patch Kid is serious business. An organization of adopted children has complained that this provision "trivializes" adoption. We have heard about one doll whose arm fell off. When a parent of the adopter went back to the store where the doll was bought—this was before the shortage and the near-riots—the store provided a brand new doll, and, getting into the spirit of things, a death certificate for the one returned. I mean, we're talking *serious*.

THE animals most seriously in evidence on the toy counters last year, if you remember, were cats—and on Broadway it was "Cats." "Cats" remains a smash, but where books about Garfield the Cat accounted for six of the titles on the paperback-best-seller list last December, now there are only two, each for $4.95: "Garfield on the Town" and "Garfield Sits Around the House." The king of the beasts this year is the bear. Could it be the fault of Sebastian's Teddy bear, Aloysius, in "Brideshead Revisited"? Anyhow, Conran's has a fine, soft, tawny Teddy bear, two feet high, with brown ears, for $15. At Lord & Taylor's, there are musical bears, brown or white, eight inches tall, who wear red bow ties, play "The Teddy Bears' Picnic" when they're wound up, and cost $10. You may have a Care Bear on the list someone gives you. This character is said to live "high up in the clouds and rainbows in a land called Care-A-Lot." There are ten different plush bears, each of a different pastel color, with individual names—Tenderheart Bear, Birthday Bear, Funshine Bear, and so on—and on their midsections are appropriate designs, which the manufacturer refers to as "tummy graphics." Tenderheart Bear wears a red heart, for instance, and Birthday Bear shows a birthday cupcake with one candle. It is not Funshine all the way, however. There's Grumpy Bear, whose decoration is a blue cloud dotted with small red hearts from which teardrops—or maybe raindrops—are falling. As in the case of Strawberry Shortcake, the

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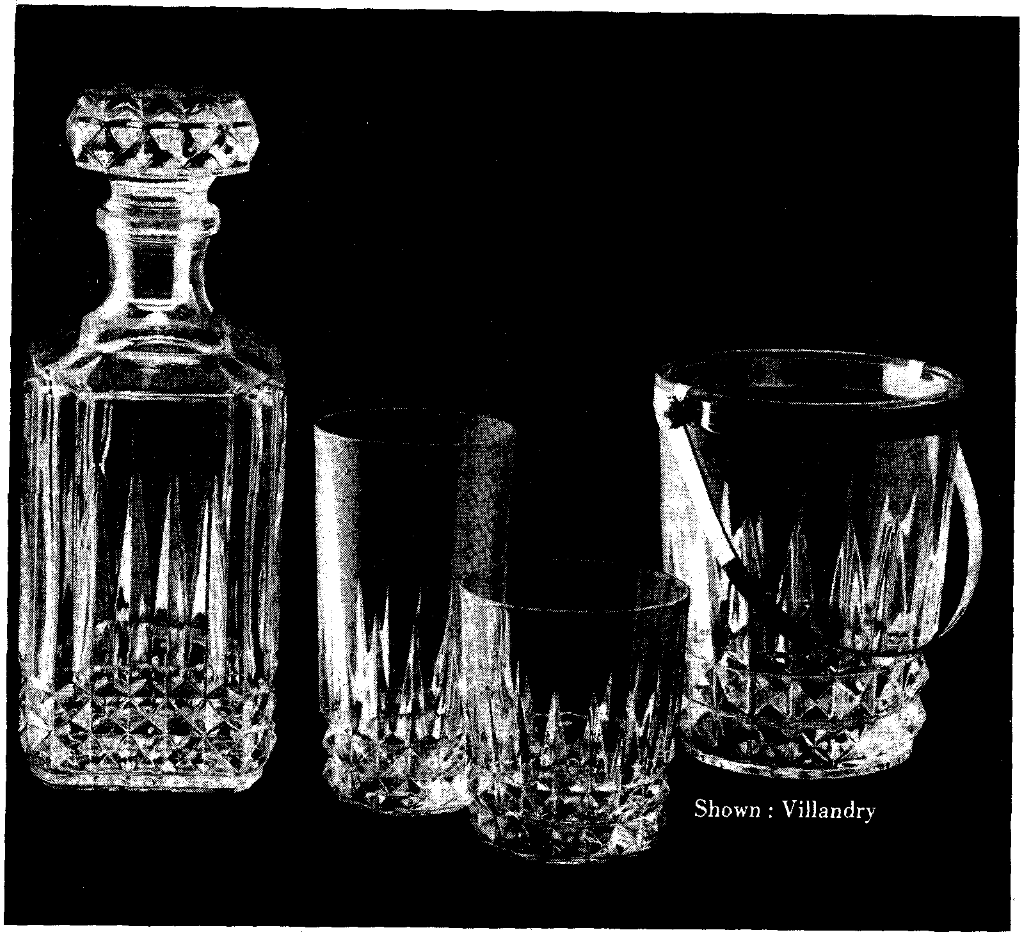

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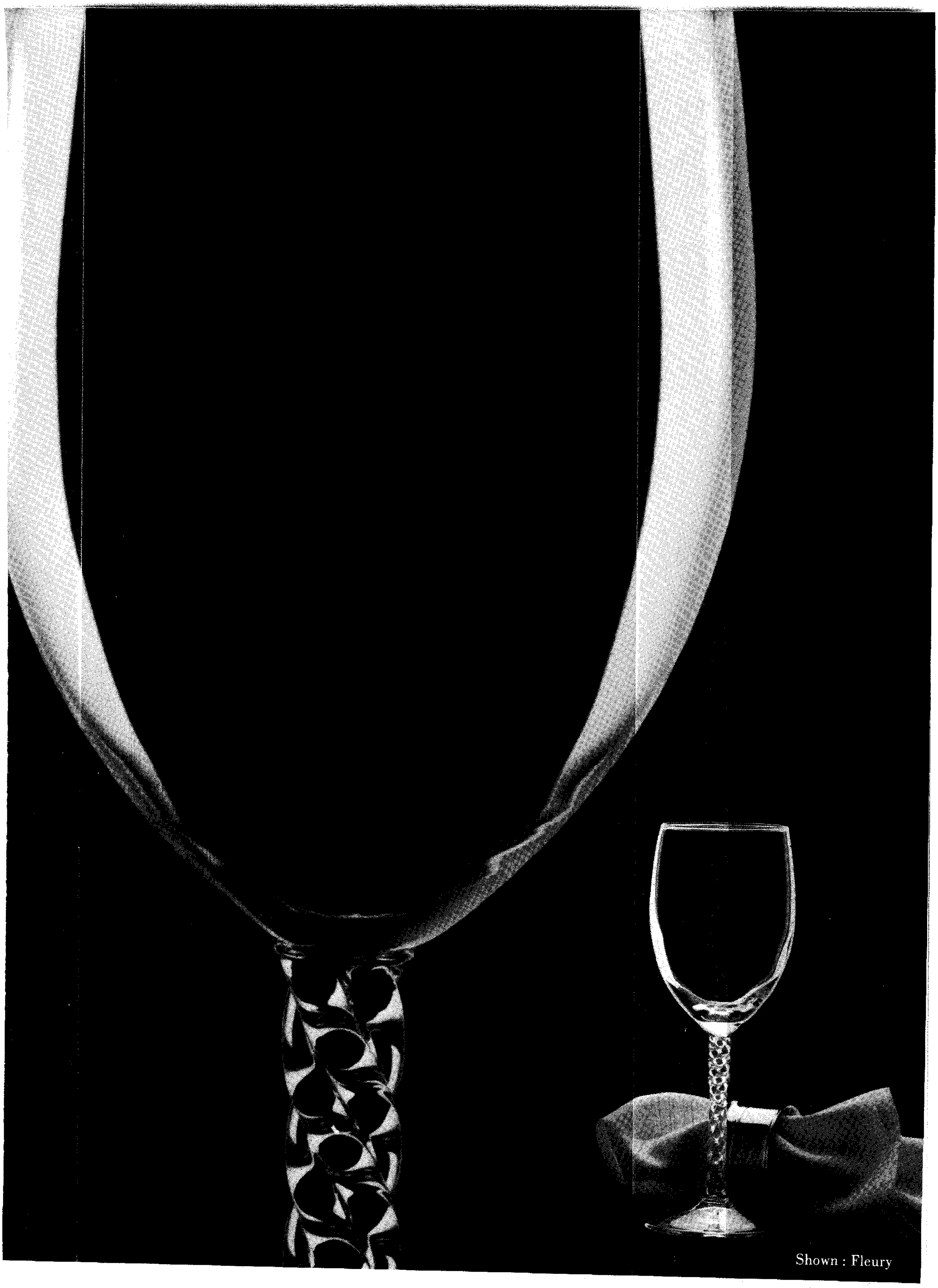

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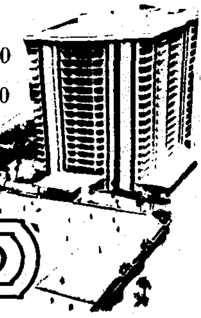

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artistry that went into the creation of the Care Bears was committed in close consultation with licensing specialists called Those Characters from Cleveland, primary attention being given to what design would receive the most favorable response in the form of licensing agreements from the makers of puzzles, toothbrush holders, sheets, and the like. Some toys have licenses thrust upon them, some achieve licenses, and some, like the Care Bears, are born licensed. No poaching on these fellows, now. In trade publications, the manufacturer has been running ads that read "Warning: Care Bears are a protected species" and has vowed to "bear down hard" on anyone contemplating trademark infringement on them or their tummy graphics. ("Remember: Care Bears don't bite. But we do.") In this plush-ursine world, there is a special reason for Paddington Bear to strut about this year: it's his silver anniversary. It was in 1958 that Michael Bond, then a full-time British television cameraman and part-time writer, published "A Bear Called Paddington," naming his hero after the railway station. According to the book, the toy bear, wearing a duffel coat, boots, and a sou'wester, is found in the station hung with tags that explain that he comes from "Darkest Peru" and that ask that those who encounter him "Please Look After This Bear. Thank You." Twenty-some books later, Paddington, still wearing the same outfit and the same tags, is $30 in the eighteen-inch size at, among other places, Childcraft, in case it would please someone you know to look after this bear. At the Laughing Giraffe, 147 East 72nd Street, a lugubrious-looking bear called Snuffles, thirteen inches tall, is $19. One of our favorites is the Teddy Roosevelt Bear, also known as Colonel Teddy, whom you'll run into at the Gingerbread House. Dressed in a three-piece suit and wearing T.R.'s familiar rimless glasses, he's two feet tall and costs $42. A pair of embracing bears, known as Huggables—one tan, one black, and twelve inches tall—are $9.99 a set at Abraham & Straus. That store also went as far as to offer a bear called Abearham, who it says is the A. & S. mascot and who comes with a blue plush mouse about three inches tall named Straus. Abearham is twenty-one inches tall and wears a fisherman's-knit sweater and hat; $30 for the pair.

Time for the bears to go back to their lairs? (Next year, we just might bring out our own line of Don't Care Bears.) What about a cat, for old time's sake? At Grassy Point Woods, 266 West 23rd Street, they'll be glad to show you a soft white one, fourteen inches long, for $10. At Childcraft, a fourteen-inch white woolly lamb that plays "Mary Had a Little Lamb" is $14.50. And at the Gingerbread House you'll find for $24 a kangaroo with a baby in her pouch. This soft-bodied, maternal sort, sixteen inches high, looks like other well-made plush animals but also has an opening for a child's hand so that it can be used as a hand puppet. At the same store are a dozen other toy animals with this accommodating arrangement, ranging in price from $16, for a turtle, to $49.95, for a twenty-four-inch panda (no, no, *not* Marza Panda). Incidentally, Aloysius, who may have started the big bear rush, is $40 in the twenty-one-inch size at Bloomingdale's, where he's part of the V.I.B. line—Very Important Bears.

IT hasn't been an easy year for parents. Commercial messages kept telling them that if they didn't spend many hundreds of dollars to buy home-computer systems for their ten-year-old—or even their three-year-old—they were condemning the kid to be among life's failures. Other commercials showed computer-illiterate parents being condescended to by teen-age—or even pre-teen-age—know-it-alls. In a widely advertised television series called "Whiz Kids," a bunch of children—mostly boys, with one girl in the lot, in the usual pattern—used their computer skills to expose the idiocies of American businessmen. Parents also had to get used to the eerie adaptability of children in moving between technological eras. The children would spend many hours a week immersed in the vaguely medieval world of Dungeons & Dragons, in which forks or the printed word would have been unknown. (The basic D. & D. set is $10.20 at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, where you'll also find dozens of advanced modules for the same price.) Then they would peel off for a session at the video-game arcades (fortunately, there is a Dungeons & Dragons video game) and end the day at their computers, possibly doing devilish things to some hapless grownups. Parents of girls kept being reminded that if girls continued to show only minimal interest in the video-game and computer world they would be shut out of the great computer-job bo-

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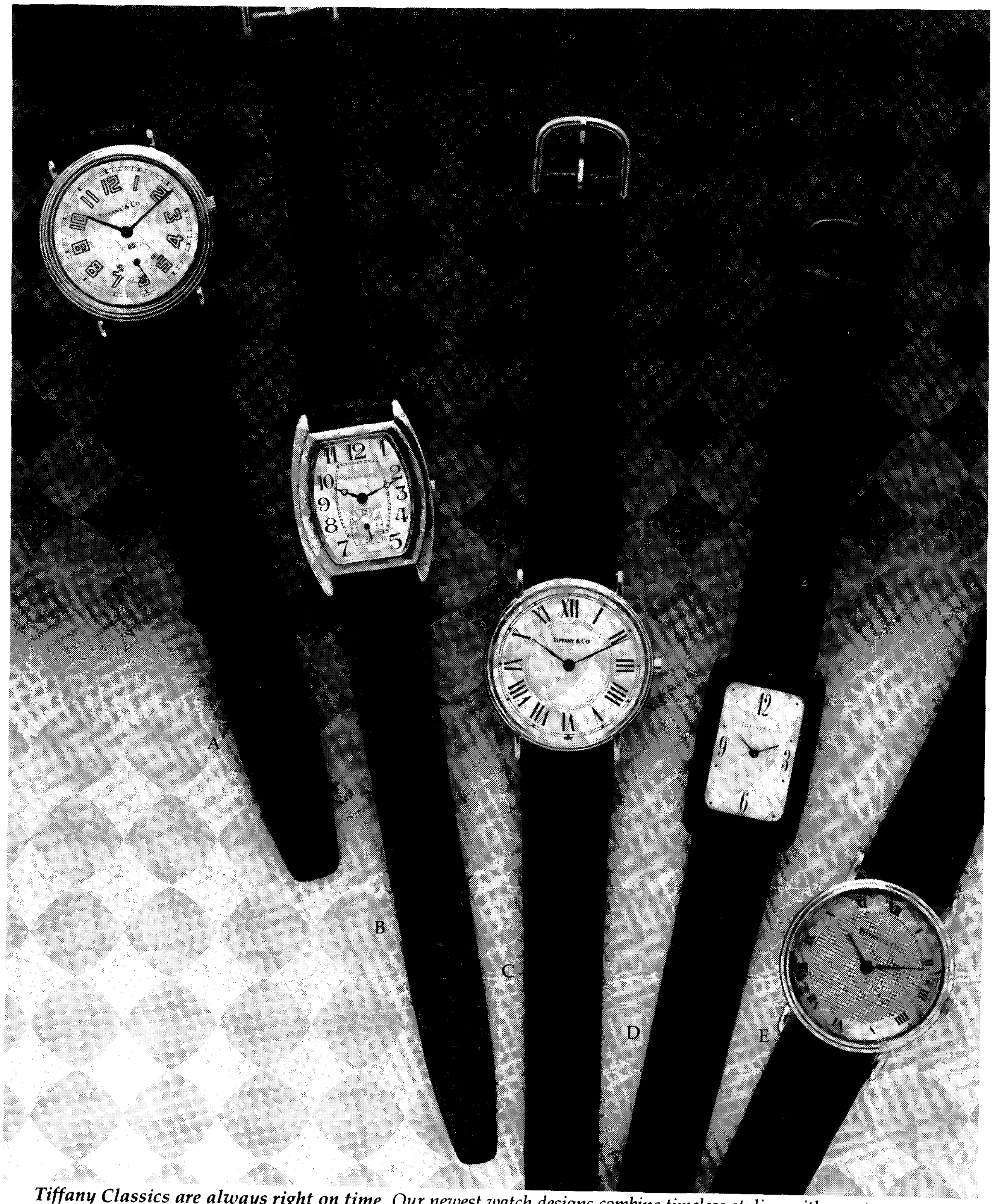
nanza in the future. It was agreed that the fact that there is now a Strawberry Shortcake video game would not be enough to turn things around. Some parents found it a comfort that "Whiz Kids" ended up near the bottom of the television ratings. Apparently, those judged most likely to watch it were too busy D. & D.-ing or hacking around with their computer terminals. Incidentally, Matthew Laborteaux, the leading young actor in "Whiz Kids," made a major technological shift of his own: he had formerly been a leading player in the "Little House on the Prairie" series, where they had heard of forks but not indoor plumbing. But then Americans have always been venturesome sorts. (You may remember that Michael Landon, the producer of that series, who also played the father, first won his professional spurs playing the title role in "I Was a Teenage Werewolf.") If you know someone who would like to get away from all the hackers' talk, a set of the nine Little House books by Laura Ingalls Wilder is $24.95. In the matter of video games, in case you have some on your list, the word is that there is currently a great shifting and changing in the world of computer systems—that is, the hardware of the field. It may soon seem to be more sensible to buy not video-game systems but home-computer systems through which video games can be played. On the whole, it's probably safer to stick with the software—that is, the video-game cartridges—but even there the scene is not a calm one. The prices change so fast that some stores have stock-quotation-type charts on the wall. Some of the games play only on their own brand-name video-game hardware; some are more adaptable. Probably the best thing is to ask the beneficiary of your choice for the name, rank, and serial number of the desired video game. He—or she—will probably know it all.

It may be hard to believe, but Sesame Street has been an established address for nearly fifteen years now. It has got so venerable that it has indulged itself by issuing retrospective "The Best of . . ." record albums. On "The Best of Cookie Monster" (CTW 22105; $5.98), the thirteen songs include "The Last Cookie Roundup" and "Cookie Disco." On "The Best of Big Bird," everyone's big yellow friend sings, among fourteen songs, "Just One Me" and "Wonderful Me," which could be just the thing for some nonassertive sorts you know (CTW 22108; $5.98). The liveliest of all this outfit's new albums is "Born to Add," whose subtitle is "The Great Rock & Roll from Sesame Street." Quite a few people obviously had a lot of fun putting this one together—especially Christopher Cerf, who wrote and produced the album and plays and sings some of the music. Much of the entertainment consists of parodies of celebrated songs that some of the very youngest listeners will not have heard before, but they should enjoy these versions, even if they don't get every last inside joke. In the title number, for instance, Bruce Stringbean sings not about being "Born to Run" but "When we're roamin' the streets and we see one car, We always add one and make it two. . . . Kids like you and me, baby, We were born to add." By having him point out what one and one make, the producers are able to point out that this is an educational record. Another of the album's academic lessons, sung by the Sesame Street Beetles, begins, "When I find I can't remember, What comes after A and before C, My mother always whispers, Letter B, Letter B." Other numbers include "(I Can't Get No) Co-operation," featuring Mick Swagger and the Sesame Street Cobble Stones, and "Hey Food," by the Beetles again, and starring, of course, the Cookie Monster. The call number for this album is CTW 22104 (the letters stand for Children's Television Workshop), and the price, again, is $5.98.

Of course, if the person on your list insists on making his own music there's a Cookie Monster toy piano, which is not a piano at all but only an eight-key (plinking-sound) console. Every time a key is hit, the Cookie Monster's eyes roll around comically. The keys are numbered and color-coded, to make it easy for someone to play the eight tunes in the songbook that comes with this toy, which is $20 at Macy's. For children whose ears are more likely to perk up at the sound of fire sirens, Toy Park has a Sesame Street Firehouse for $22.39. The fireman figures are Big Bird and Grover, and there is also the Sesame Street dog, Barkley. This firehouse is actually a small red plastic suitcase with a handle. When it's opened up, out tumble Grover, Big Bird, and Barkley; a fire engine with a bell and an attached cherry picker big enough for Big Bird to ride on; two beds; a safety net for rescues; and hoses that fit



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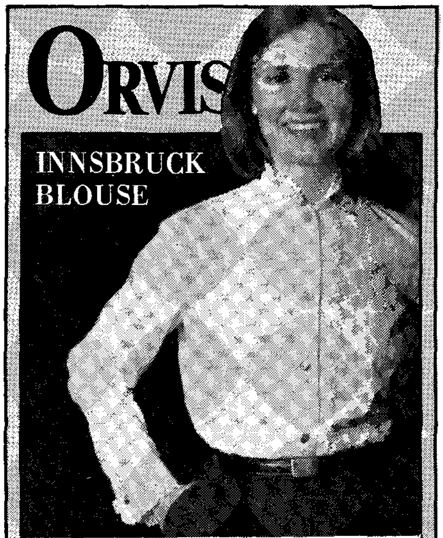

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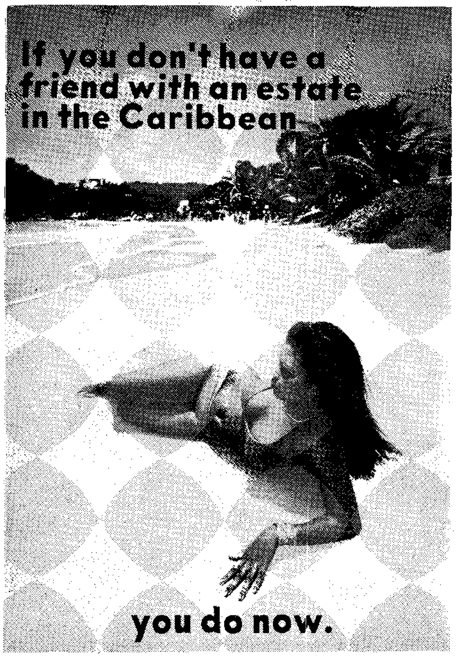
into the toy firemen's hands. When the fire is out, everything folds back inside, ready for the next disaster. Some parents are inclined to think that the ideal truck for child truck-lovers is a large, relatively shapeless object made of wood, preferably unpainted. (We think of them as the kind of people who do not put mayonnaise on their salad under any circumstances.) The children they're buying for often have other ideas. Just as dollhouse addicts cherish tables and chairs that look like the real thing, even very small truck enthusiasts may reach for a toy vehicle that looks as if it could do real highway duty. Among the best of these are steel trucks made by the Tonka company. At Gimbel's, a fourteen-inch dump truck is $9.99, or, for the same price, you can have a jeep (non-military) with big fat tires.

The children you know won't have trouble learning to read if the Caedmon and Sesame Street people have anything to do with it. Caedmon has some new items called Talking Bookworms, which feature eight of Beatrix Potter's stories on cassettes, starting, of course, with "The Tale of Peter Rabbit." Each set comes with a five-inch-high copy of the original book. On one side of the cassette, as Claire Bloom reads the story, there is what is called a "beep-along" arrangement to tell children who are reading along with her when to turn the page. On the other side, Miss Bloom reads the story without interruption. Each set is $5.45. At the Gingerbread House, you'll find dolls representing all eight of the Potter characters, each dressed to the nines and about eleven inches tall, for $14.95 and up. From Sesame Street, there are Look, Listen and Learn sets. These consist of a twenty-four-page book and a cassette or a seven-inch thirty-three-and-a-third-r.p.m. record with a similar beeping arrangement when page-turning time comes. The sets that include a record are $2.49; those with a cassette are $4.98.

GOOD grief, we've got this far without mentioning Snoopy. Of course, he isn't hard to locate. In the eighteen-inch size, he's $24.95 at Schwarz, where they also have a baby Snoopy, twelve inches tall, for $11.95. Actually, Snoopy gets so much attention that we were on the lookout for another member of that company—his on-and-off friend Lucy. Before we found her, we ran into another Lucy doll: Paddington Bear's Aunt Lucy,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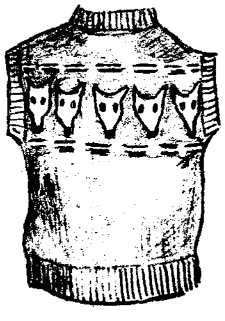

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who wears a tag so identifying her. Fifteen inches tall, decked out in a ruffled cap, a print dress with apron, a shawl, and glasses delicately balanced on her nose, Aunt Lucy is $21 at Gingerbread House. Lucy of the Peanuts gang, fourteen inches tall, wearing her usual red dress, and not scowling as much as she does in Charles Schulz's cartoon strip, is $18 at Macy's. We thought of this Lucy when we read about yet another character of that name: the skeleton of the oldest known hominid (that is, someone resembling a human being) which was discovered some years back in Ethiopia and was given her name because the Beetles'—sorry, *Beatles'*—song, "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," was playing in the anthropologists' camp when her bones were found. She was judged to have been a female about four feet tall who stood erect and, according to Professor Owen Lovejoy, of Kent State University, was a "full-blown" biped. Said Dr. Lovejoy, if you explained to Lucy what a hamburger was, she would have beaten you "to the nearest McDonald's nine times out of ten." Cartoonist Schulz said earlier this year that despite his own seemingly mild-mannered ways his characters reflected their creator's personality, and that often he was "as sarcastic as Lucy." In case the Sesame Street gang should throw Oscar the Grouch another birthday party, we have been thinking of a suitable guest list. All those sweet-smiling four-inch dolls would be out in the cold. We'd start with Lucy, the scowler, and then there's Snow White's friend Grumpy the dwarf, and Grouchy Smurf, and also a new addition to that crowd, Sickly Smurf, *and* Grumpy, the Care Bear . . . And a rotten time would be had by all.

Mostly, people take it for granted that children live for just the moment. Still, there's a chance that a few of them might look backward and wonder what happened to some well-loved figures that dominated the toy counters last year. "Is There Life After E.T.?" was the headline in one paper after 1982's smash movie came out and commemorations of its hero overwhelmed the toy departments. Now E.T. is hardly in evidence at all; he has, it appears, gone home. And the toys and games inspired by "Annie," 1982's other big child-related movie, are almost as rare. Some older shoppers may be consoled by the return of a doll that goes back many more years

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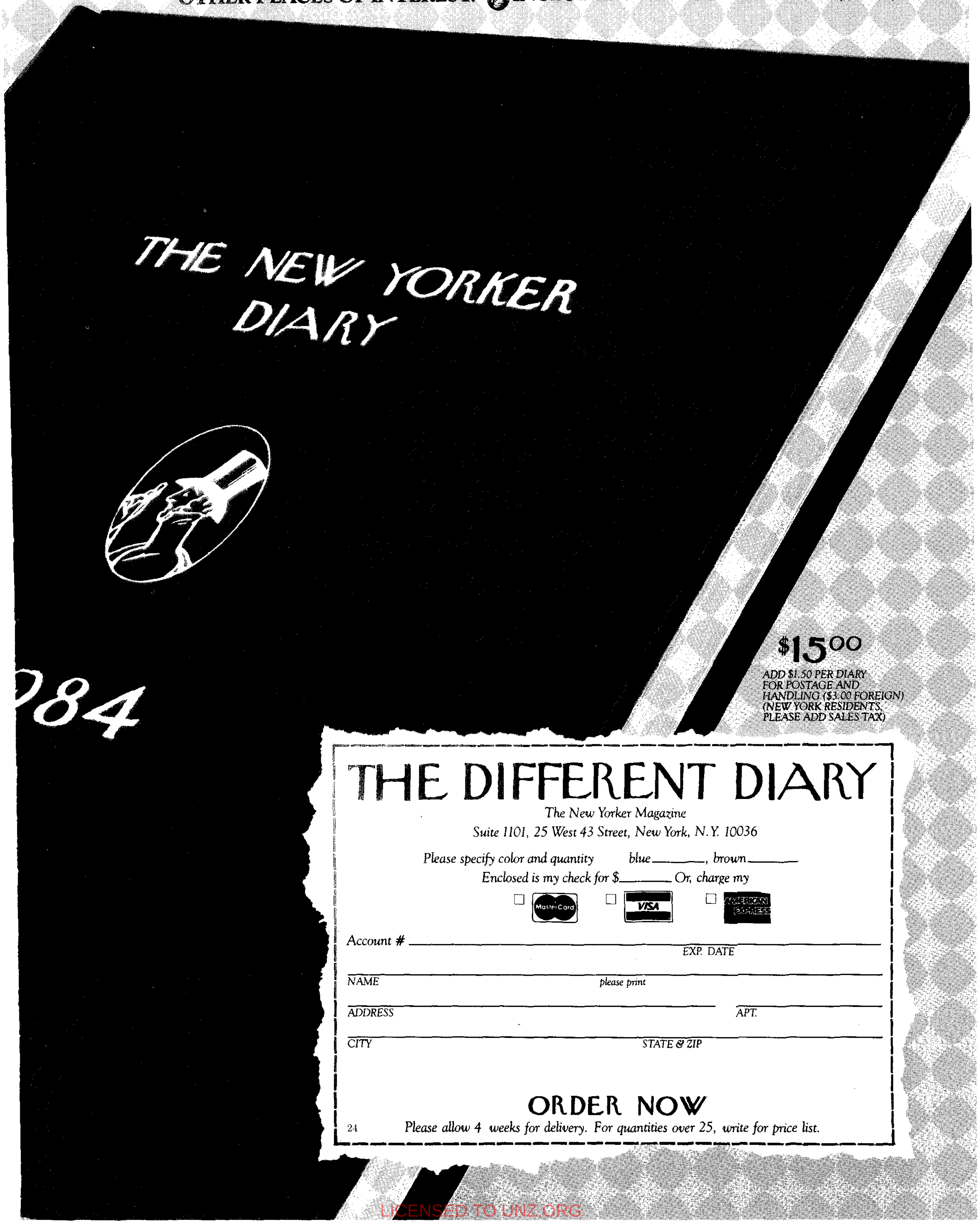

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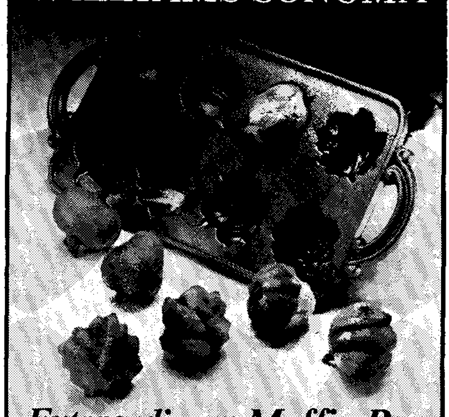

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than the Extra-Terrestrial: the Shirley Temple doll is again available. In the twelve-inch size, wearing costumes from such movies as "Wee Willie Winkie" and "Poor Little Rich Girl," she's $30 at Altman's. Appealing to another kind of nostalgia buff is the Marilyn Monroe doll, sixteen inches tall and decked out in quite different sorts of costumes for several of her movies, including "The Seven Year Itch" and "How to Marry a Millionaire;" she's $45 at Macy's. The same store has a number of ventriloquists' dolls. These are big dolls, two and a half feet tall. There's W. C. Fields, who's $32, dressed for "My Little Chickadee," and two new ones—Laurel and Hardy, in their overalls and bowlers, for $25 apiece. Toy Park has a new Groucho Marx doll, seventeen inches tall, wearing a swallowtail coat and holding a cigar; $73.95. He's one in a line of what the Effanbee company calls its Legend Series. Another is John Wayne-American, who is the same size and costs $74.99. According to Toy Park, Mel Brooks and Al Pacino dropped by in recent months, and Brooks went off with Groucho, while Al Pacino chose John Wayne-American. At the same store, there is, for literary types, Mark Twain, sixteen inches tall and in his white suit, for $69.99. Huckleberry Finn—there's another orphan—is thirteen and a half inches tall, wears a straw hat and tattered trousers, and carries a fishing pole (it's a lucky day; there's a fish attached), and costs $51.95.

AND now for the miscellaneous last roundup. A Miss Piggy hand puppet, fourteen inches tall and wearing a purple dress and her usual self-satisfied expression, is $22 at Youth at Play, 1120 Madison Avenue (83rd). Now, *there's* a female figure—and *what* a figure, as Miss Piggy herself would say—who has clearly not allowed herself to be intimidated just because she's the only female in a strong-minded cast. As she would also say, "as *moi* knows, intellect counts." Children addicted to playing with action figures from "Return of the Jedi" and other star-warrior enterprises might be interested in the latest record album of Meco Monardo and his group, whose past efforts include "Star Wars and Other Galactic Funk" and "Encounters of Every Kind." This one, along the same lines, is called "Ewok Celebration" (Arista; AL8-8098; $9.98). It includes the theme

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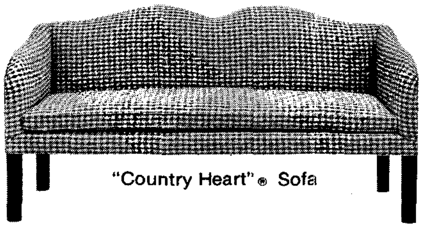

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music for the Ewoks from "Return of the Jedi," as well as themes from "Superman III," "Star Wars," and "WarGames," the movie about the dedicated hacker who, monkeying around with his computer, almost started the Third World War. Blocks: As usual, Lego is a good start. At Penny Whistle Toys, 1266 Madison Avenue (91st) and 448 Columbus (81st), a Lego set of fifty-two pieces, with which three-to-five-year-olds can build, for example, a car, a truck, and a windmill, is $12.95. For even younger architects, a set of six foam-filled blocks is $10.95 at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex. Rocking horses: For $50, the Gingerbread House has a wooden horse for very young riders; its seat is only fourteen inches from the floor. At the Laughing Giraffe, you'll find what they call the Carousel Joy Rocker. He is quite an elegant fellow with a hand-painted saddle, blanket, and bridle. His metal rockers are forty-two inches long, and he measures forty-one inches to the top of his genuine-brass carousel pole; $150. And at Childcraft, in an entirely different scale, you'll find, for tree-hanging purposes, and for $2.50, a three-inch wooden rocking horse with a rather astonished-looking grenadier-type astride. In years past, we have often been partial to children's gift items that didn't require batteries. Now here's a game, which you may have heard of, that requires neither batteries nor electronic chips. It's Trivial Pursuit, an elaboration of the old-fashioned parlor information games. Players—say, aged ten and up—vie with each other to answer any of six thousand questions in six categories. ("How many major-league baseball teams are named for birds?") The set is between $30 and $40 all over town. The Barnes & Noble Sale Annex also has the new Silver Screen accessory (module?), for $22.95. ("What fast-food joint did the kids always head to for a quick bite in 'American Graffiti'?") Though the questions would have been different, it's the kind of game that might have been played in what is called a Tennyson doll house, which is $57 at Conran's. This is a three-story plywood affair heavily trimmed with gingerbread, and, according to Conran's, "Putting it together is part of the fun." (Uh-huh.) At the same place, if you're feeling nostalgic (or athletic), there's a Flexible Flyer, forty-two inches long, for $45. Or, if you're all tired out from looking for Cabbage Patch Kids (Care Bears are

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another hard case), why not bundle up the kids you know and take them to the Big Apple Circus, which, for the third Christmas season, is playing in a heated tent in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. Before Paul Binder, the proprietor and ringmaster, got into the circus line by taking up juggling, he was busy getting a master's degree in business administration at Columbia. In his juggling years, he got the idea that in an increasingly complex world there was room for a one-ring circus; at the Big Apple, no one sits more than thirty-five feet from the center of things. (Seats are from $6 to $20; for information, call 860-7320.) Not sounding too solemn about it, Binder sees high-wire acts and the like as "an extension of ourselves and what we dream of being." Of clowns he says, "They get hit and fall down and so on, but always get up and walk away. 'Life goes on' is their message." To get the kids into the circus spirit, Gimbel's has a fine clown doll, sixteen inches tall, for $9.99; and, for a somewhat older dreamer, you'll find at Macy's a fourteen-inch porcelain Harlequin who plays "Send In the Clowns," while wistfully shaking his head. That *is* rather solemn. If it was jauntier tunes you had in mind, how about a singalong with the gang from Sesame Street? Put "Merry Christmas from Sesame Street" (CTW 25516; $7.98) on the turntable, and everyone—boys and girls and friendly foes together now—can join in. Who says you always have to sing about frosty one-horse-open sleigh rides over the river and through the woods? It's Christmastime in the city: "Strings of street lights, even stop lights, Blink a bright red and green . . ." Merry Christmas!

◆

UTICA, N.Y. (AP)—In the event of a nuclear attack, Civil Defense officials here hope to order enough food from take-out restaurants and grocery stores to feed residents while they wait in the safety of shelters.

Utica Civil Defense Director Joseph Pugliese Monday described this plan as ordering "1,000 hamburgers and 1,000 cups of coffee" for the people in the shelters.—*Oneonta* (*N.Y.*) *Daily Star.*

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◆

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

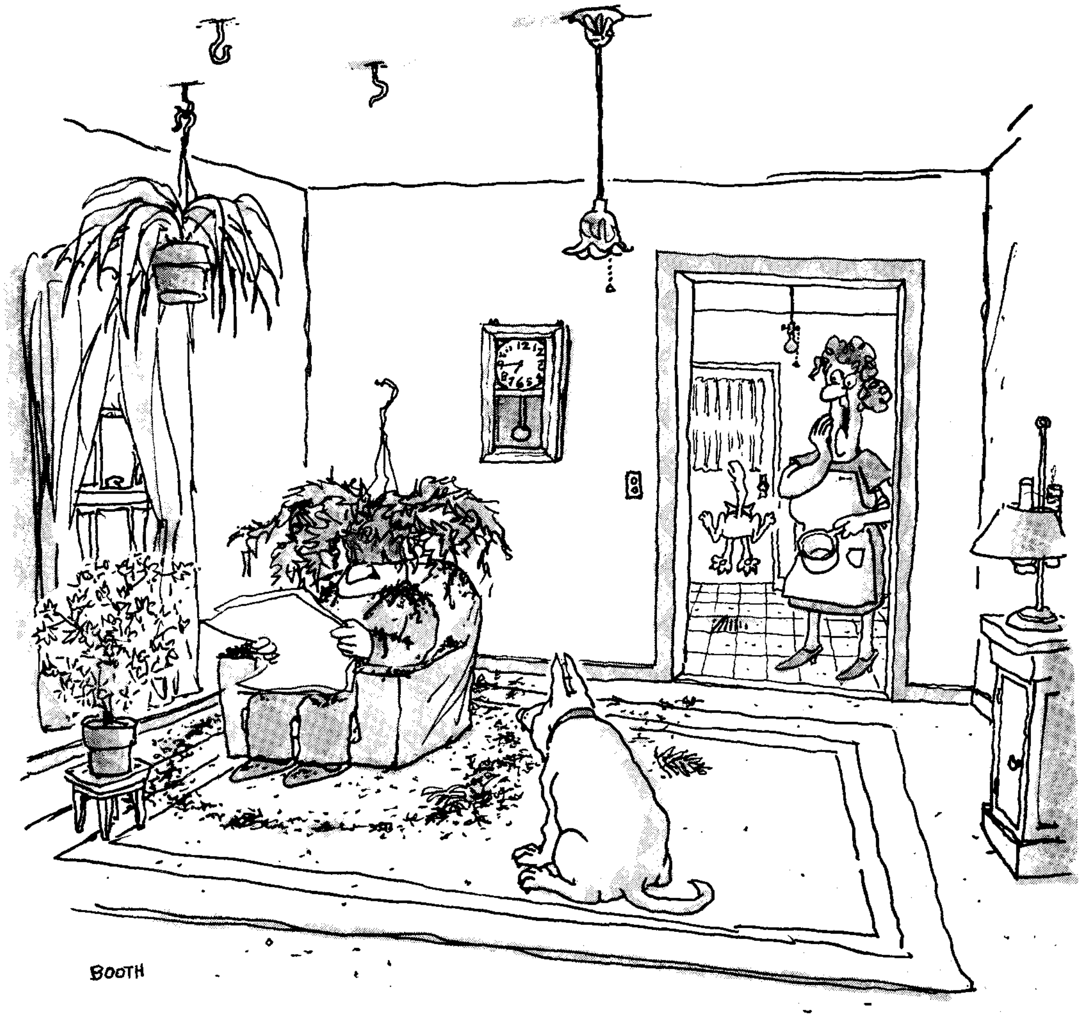
Retro Retro

SITTING in the theatre where "Terms of Endearment" was being previewed, and listening to the sniffles and sobs of the audience that only a few minutes before had been laughing, I flashed back to "Penny Serenade" in 1941, the picture in which Irene Dunne and Cary Grant as a young married couple stood by helplessly as their little adopted daughter died. And I watched as, once again, the survivors overcame their pettiness and selfishness and showed the strength they had in them; they demonstrated their American middle-class (white) moral fiber. This is a real-life-tragedy movie that leaves you no choice but to find it irresistible. It's exactly the kind of bogus picture that will have people saying, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they'll see themselves in "Terms of Endearment." James L. Brooks, who directed it, guides the actors with both eyes on the audience.

He works this way in perfect sincerity. Brooks was one of the two collaborators who thought up "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," and he and three other fellows put "Taxi" together; as a writer-producer on those series (and others), he developed a sixth sense for what makes TV-watchers laugh. An enthusiastic reviewer said of the characters in "Terms of Endearment," "You would be happy to spend several more hours in their company." That's exactly how you feel about the best half-hour series shows. They're entertaining in a random, eccentric way; you have no idea what will happen next. The acting has a comic-strip frame around it; it's stylized and comfy. The actors are out to please you and keep you coming back for more. And you want to like them. The characters they play represent our own notions of who or what we would be *if* (if we were snobs or buffoons, or whatever). Sometimes watching a character is like watching our alter ego going at a problem. Often the cleverest characters set themselves up for the line that demolishes them. (Of course, they're not really demolished: they continue to have lives after the commercial.)

In "Terms of Endearment," which Brooks adapted from the 1975 Larry McMurtry novel, he keeps the audience giggling over the same kind of ramshackle comedy. Shirley MacLaine is all tics as Aurora Greenway, a snappish, compulsively neat widow tending her house and garden in the prosperous River Oaks section of Houston—a Southwestern Scarsdale. Aurora is a little dotty: in our first view of her, she's climbing into her sleeping infant's crib to make sure the baby hasn't died. Everything about her—her pert little expressions, her pinched-tight mouth and narrowed eyes, her standoffishness, and even the pair of devoted suitors who hang around for years—is quaint. This isn't meant as a putdown of Shirley MacLaine's performance; I don't know how else the role could be played. Aurora doesn't exist except as a pixie horror to string gags on. She's a cartoon: a rich skinflint with a blond dye job and pastel frills. Surely she's not meant to be believable? She's a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut named Garrett Breedlove, played by Jack Nicholson. (It's only in the world of TV comedy that characters *have* next-door neighbors.) Spanning thirty years in the lives of the cantankerous Aurora and her straightforward daughter, Emma—played from adolescence on by Debra Winger—the movie is one droll payoff after another, with Nicholson kept on the sidelines until Emma, married and with a child (and another on the way), moves to Iowa with her husband, and, after a time, Aurora and Garrett Breedlove have an affair.

It's a screwball, sitcom affair, but Brooks pulls some sleight of hand and "real feelings" come out of it. Aurora falls in love with Garrett the guzzler,



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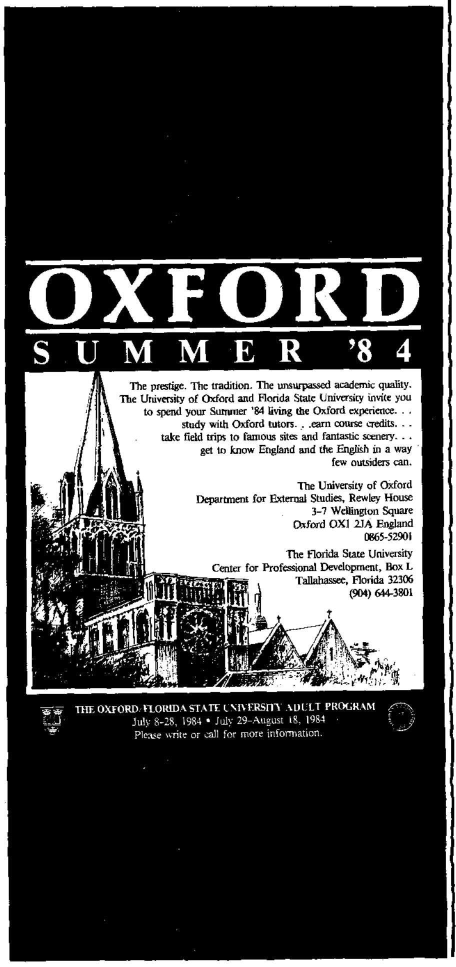

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but—in the psychiatric hand-me-down vernacular—he isn't ready to make a commitment. Aurora is, though, and the emotion she feels for him helps her become human; when tragic illness strikes her family, she shows her mettle. I think I hated "Terms of Endearment" the most when the grief-stricken Aurora embraces her longtime servant, Rosie (Betty R. King), who shares her misery. Greer Garson in her Mrs. Miniver drag was only a shade more noble. When Aurora and Rosie hug each other—sisters under the skin—the audience is alerted that Aurora is really a good person, and from then on she becomes useful and considerate. As the Second World War movies taught us, the function of adversity is to build character.

All this retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows might seem utterly nuts if it weren't for Debra Winger. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother and daughter, told in a slaphappy style. Most of the time, Aurora is a vaudeville joke—she's the mother who's always phoning her daughter at the wrong moment. She refuses to attend her daughter's wedding, but phones her bright and very early the next morning. I didn't feel much love or any other connection between MacLaine's brittle Aurora and Winger's fluid Emma. They don't have the uncanny similarities—the vocal tricks, the syntax, the fleeting expressions—of real mothers and daughters. I'm not sure what Brooks meant to show us, but what comes across is Aurora as a parody of an anti-life monster and Emma as a natural woman—a life force. The two actresses might be playing in two different movies. Debra Winger—as she did in "Urban Cowboy" and "An Officer and a Gentleman"—gives you the feeling that she's completely realized on the screen. There's a capacity for delight that is always near the surface of her characters (and she never loses track of what turns them on). The adolescent Emma (in braces) has a husky, raucous voice and a lowdown snorting laugh; this is not a standard ingénue. Winger heats up her traditional-woman role and makes it modern by her abandon. She floods the character. When Emma's two little sons give her a bad time and she fights with them, she's direct and all-out; she's totally involved in this power struggle with her kids, and they know it. While Aurora overgrooms even her back-yard garden, and the flowering bushes look cramped and forced (they're as contorted as the little statues stuck among them), Emma lives in the disorder of three children, dilapidated houses, not enough money, and a college-English-teacher husband (Jeff Daniels) who's having an affair with a graduate student. The predictions that Aurora makes when she tries to talk Emma out of marrying the handsome lunkhead—he's like a big, floppy stuffed animal—turn out to be accurate, but what Aurora doesn't foresee is that Emma will be fulfilled in the marriage and the kids. Emma thrives on the semi-controlled chaos of family life; she accepts messes—life is messes. All this is in Debra Winger's performance; she's incredibly vivid, and she has fresh details in her scenes—details like spotting a zit on her husband's shoulder while she's lying in bed next to him, talking to her mother on the phone. But Emma has been made too heartbreakingly wonderful. She's an earth mother, of course, with some sort of supernal understanding of Aurora, and when she has her third child she gives birth to her mother—her little girl is a tiny ringer for Aurora. The way that Emma is presented she's a glorified ordinary woman—a slob angel.

Brooks does some cramping and forcing of his own when he crosscuts between Aurora's first date with the astronaut and Emma's extramarital romance with a timid bank officer (John Lithgow, as a jumbo-size shrinking violet). The two relationships may be vaguely parallel, but they take place in different time frames, and the film cuts back and forth between actions that are a few minutes apart and actions that are days or weeks apart. This is the clumsiest patch of the movie, although there are other sequences that don't come off—such as a trip to New York that Emma takes. And there are characters who don't come off—such as those perennial suitors, who seem to follow Aurora around just so she can be bossy with them, and Patsy, Emma's friend from her school days, who suggests the New York trip. (Patsy seems to be waiting around for her running gag to be given to her, and she never gets it.) But most of the time Brooks' TV-trained intuitions are more than adequate to what he's doing here—extending half-hour gag comedy to feature length by the use of superlative actors who can entertain us even when the material is arch and hopped-up.

The movie gains its only suspense from keeping Jack Nicholson waiting in the wings for almost half its running time. After eleven years of living next door, Garrett asks Aurora out to lunch; four more years pass before she accepts. By that time, you're so primed that his every kidding leer rocks the theatre. When he comes on to her in the Nicholson lewd, seductive manner and tells her that she brings out the devil in him, it may sound like the wittiest, most obscene thing you've ever heard. The years have given Nicholson an impressive, broader face, and his comedy has never been more alert, more polished. He isn't getting laughs because of his lines; he's getting them because of his insinuating delivery. He has one inspired nuance: when Aurora accepts his invitation to lunch, this flabby old astronaut glances up at the heavens as if to ask, "Why did you make me so sexy?" Whatever Nicholson does—lick his lips, roll back his eyes, stoop slightly, or just turn his head—he keeps the audience *up*. There's a charge of fun in his acting; he lets you see the bad boy inside him. When Garrett stands, stripped to his trunks, in Aurora's bedroom, it isn't just the flab hanging out that makes him funny—it's that he stands like a dirty-minded little kid who hasn't yet learned to suck in his gut, and an old sex warrior who can't be bothered.

There's nothing visually engaging in the movie except the actors. I liked the way Shirley MacLaine flung herself about in a hospital scene: Aurora has a tantrum because the nurses have failed to bring a suffering patient a scheduled painkiller, and you feel the emotions that Aurora has had to suppress suddenly exploding at the only target she can find. (This tour-de-force scene was the one time Aurora's rambunctiousness seemed to have any subtext.) I liked the desolate look on Lithgow's yearning face when Emma says goodbye to him. There are enjoyable bits all through this movie; a staggering amount of contrivance has gone into it, and when all else fails, Nicholson's sparse hair sticks out at the sides of his head, or something else is surprising and screwy. Brooks does perhaps his best directing with the two small boys (Troy Bishop and Huckleberry Fox) who play Emma's sons—

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Tommy, at about ten, and Teddy, at about six. The boys don't like a lot of what goes on between their parents, and they show it. On the other hand, Brooks is shameless about exploiting the children's emotions to jerk tears from the audience. The picture isn't boring; it's just fraudulent.

In this début film, Brooks appears to be a genuinely clever fellow with an inspirational psychology. Aurora, who has tried to keep life out, finally welcomes it. And, of course, Garrett Breedlove, the potbellied satyr, has to become a responsible guy. Brooks was probably attracted to the McMurtry novel because McMurtry's people are eccentric in a way that's supposed to make them lovable and forgivable, and Brooks, who added the character of Garrett, has made him in the same mold. Garrett is like those wastrel British aristocrats in the pukka-sahib pictures: when the crisis comes, his fundamental decency rises to the surface; he straightens up and does the right thing. He and Aurora are good Americans.

"Terms of Endearment" is being compared to two high-prestige, award-winning pictures—"Ordinary People" and "Kramer vs. Kramer"—and though "Terms" is both tackier and livelier than they are, the comparison is apt: it, too, is pious. And the piousness is integral to the whole conception. If "Terms" had stayed a comedy, it might have been innocuous, but it had to be ratified by importance, and it uses cancer like a seal of approval. Cancer gives the movie its message: "Don't take people for granted; you never know when you're going to lose them." At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity.

CARROLL BALLARD's landscapes are peerless; they achieve a kind of superreality. His great scenes have a sensuous, trancelike quality; the atmosphere seems outside time. And in his first feature, the 1979 "The Black Stallion," this distilled atmosphere made it possible for a simple boy-and-animal story to be transformed into something mythological. The boy's sense of wonder—his way of finding the mysterious in the ordinary—recalled "Pather Panchali," but there were also elements of Arabian Nights fantasy that suggested the 1940 Korda production of "The Thief of Bagdad," without the theatricality. "The Black Stallion" is a magical fusion; a friend of mine said that when he saw the picture he felt that he was rediscovering the emotional sources of mystery and enchantment.

I have been following the course of Carroll Ballard's filmmaking since the early sixties, when I saw a short he made as a student at the U.C.L.A. film school; that little movie and some of his work later in the sixties already showed traces of his ecstatic eye. The documentaries that he did for the United States Information Agency—"Beyond This Winter's Wheat" and "Harvest"—were breathtaking, with layered images that suggested one horizon above another, as in a Morris Louis painting. And he did the rollicking "Pigs" in 1967, and in 1969, for the Pasadena Humane Society, "The Perils of Priscilla," about a lost cat, seen from the point of view of the terrified animal trying to find its way home. Then, in 1970, he made the celebrated "Rodeo." The visual imagination Ballard brings to the natural landscape is so intense that his imagery makes you feel like a pagan—as if you were touching when you're only looking.

Ballard's gifts are awesome; so are the risks of filtering an ecological story through his sensibility. His second feature, "Never Cry Wolf," from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, is a failed classic—unspeakably beautiful but unsatisfying. It's about Tyler (Charles Martin Smith), a young biologist working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in what Mowat calls "the desolate wastes of the subarctic Barren Lands." Tyler's mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds; this is of some urgency to the government, because the hunters are complaining that they're not getting their share. The facts that Tyler collects indicate that these hunters, rather than the wolves, are slaughtering the herds, but the proof is so difficult to photograph that the viewer is dependent in large part on Tyler's explanatory narration.

The movie fails as an adventure story: it simply doesn't have a dramatic core. It needs a more stirring script; the first hint of trouble comes when the pilot (Brian Dennehy) who flies Tyler to his icy destination engages in fancy philosophical talk—you feel you're in the hands of amateurs. The picture also needs a central actor with a greater range (and some depth).

Charles Martin Smith was the Toad in "American Graffiti," and he was very likable as one of the three Crickets in "The Buddy Holly Story." He has a boyish quality, and Ballard must have felt that audiences would identify with him, especially since Tyler starts out as what in Westerns used to be called a tenderfoot. But the boyishness that comes through here is not the kind that people are eager to identify with—Smith's Tyler is crabbed, plodding, and, at the start, ineffectual. The performance feels thought out in advance. In the beginning, Smith is deliberately dopey; then he drops the dopiness—and Tyler is just a dull, well-meaning fellow. He's dull even when he behaves heroically. And—what's crucial here—there's nothing natural about the performance, and no sense of discovery in it.

The cruel fact is that more wolves would have helped; wolves that were more accommodating would have helped, too. The animals on the screen just don't seem eager to act out their roles, and they're not strong in the grandeur department—they look sort of scroungy. Children who went to see "The Black Stallion" could believe in that mythological horse because Ballard had fully created him; the wolves here are never characters. Despite the names that Tyler gives them, they have no discernible personalities, and nothing really happens between Tyler and the wolves. These long-legged creatures with tiny, sharp eyes are playing out a script of their own devising.

Ballard's theme is the magic to be found in nature. From the way the movie turned out, it appears that when he couldn't get magic out of Smith or out of the wolves he fell back on the snowscapes. In "Stallion," you knew whose imagination was being fired—the child's. Here there's a lot of free-floating transcendence. It doesn't serve the prosaic story, but it certainly holds you. It holds you even though you may forget what the movie is trying to be about. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. The only disadvantage of this is that since the essence of what Tyler learns is that wolves actually serve the ecology of the area, the movie's luminous vistas can give you the uncomfortable feeling that you're being handed a high-minded flower child's view of nature. Tyler tells us that the wolves actually keep the caribou herds strong

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—that they cull out only the weak and the diseased. If he had explained that the wolves aren't fast enough to run down the healthy caribou and so usually kill only the sick, we might not have had any trouble believing it. But the way the film's rationale is presented, it's as if the wolves were good Darwinians, mindful of the health of the caribou herds.

Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. Tyler is set down alone with his food and equipment in a flat expanse so icy, bare, and vast that it makes you laugh. He's a speck on a lunar landscape—a gigantic stage for a Beckett play, with infinity right there around him. And every crunching footstep is magnified in this cold vastness. The noises, recorded by the sound editor Alan Splet (who worked with David Lynch on "Eraserhead" and "The Elephant Man"), aren't familiar; they belong to this plain of ice, and they seem to come at you from a distance, grow louder, crash, and then echo in waves. They're funny and terrifying, and the wolf calls have the wonderful eeriness you want them to have. Ballard knows how to use space and sound for a deranged, comic effect. In the film's climactic sequence, when Tyler wakes up to discover that the caribou herds are running past and this is his chance to see what the wolves will do, Ballard has him dash in naked among the animals. He's like a tiny boy in the midst of the rushing crowd of beasties. There's an idea here, all right—a realistic hero. What there isn't is an exciting hero. Tyler is always a speck in this big movie; when he talks about his insignificance, we believe it. —PAULINE KAEL

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Chattanooga News–Free Press*]

JASPER, Tenn.,—The children of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Simmons announce the renewing of the wedding vows of their parents.

The ceremony is scheduled for Friday, October 28, at 6 o'clock in the evening at Rankin's Cove Baptist Church.

This will be the highlight of the second annual Hobo Convention. Everyone is invited to the "Bum Deal." Come dressed in your worst.

•

SETTING IT STRAIGHT

A recipe for Cornish game hens with celery-mushroom dressing, printed in last week's Food Section, should have included 8 Cornish hens in the ingredient list.

—*Milwaukee Journal.*

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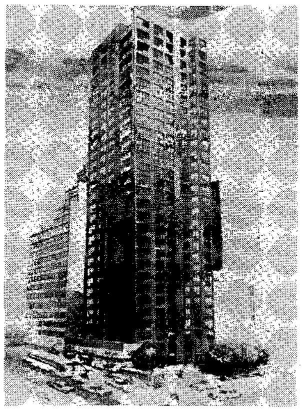

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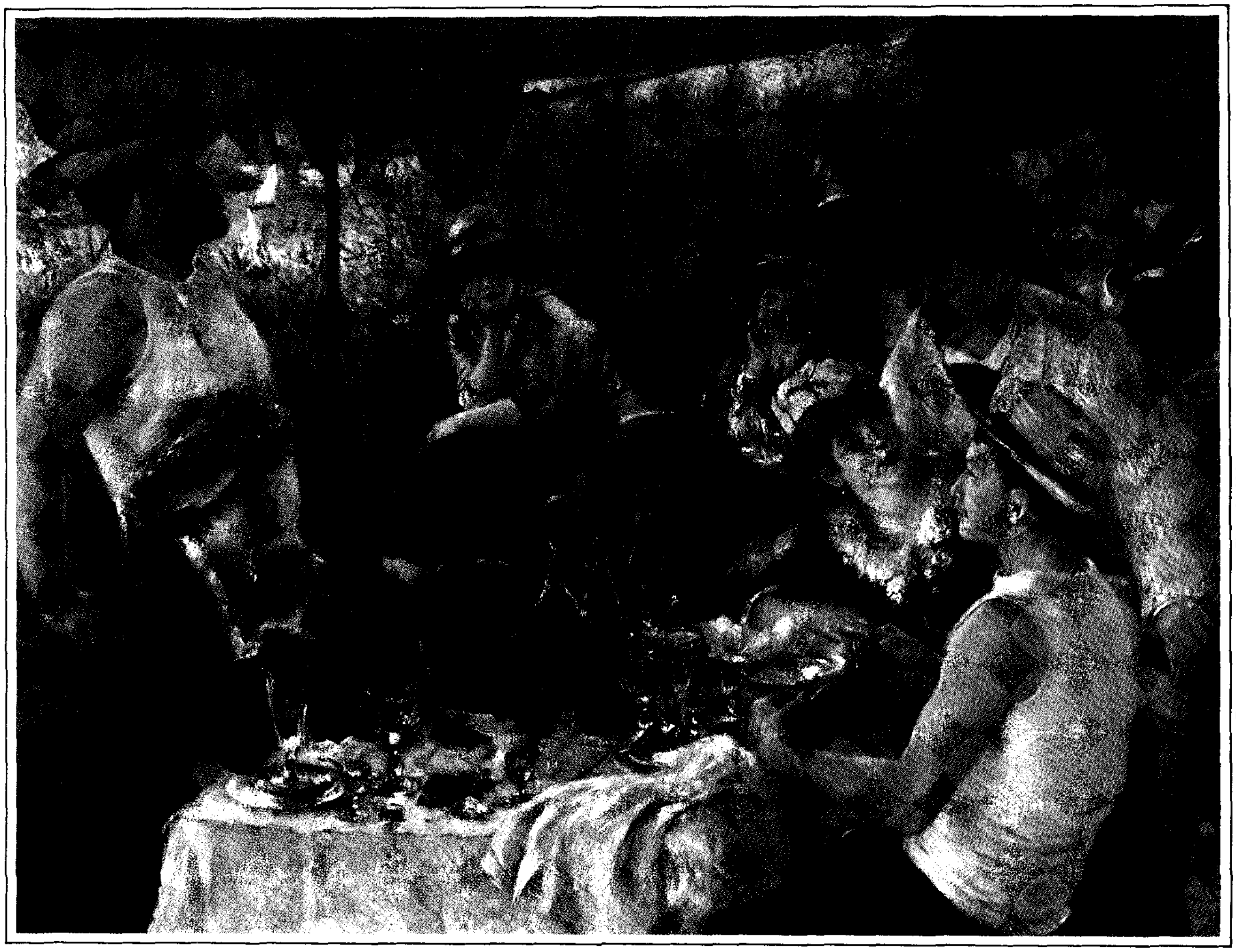

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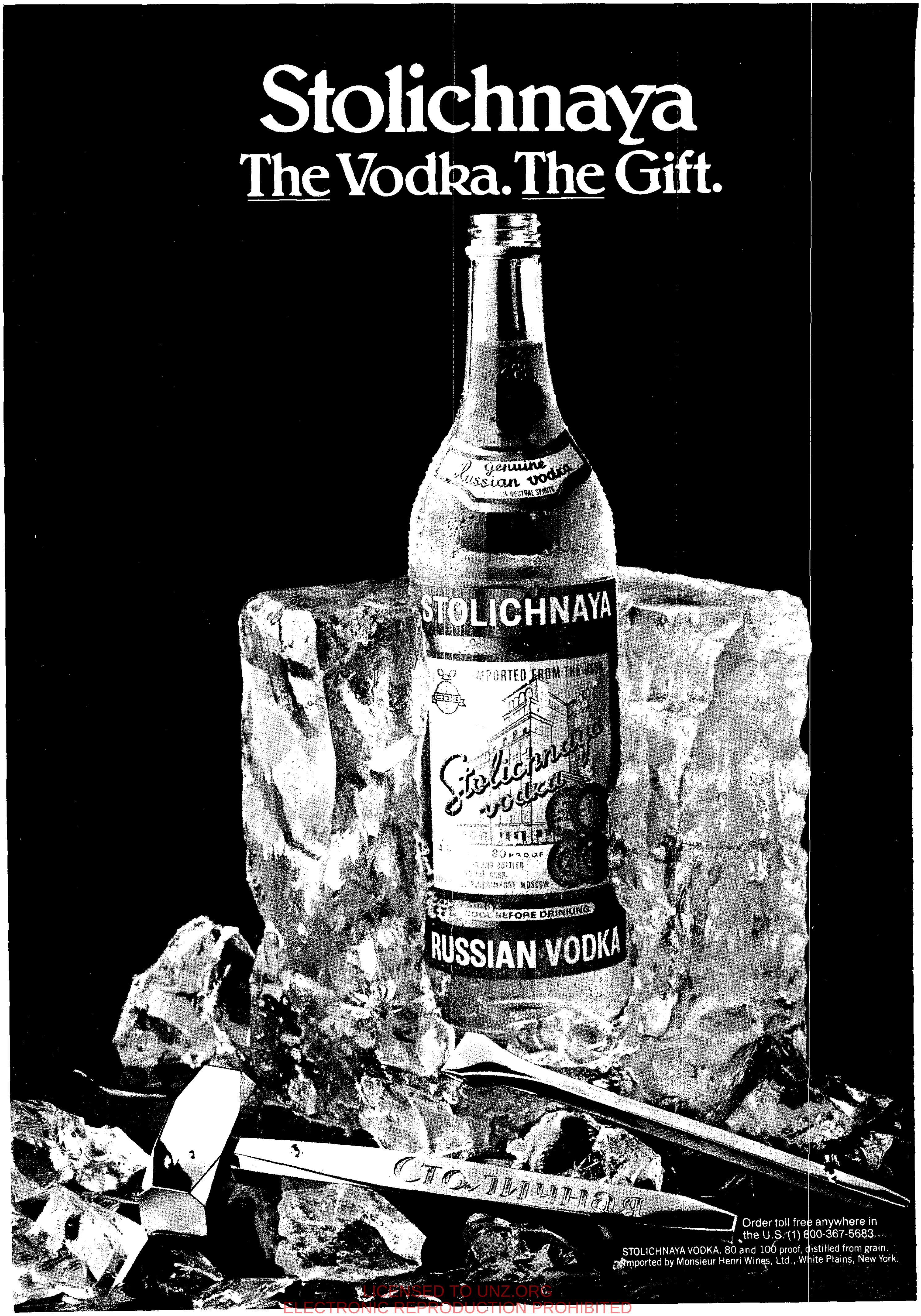
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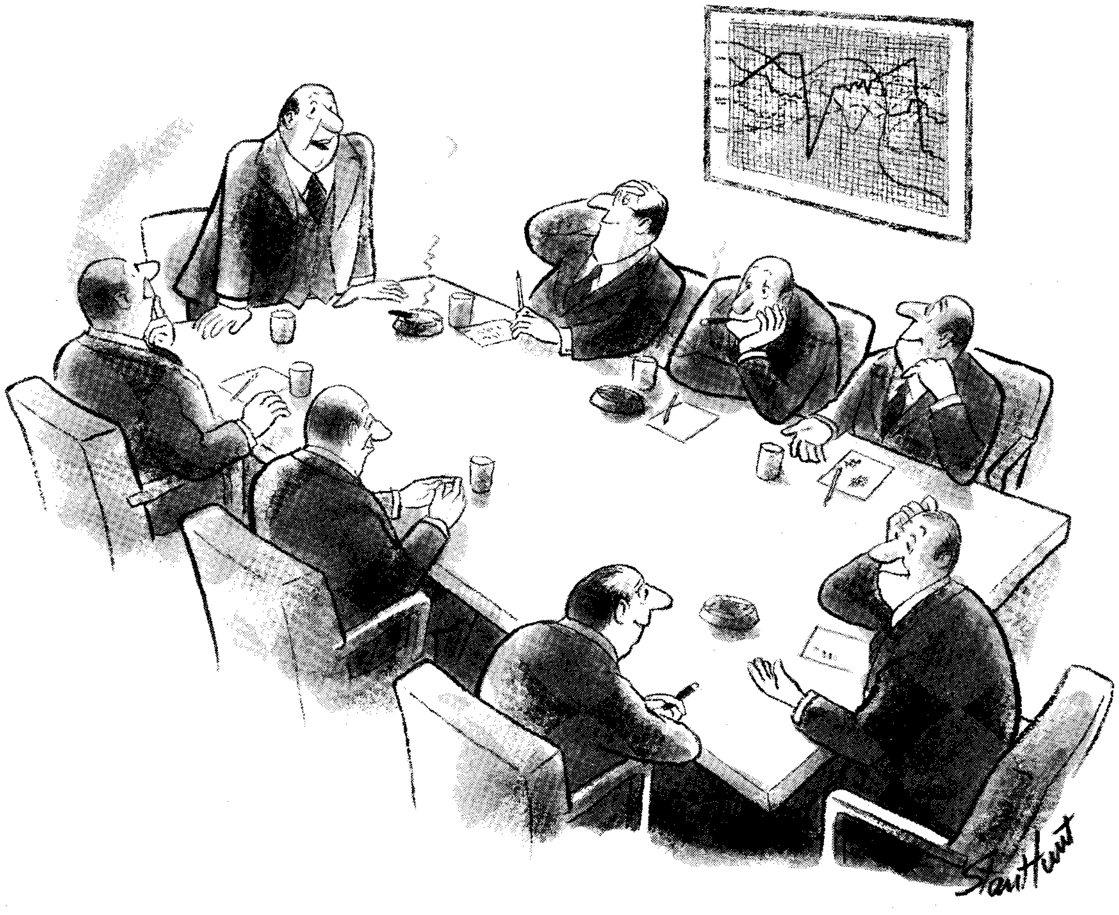
THE THEATRE

Medicine of Make-Believe

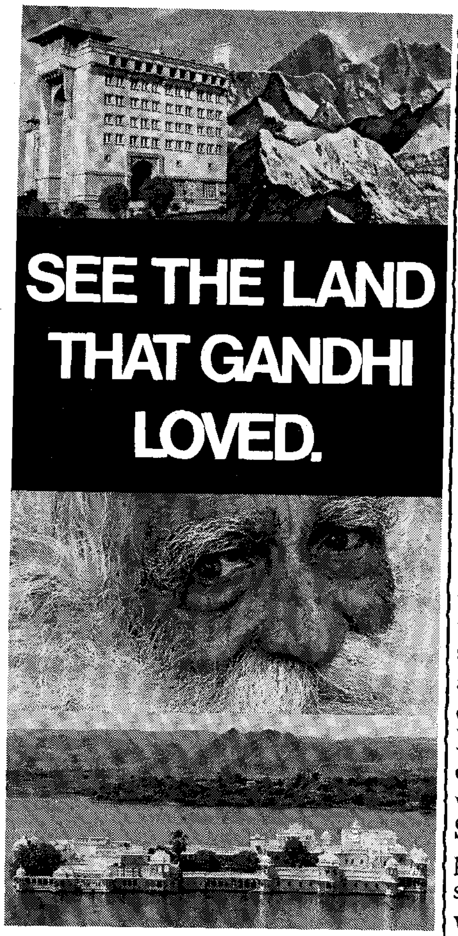
AN exemplary production of Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie" has come to the Eugene O'Neill. To begin with, the director, John Dexter, has shown a respect for the structure and language of the play appropriate to the position it has assumed over the past few decades as an American classic; he has also shown a sympathy with the sentimental emotions that the play is intended to evoke in its audiences, and with the no less sentimental emotions—to the extent that we are entitled to guess at such things—out of which the play was written. I am far from seeking to disparage Williams when I call him sentimental; in a fashion that may be worth examining for a moment, he raises the usually despised attribute (Webster: "Having an excess of sentiment or sensibility; . . . affectedly tender") to a much higher level of artistry than it is commonly thought capable of attaining. "The Glass Menagerie" *is* affectedly tender, and deliberately so; it tugs at our heartstrings by calling up certain memories of the recent American past which almost all of us can be counted on to share, and which will therefore make us feel closer to and sorrier for the three woeful Wingfields than we ordinarily would. The fact is that, for Williams, memories of the past, whether real or imaginary, whether from his own experience or from that of the country as a whole, were the capital upon which he drew not only throughout his professional career but throughout his personal existence as well; an excess of sensibility nourished his art and his life even as it threatened to destroy them. Along with the conventional palliatives of alcohol, drugs, travel, and impromptu bouts of sex and religion, Williams counted on the medicine of make-believe, taken in ever-increasing doses, to get him through play after play and day after day.

"THE GLASS MENAGERIE" was sufficiently touching when it burst upon Broadway in 1945, and not least because it seemed to hold strong hints of hope as well as despair: Tom Wingfield's dreams of a future happiness were transparently autobiographical, and would surely be realized by the charming young man who had set them down. The play is all the more touching now, in the shadow of the playwright's so often anguished life and grotesque and unnecessary death; how hard he worked and how many superb plays and short stories he gave us, and yet how little happiness he ever knew! Behind the literary bravado of "Tennessee" we glimpse plain Tom Williams, and behind "Tom" looms the proud dignity of Thomas Lanier Williams—the name bestowed upon Williams at the baptismal font, and one not unworthy to be borne by the greatest of our playwrights.

Jessica Tandy brings to the role of Amanda Wingfield a vigor and sometimes an asperity that add greatly to the robustness of the play. I have known other actresses to emphasize the failed Southern belle in Mrs. Wingfield, but that belle is merely one of her innumerable devices for having her own way at any cost; Miss Tandy's bustling and aggressive Amanda would feel a sisterly affection for Lady Macbeth, with whom she shares such qualities as courage, zest for life, and a talent for duplicity. (Observing Amanda, we perceive how lucky it was that Lady Macbeth had no children, and how unlucky Macbeth was not to have outwitted his wife's ambitions for him, as Mr. Wingfield did in his own case, by simply running away.) Bruce Davison and Amanda Plummer enact, with a grave, doomed affection for each other, the valiant, long-suffering Wingfield children, and John Heard is admirable as the Gentleman Caller, who, to the family's distress, has already been spoken for in marriage. The setting, as shabbily claustrophobic as the playwright wished it to be, is by Ming Cho Lee, the costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt, the lighting is by Andy Phillips, and the incidental



"Then again, gentlemen, we're in complete agreement in the sense that nobody knows the answer to any of the questions that have been raised."



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music, composed for the original production, is by Paul Bowles.

"AND A NIGHTINGALE SANG . . . ," at the Mitzi E. Newhouse, is a play about the lower-middle-class Stott family, in Newcastle Upon Tyne, in the North of England, and how it survived the years of the Second World War. The author, Cecil P. Taylor, best known here for that harsh vaudeville of a play "Good," has been even more sentimental in depicting the Stotts than Williams was in depicting the Wingfields; by way of adding to the sentimentality, each of the six scenes is introduced by a popular song of the day, sung by the father of the family with the help of a battered old upright piano. When I heard Mr. Stott, ably enacted by John Carpenter, sing "The White Cliffs of Dover" and (the source of the unfortunate title of the play) "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square," I was quick to choke up, just as I used to choke up when Al Jolson sang "Sonny Boy." Still, there is more to the play than the pleasure of easy tears—especially the skill with which the playwright has written the parts of Andie, the grandfather, and Norman, a soldier suitor who loves neither wisely nor too well. The cast is superlative; along with Mr. Carpenter, it consists of Joan Allen, Moira McCanna Harris, Beverly May, Robert Cornthwaite, Francis Guinan, and Peter Friedman. The scenery is by David Jenkins, the costumes are by Jess Goldstein, and the lighting is by Kevin Rigdon. The judicious direction is by Terry Kinney. I hope that no one concerned with this excellent production will be offended if I say that it is an ideal play to take one's family to during the holidays.

"BABY," at the Ethel Barrymore, is a repellent little musical about pregnancy—whether to achieve it, how to achieve it, and what to do when one *has* achieved it. I felt throughout the performance as if I had wandered by ill luck into the "Getting Ready for Baby" section of some vast and unduly clinical bookstore; such snippets of medical information as I gained in the course of this purportedly frolicsome entertainment I would willingly have done without. The six leading players appeared to be having a grand time singing their bouncy, empty songs (music by David Shire, lyrics by Richard Maltby, Jr.) and speaking their bouncy, empty lines (book by Sybille Pearson), and for that proof of their professional competence they have my admiration. The scenery, which consists largely of a double bed and innumerable gauzy curtains propelled along tracks that are more intricate and more interesting to look at than anything taking place below them, is by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Jennifer Von Mayrhauser, the lighting is by Pat Collins, and the direction is by Mr. Maltby. This is the ideal show *not* to take one's family to during the holidays.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Music and Words

IF ever a show was almost saved by its performance, and by (it must be admitted) a kind of built-in theatricality, it is "The Lady and the Clarinet," at the Lucille Lortel. The dramatist is Michael Cristofer, who has, so far, made a career out of writing shoddy scripts about important subjects. "The Shadow Box" was about cancer and death, last year's "Black Angel" was about a leftover Nazi in France, and "The Lady and the Clarinet" is a comedy about woman's sexuality—in this instance, the sexual life of a successful businesswoman who is presumably in her thirties. Since she is played by the attractive and clever actress Stockard Channing, who is onstage from start to finish, we are halfway home, but we never get any closer. At the beginning, a clarinet player (Jay Dryer), in a dinner jacket, strolls onto the set—the living room and dining room of an apartment in this city. The heroine, wearing a bathrobe, enters and tells him that she has decided to have live music for a party she is giving that evening—a party for two. She starts to reminisce about the only three of her many lovers who have meant anything to her. The action is the reënactment of episodes with each of them, and between the episodes there is a monologue in which she checks in with the clarinettist, a fellow of sympathetic mien, who replies only musically. The first scene occurs when she is sixteen. There is a knock on the door, and in walks gawky young Paul (in the innocent, disarming person of Kevin Geer), an employee of her father's. She persuades him, after a lot of talk—I didn't believe a word of it—to initiate her into the glory of sex. Embarrassed, he agrees to a number of practice sessions to get her ready for the man of her heart; then when Paul arrives, in a decent suit and with a bouquet, she sends him packing. And so it goes. The next gentleman caller is a television producer and the repository of every cliché you've ever heard about television producers, and he is given a frantic, funny performance by Paul Rudd. He is married and has a demanding job; he is torn every which way, and he simply will not do. The third man is her former husband, retired and a widower, who meticulously and efficiently keeps house for her while she is at work, but who makes the mistake of telling her that he has been spending some time during the day with a young woman, a supermarket acquaintance. So goodbye to that one. This role, by the way, is performed with elegance and charm by Josef Sommer. As the play ends, the lady is again bending the ear of the clarinettist as the doorbell rings.

Since Mr. Cristofer is himself an actor, he can write parts. But they don't add up to a play, and while there is much that is droll or jokey during the evening, and while the actors certainly make the most of it, there is not a trace of real humor. Comedy is unquestionably the right idea for the subject, but good comedy, not dross. The performance goes briskly under the ingenious direction of Gordon Davidson, the artistic director of the Mark Taper Forum, in Los Angeles, where "The Lady and the Clarinet" originated. Stanley Silverman composed the amusing music, in a variety of styles. The setting is by Heidi Landesman, the costumes are by William Ivey Long, and the lighting is by Beverly Emmons.

PEARL CLEAGE'S "Puppetplay," a production of the Negro Ensemble Company, at Theatre Four, is propelled by the beautiful jazz music of Wendell Brooks on saxophone, which also supplies much of the feeling that is otherwise only implied in the dialogue and action. The play tells the story of two comely young women who have begun to behave like puppets themselves as they serve a real puppet (male), in bed and out, dressing him and feeding him and speaking all the worn-out phrases of domesticity, in unison. After examining their painful past lives, the women eventually free themselves from a meaningless contract, once they realize that it is not the puppet's empty tyranny but their own fear of living—which, no matter how rotten, is better than not—that is keeping them in bondage.

Miss Cleage's writing is spare, lucid, occasionally witty, and occasionally poetic in the best sense of the word, although there are a few verbal riffs of a speculative nature about puppets and the future, and matters of that sort, that I could have done without. Seret Scott as a timid woman and Phylicia Ayers-Allen as a bold woman perform very well under the direction of Clinton Turner Davis. The setting, a bedroom and dining room with an arrangement of screens behind them and a door in the middle, which opens to dramatic effect, is by Llewellyn Harrison, and it is lighted by William H. Grant III. Judy Dearing designed the costumes, and Brad Brewer manipulates the strange, menacing, humorous puppet, which was designed by him, Judy Dearing, and Marie McKinney. —EDITH OLIVER

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

Hedgehog-flavoured crisps have been banned from the menu of a mid-Wales public house: not as a matter of bad taste, more as a matter of bad description.

So now chemists at Wolverhampton Polytechnic are trying to develop a flavouring that will meet the local council's requirements for products labelled "hedgehog flavour".

Mr Philip Lewis and his wife stopped hedgehog crisp production in their kitchen at The Vaults, at Welshpool, after Powys County Council's trading standards department had a sample tested by the public analyst. He reported no trace of hedgehog in the product.

Mr Lewis was warned that he faced prosecution for a breach of the Trade Descriptions Act and, as a compromise, he has agreed to drop the word "flavour" from his crisp bags so he can resume production.

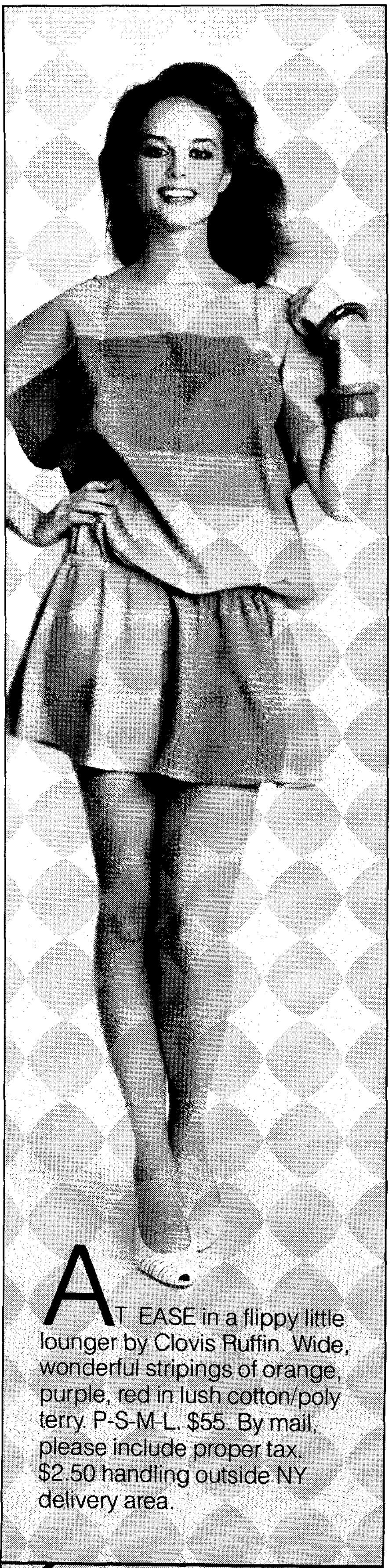
Meanwhile, he has asked his brother, a lecturer at Wolverhampton Polytechnic, to ask the chemists to find a hedgehog flavouring to meet the law's requirements.

Mr Lewis said yesterday: "The big companies all use flavourings for their crisps. There is no beef and onion in a packet of beef and onion crisps.

"Our crisps started as a joke, because we have several gypsy customers who kept asking if we sold hedgehog-flavoured crisps. I surprised them one night by producing a packet, but the thing snowballed because they became so popular.

"But I never dreamed anyone would seriously think we were using hedgehogs in them. We have some old gypsies in Welshpool who used to eat baked hedgehogs, and they have told me the flavour is somewhere between veal and pork. That is what the scientists are aiming for.

"If they come up with a suitable flavouring, we will consider putting it in the crisps if it is economically viable. We have been using herbs, and the crisps became very popular. One wholesaler wanted 60 boxes a week."



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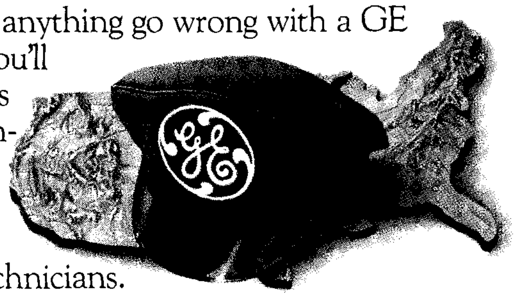

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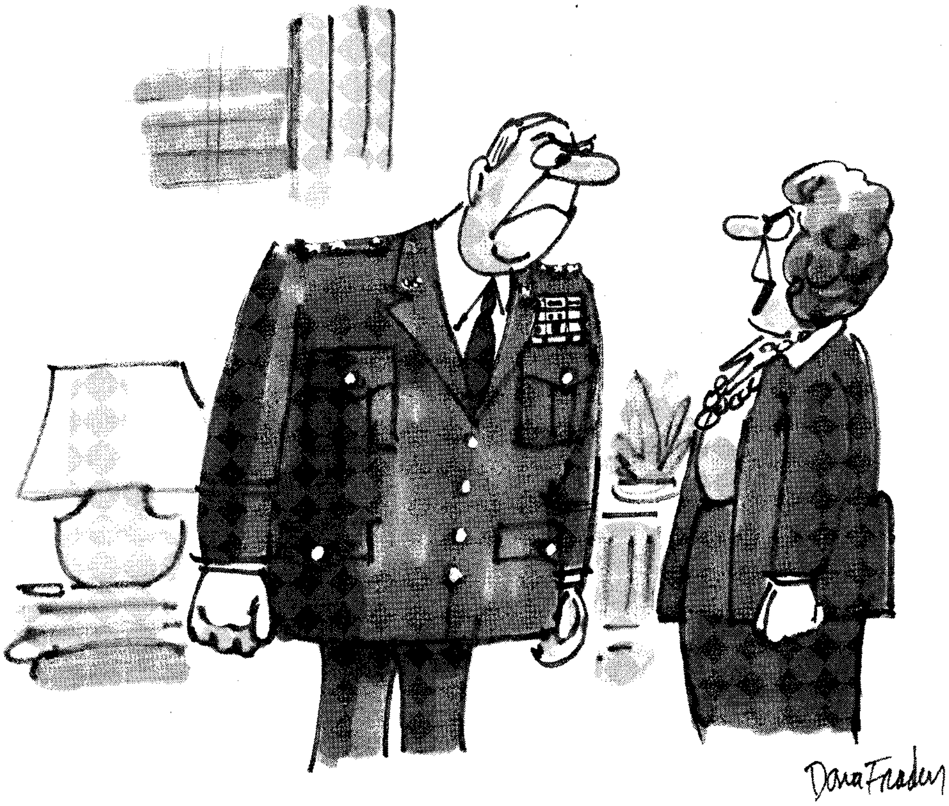
MUSICAL EVENTS

Manners, Virtue, Freedom, Power

MILTON BABBITT's piano music is some of the most vivid and attractive of our day: exhila- ating and rewarding to hear, and, to ıdge by the committed, enthusiastic erformances given by the latest gen- ration of young virtuosos—pianists ıch as Alan Feinberg, Robert Taub, ıleck Karis—exhilarating and re- ʼarding to play. Babbitt's "Canonical ʼorm," a thirteen-minute piano piece f uncommon brilliance, fascination, nd charm, had its first performance ıst month at an Alice Tully Hall ecital played by Mr. Taub, for whom was composed. It is a set of twice velve variations—if "variations" is ıe right term for the musical para- raphs, defined by pauses and, often, ıdences, into which it falls. The co- ent discourse is set out in lines of egant spareness and clarity. Each ıragraph is shapely; successive para- ʼaphs take up striking points pre- ously made, as matter for new obser- ıtions trenchant, thoughtful, or itty. The piano writing, never dense, largely in two parts; even when a ınd may fall upon two or three notes once they often make the effect of a ıgle complex sound within a linear ʼo-part progression. The piece nges the full keyboard. Some epi- des colonize a particular region; hers command airy, Berlioz-like ans from fundamentals to distant ertones. There are more conso- nces, more allusions to traditional ads, than usual. I don't pretend to derstand in detail the structural ba- of the work. (The composer's pro- am note tells us that "there is a ınonical series form' that is structur- y centric in that the lines, individu- y and conjointly, instantiate it and er to it.") But the ear made sense of —delighted in the progress, the pro- rtions, the control of tension and ıose, the sureness of gestures, the ef, bright riffs. One listened as if a new Goldberg Variations—to a nposition in which contrapuntal ence, imaginative fancy, and an in- ligence alert to the timbres, the onances, and the finger-determined ırations of the instrument conspire. Under Mr. Taub's fingers, "Ca- ıical Form" sounded wonderful. He yed a new American Steinway (No. 237), made this year—a warm, ar, full-toned instrument, strong but aggressive in forte, delicate but not glassy in pianissimo. His recital began with Beethoven's "Tempest" Sonata and continued with a Brahms group: two Intermezzi from Opus 118 and the C-Sharp-Minor Capriccio of Opus 76. After the Babbitt, there was Chopin's B-Minor Sonata. All were given exceptionally fine, satisfying performances in which large structure and incidental detail, easefulness and energy, musical argument and tonal seductiveness were ideally balanced. Even in a city where each week seems to bring forward new pianistic talent, Mr. Taub is outstanding. He combined intellectual force with grace, untrammelled virtuosity with poetic instinct. As encores, he played two Liszt pieces: a magical "Frühlingsnacht" (the Schumann song transfigured) and a captivating "Campanella." Mr. Taub's prowess can be admired on two records. CRI SD 461 contains Babbitt's Three Compositions (1947), Seymour Shifrin's "Responses," and Bartók's and Leon Kirchner's piano sonatas; the recorded sound is a shade hard and bright, but the playing is superb. Harmonia Mundi HM 5133 contains Schumann's "Davidsbündler-Tänze," "Frühlingsnacht," and the Liszt "Rigoletto" paraphrase; it was recorded on the same piano that Mr. Taub used in the Tully recital and does justice to both the eloquence and the tonal beauty of his performances.

I WAS away when Babbitt's "Paraphrases," for nine winds and piano, had its première, given by Parnassus in March, 1980. Parnassus' latest record, CRI SD 499, provides a chance of catching up. The disc also has Donald Martino's "Strata," for bass clarinet, and Anthony Korf's "A Farewell," for twenty winds and percussion. But "Paraphrases" is harder going than "Canonical Form," being in Babbitt's "bitty," or ejaculatory, manner, which makes both lines and pulse hard to determine. Parnassus, directed by Mr. Korf, is now in its tenth season and continues its adventurous policy of presenting works newly composed for it, works new to New York, and loving, carefully rehearsed, vividly executed performances of twentieth-century "classics." Let me pay belated tribute to its gleaming, impassioned, yet disciplined account, in Merkin Hall earlier this year, of Boulez's "Le Marteau sans Maître." The first Parnassus concert this season, again in Merkin, came to a climax with a finely poised, very well



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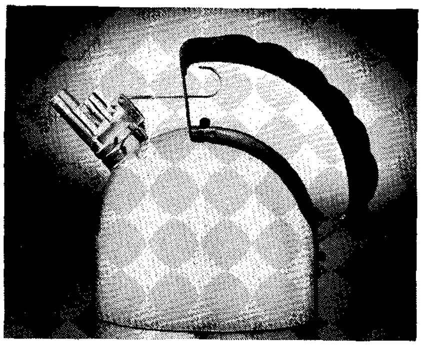

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balanced performance of Schoenberg's Suite, Opus 29. Dance and dialectic went hand in hand, and the textural hurdles set up by the combination of three clarinets, string trio, and piano were deftly cleared. The concert opened with the American première of Tristan Keuris's Eight Miniatures (1980), for clarinet, mandolin, guitar, marimba, viola, and double-bass—a small, exquisite composition by this attractive Dutch composer. The principal new work was Joel Feigin's Six Poems of William Carlos Williams, for tenor (Gregory Mercer) and an ensemble of eleven players. The poems are a sequence built on observations of trees and flowers. Feigin has overset them, I *think*: Williams' terse, precise imagery is subjected to Expressionist expansion in a way that seemed too violent, gaudy, and exuberant.

SUSAN BLAUSTEIN, whose Sextet (for flute, clarinet, violin, cello, piano, and percussion), commissioned by Robert Black's New York New Music Ensemble, had its first performance at the Ensemble's concert in Carnegie Recital Hall last month, writes program notes on her compositions so copious, persuasive, and informative that they leave listeners with little more to do than assess the results against her clearly formulated intentions. She ponders the past and analyzes its productions. Her "Ricercate" for string quartet, introduced at a Group for Contemporary Music concert last year, was inspired by the procedures of Schoenberg's First Quartet; while writing the Sextet she was, she says, "alternately haunted and inspired by certain pieces from the Romantic chamber-music literature," and the work is the outcome of "grappling with nineteenth-century notions of identity, line, form, and return." Both pieces are products of an orderly, intelligent mind; they are soundly and sensitively made; they are substantial and impressive compositions. "Well-made" is sometimes employed as an epithet of disdain—but better a well-made play, or sextet, or whatever, than an ill-made one! Of the new works I hear on the critic's round, perhaps only one in ten gets mentioned, sooner or later, in these pages, because for some reason or other it has remained with me. Blaustein's Sextet has. In the program note, she writes that she was "intrigued by the magical power of the long, arching melodic line in that music of the nineteenth century that tells a story with such compelling sweep

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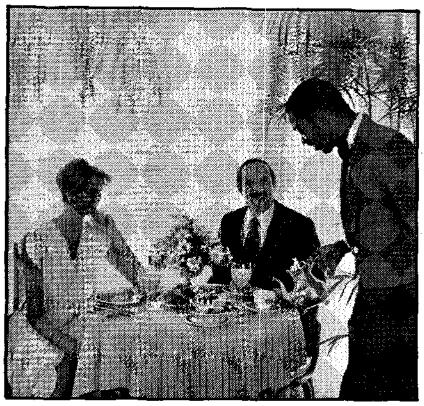

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that it need not end up where it began in order to satisfy our desire for closure." And there are long, compelling lines in the Sextet. But my enthusiasm for it, as must be clear, was tempered: by a feeling that we were being offered commentary, executed with masterly craftsmanship. I suspect that a listener who had not read the program note might share the feeling. The work seemed more intelligent than inspired. But it left me curious to hear it again. In any case, capable musical commentary has an honorable place—as literary criticism has beside literature. On technical grounds one could fault only the central movement, a would-be scherzo, for failing to establish its 3/8 pulse early enough; by the ear it was easily scanned as a slow movement with episodes of rapid figuration.

The concert began with Charles Wuorinen's scoring (1962), for four players, of six pieces from the Glogau Songbook (c. 1480)—a light, attractive, century-spanning suite. There followed Thomas Barker's "10/22 (R-681.7)," for solo vibraphone—horrid instrument when out on its own—which was based on the composer's notion that data discovered in ballistics research "could be transferred into a musical environment." Then there was Peter Maxwell Davies' "Stedman Caters" (1958, revised in 1968), for flute, clarinet, violin, cello, harpsichord, and percussion, which was based on campanological change-ringing formulas. It is in effect a small concerto for solo percussion with chamber accompaniment. Daniel Druckman, the Ensemble's percussionist, is a showy performer, but not even his skill and flamboyance could save "Caters" from seeming one of Davies' less lovable works. Henry Brant's "Ice Age" (1954), for percussion, piano, and clarinet, was arresting. Here, and again in the Blaustein, the Ensemble's pianist, Mr. Feinberg, made every phrase he played sound important.

The Recital Hall has been redecorated in gray and cream, and a new, wider staircase leads up to it. The ventilation system must be tackled next; at this concert the place was an airless little oven.

"ERNANI," Verdi's fifth opera and first essay in high romantic drama, is still an exciting piece when t is performed with spirit, when vocal bravura is wedded to dramatic conviction. The Metropolitan's new production—the first of the two new pro-

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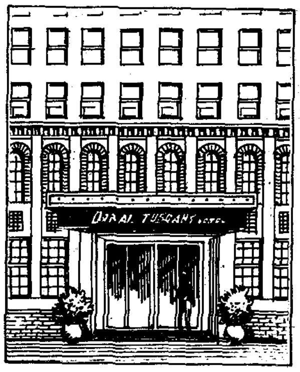

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ductions that, along with a "Rinaldo" from Ottawa, mark its centenary season—was a tame and vapid affair. On the opening night, something seemed to be happening only while Sherrill Milnes, in the central role—Charles I of Spain, elected Roman Emperor in the course of Act III—was onstage. Mr. Milnes began in uncertain voice but then recovered, and there was some emotion and some majesty in his portrayal. The others—Leona Mitchell (Elvira), Luciano Pavarotti (Ernani), and Ruggero Raimondi (Silva)—were dramatic ciphers. In the remarkable trio that constitutes the last act, they stood in a row, as if lined up before microphones in a recording studio. One forgives singers who can't act if by their singing they bring the drama to life. These singers didn't.

Verdi's letters written during the genesis of "Ernani" reveal how clearly, before a line of the libretto or a note of the score had been set down, the composer "saw" his musical numbers take shape on a stage, in front of an audience. Joseph Kerman, in his "Notes on an Early Verdi Opera" (*Soundings*, 1973), writes of the young Verdi's "extraordinary insight into dramatic essentials on the grandest level" and his "iron determination to project drama in music." The analyses of two passages—Charles's soliloquy before Charlemagne's tomb, and the final trio—show Verdi devising operatic analogues for big effects in Victor Hugo's drama, and the graphicness of the forms he found leads Kerman to observations like "In making stage designs for 'Ernani,' one should elevate the tomb of Charlemagne or do something else to assure that Carlo's entrance into it is as impressive visually as it is musically." The Met production fails because Pier Luigi Samaritani, its director and designer, seems not to have "seen" the music at all—either its large structures or its action-linked details. (This Charles slunk unobtrusively through a little side door set into the base of an equestrian statue of Charlemagne, to lurk there as if in a cupboard.) The action meandered through towering, mannered, rather vulgar sets—they suggested shopwindow displays inflated—that dwarfed the singers. James Levine charged through the score with coarse, insistent energy.

A verse of the baritone's "Vieni meco" was cut. The bass cabaletta "Infin che un brando vindice" was

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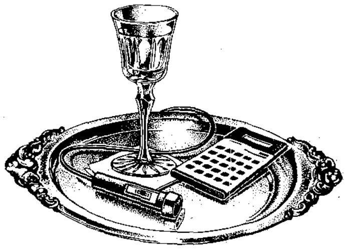

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included. It may or may not be by Verdi; Donizetti, who had charge of the Vienna production of "Ernani" at which the number, it seems likely, was first sung, and who had been asked by Verdi to undertake "any necessary editing" for the Vienna cast, has been plausibly suggested as its composer-compiler. (The coda is lifted from "Nabucco.") The tenor-bass duet that should close Act II was replaced by the insert-aria "Odi il voto, o grande Iddio," which Verdi composed, at Rossini's request, for the tenor Nicola Ivanoff. It has a good andante and a trumpery cabaletta. Julian Budden, in "The Operas of Verdi," remarked that by its inclusion "dramatic values are completely overthrown," since "there is no attempt to sustain the momentum of the scene." But in this particular production such things hardly mattered; the scene had no momentum. And it was interesting to hear the aria in context. Pavarotti has recorded it, along with Verdi's other insert-arias for tenor, on a CBS disc (37228). —ANDREW PORTER

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BOOKS

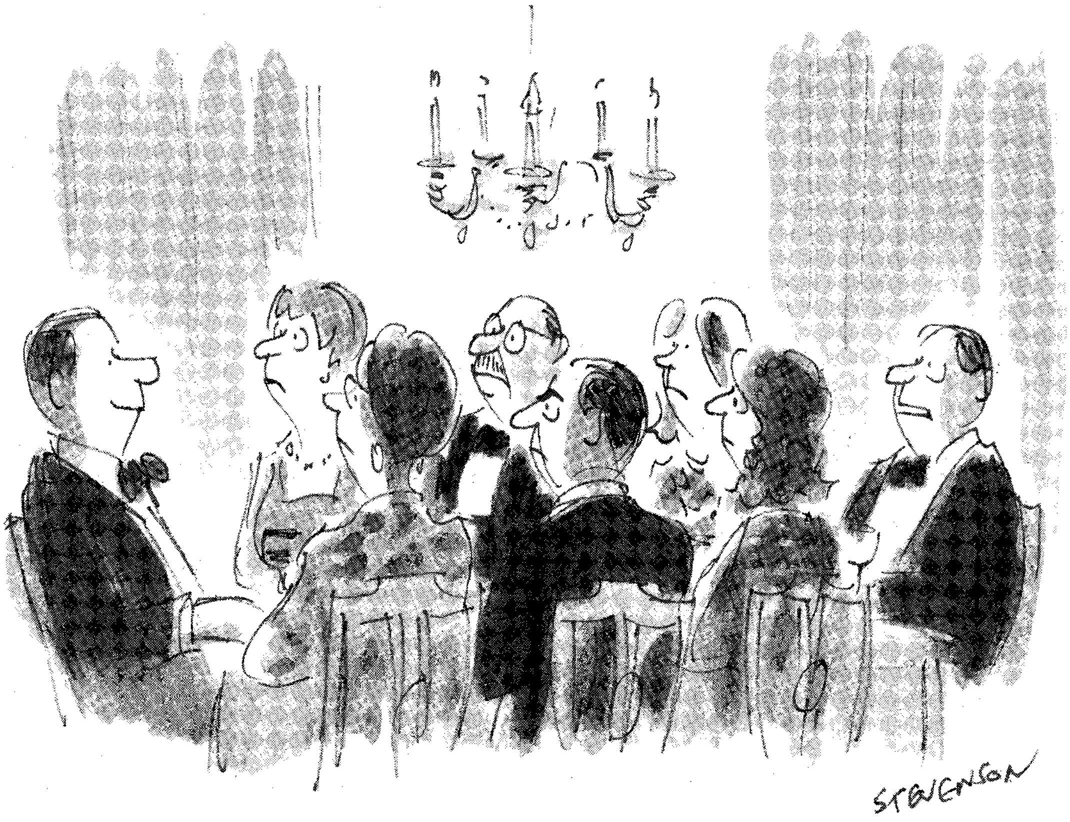
Killing Time

IF the novel published by Secker & Warburg in London on June 8, 1949, and by Harcourt, Brace in New York on June 13th (it was a Book-of-the-Month Club choice for July) had been entitled "The Last Man in Europe," a title still under active consideration by author and publisher as late as February, 1949, this coming year would be different. It would be different so far as journalism, publishing, political commentary, editorial and partisan pronouncements, academic colloquia, and the general enterprise of letters go. More subtly but incisively, it might be quite different in political mood and social sensibility, in the ways in which literate men and women picture and find shorthand expression for the image they have of themselves, of their communities, and of their chances of survival on a planet ideologically divided and armed to the teeth.

As everyone knows, however, George Orwell and Fred Warburg, his close friend and publisher, chose another title. (Both possible titles are mooted in a letter from Orwell to Warburg dated October 22, 1948.) Having completed the manuscript in November of that year, Orwell simply reversed the last two digits. Because of this more or less adventitious device—had Orwell finished writing in 1949 we would presumably be waiting for 1994—next year will be not so much 1984 as "1984."

The attribution of the year to the book promises to be on a megalithic, soul-wearying scale. The novel—"It isn't a book I would gamble on for a big sale," wrote Orwell to his publisher in December, 1948—has now appeared in some sixty languages, and total sales are thought to be in eight figures. In Britain, radio and television treatments began last August. A seventy-minute film, entitled "The Crystal Spirit," will portray Orwell's isolated, literally moribund existence on the Isle of Jura, in the Inner Hebrides, where much of "Nineteen Eighty-Four" was first written. Two further television programs are to show the relations between the life of the novelist and his works. Debate is reportedly raging over the question of scheduling. The dates under most active discussion are January 21st, the anniversary of Orwell's death, in 1950; June 25th, the anniversary of his birth, in 1903; and April 4th, the fictive date on which the antihero of the novel, Winston Smith, makes the first entry in his clandestine diary. A seventeen-volume, de-luxe complete works is to be issued by Secker & Warburg. The original, four-volume edition of Orwell's "Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters," issued in 1968, is to be augmented by four further volumes, running to more than half a million previously ungathered words. Penguin is to launch across the earth a newly designed "Nineteen Eighty-Four." Sir Peter Hall is actively considering a stage production of Orwell's "Animal Farm," first published in 1945, at the National Theatre. The summer school on Orwell to be held under the aegis of Orwell's "most authorized" biographer, Professor Bernard Crick (this absurd rubric is needed because Orwell himself expressly asked that there be neither memorial service nor biography), is only one, though doubtless the most prestigious, among dozens of similar academic literary seminars, lectures, roundtables, conferences to be held throughout the length and breadth of the land that Orwell renamed Airstrip One.

On June 7th of this year, the *Wall Street Journal* declared that the time had come for all good men to decide whether 1984 would be like "Nineteen Eighty-Four." The response in America looks to be extensive. Television and radio have already announced *numerous* programs presenting or dramatizing Orwell and the novel. The Institute for Future Studies and Research at the University of Akron will bid its guests reflect on "After 1984, What Future for Personal Freedom, Political Authority, and the Civic Culture?" A University o Wisconsin conferenc has as its them "Premonitions and Perspectives from '1984:' Has the Orwellian World Arrived?" The Smithsonian is commem



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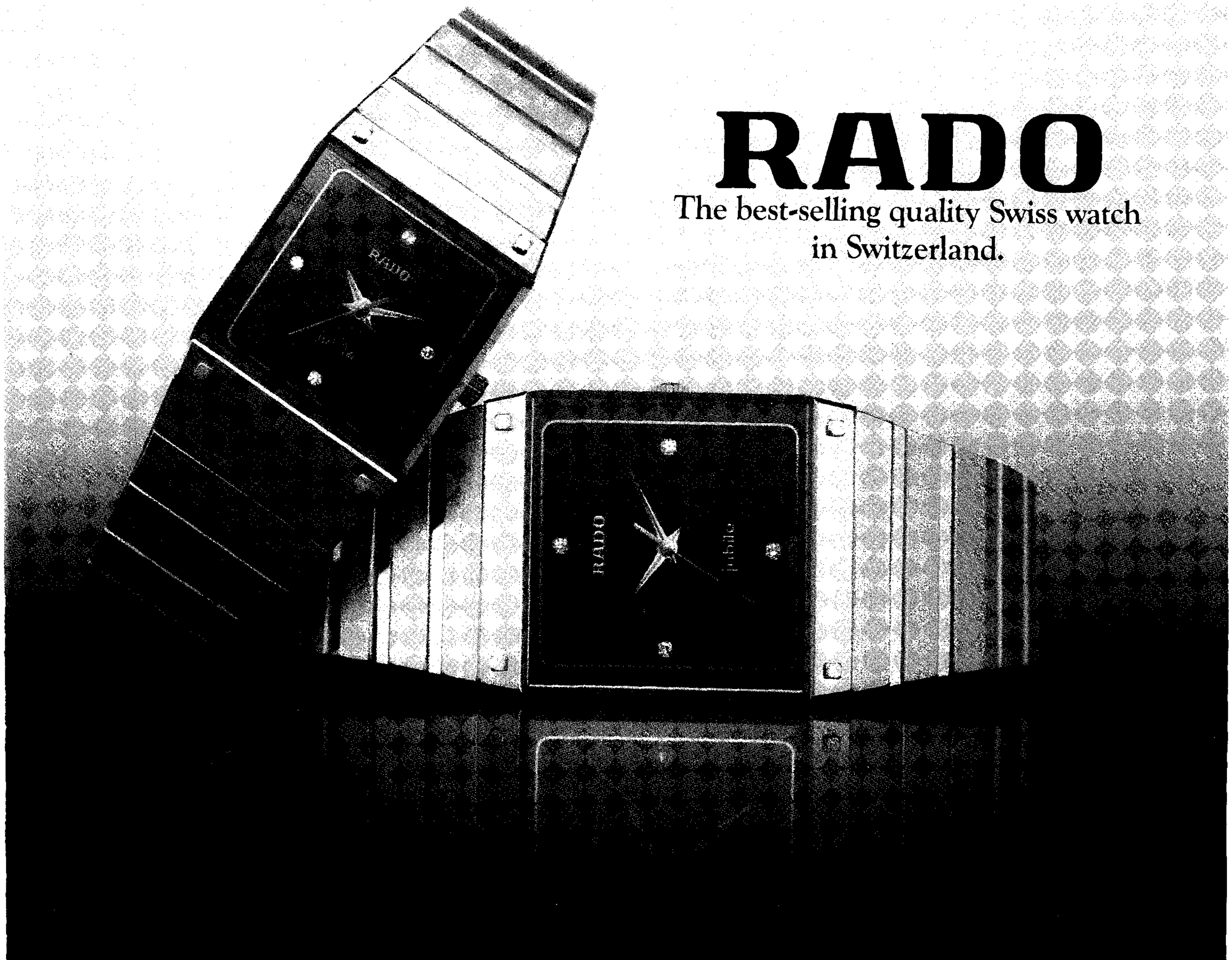

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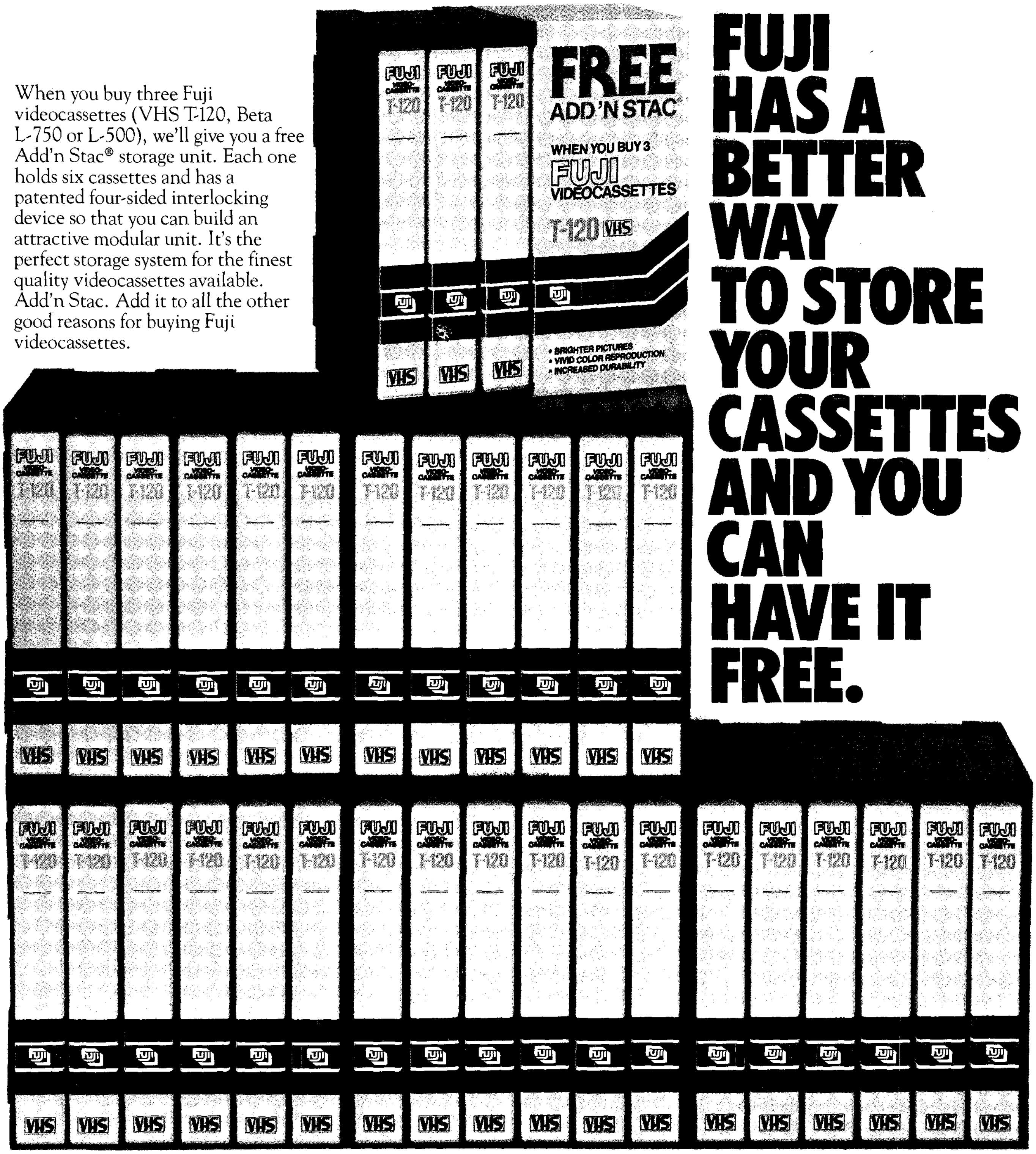
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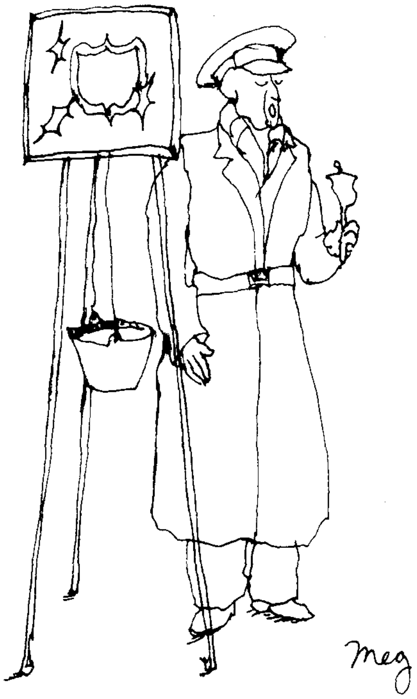
orating "Nineteen Eighty-Four" by examining whether or not the mass media can in fact exercise thought control. Scores of universities, educational institutes, adult-education programs, and high-school syllabi are following suit. Yet even these projects—and they can be matched by similar lists in just about every more or less open society across the globe—will be dwarfed if a project variously reported from Tokyo comes to be: it is nothing less than a summons to *all* living Nobel Prize winners to gather in Japan and propound their views on the truth, on the measure of fulfillment, of Orwell's nightmare of thirty-five years ago.

No other book has ever been publicized, packaged, and searchlit in quite this way. By statistical comparison, Shakespeare centennials have been discreet. But then no other book has sought to preëmpt, has preëmpted for itself, a calendar year in the history of man. This, of course, is the point. Like no other literary artifact, Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four" *is* its title. "The Last Man in Europe" would have matched far more precisely the underlying politics of the book: its monitory plea for a social-democratic Europe resistant to both the totalitarian system of Stalinism and the detergent inhumanity of a technocracy and mass-media hypnosis of the kind toward which the United States seemed to Orwell to be moving. By opting for "Nineteen Eighty-Four," George Orwell achieved an uncanny coup. He put his signature and claim on a piece of time. No other writer has ever done this. And there is, I think, only one genuine parallel in the records of consciousness. Kafka knew (we have his witness to this realization) that he had made his own a letter in the Roman alphabet. He knew that "K" would for a long time to come stand for the doomed mask that he assumed in his fictions, that it would point ineluctably to himself. The litany of the letter is spelled out by the English poet Rodney Pybus in his "In Memoriam Milena":

> K and again K and again K
> K for Kafka
> K from *The Castle*
> K from *The Trial*
> K the mnemonic of fear:
>
> . . .
>
> O Franz I cannot
> escape that letter K after K—

But although it is now active in scores of languages (I understand that "Kafkaesque" has adjectival status even in Japanese), the identification of "K" with Kafka probably does not extend beyond a literate minority. On a scale vastly beyond the enormous readership of the novel itself, "Nineteen Eighty-Four" has been, will be drummed into man's time sense. Shakespeare does not own "S;" no twelve months are his monopoly. The "Nineteen Eighty-Four" preëmption is one that neither literary theory nor semantics is really equipped to deal with.

In one of the innumerable pre-1984 opinion surveys that have been crowding the media, Len Murray, the eminently sane General Secretary of the British Trades Union Congress, put it this way: "Seldom can a year have been blackened before its time as effectively as George Orwell did to 1984." The uncertain syntax is an honest counterpart to the awesome complication of the theme. What is one to make of a work of literature, of a fiction, that "blackens before its time" a year in the lives of men? There have, to be sure, been other fated, baleful calendar years in the numerology of apocalypse. We know of the great panics that seized on Western European communities at the approach of the year 1000, and of the cultists now burrowing their way to Southern California in the expectation of a doomsday 2000. The year 1666 was regarded by astrologists and theologians as the year of the final coming of divine wrath, as foretold in the Book of Revelation. But such hysterical intimations do not arise from the adventitious tactic of a modern book title. Len Murray could have been more emphatic: *never* has any single man or stroke of the pen struck a year out of the calendar of hope. Should a thermonuclear catastrophe occur in this next year, should famine erupt beyond even its present empire, there will be countless men and women who will feel, in defiance of reason, that Orwell had somehow foreseen 1984, that there was in his "Nineteen Eighty-Four" some agency not only of clairvoyance but—and this is a far more unsettling notion—of self-fulfillment. And again the case of Kafka offers a possible parallel. "The Trial," "The Metamorphosis," and, above all, "In the Penal Colony" express a hallucinatory prevision of the Nazi order and of the death camps in which Kafka's Milena and his three sisters were to perish. Does prophecy coerce? Is there in clairvoyance of so overwhelmingly exact a kind some seed of fulfillment?



The "Nineteen Eighty-Four" phenomenon poses nothing less than the question of the fundamental rights of the imagination. Debate has ranged since Plato over the permissible limits of fiction. Does the aesthetically effective representation of sexuality, of sadism, of political fanaticism, of economic obsession induce the reader, the spectator, the audience to imitative conduct? In this perspective, censorship is not an inhibition of the freedom of social man. It creates for the average human being those spheres of spontaneity, of personal experiment, of therapeutic ignorance or indifference in which the immense majority of human beings wish to conduct their everyday lives. Has the artist, has the literary or philosophic imaginer of absolutes any right to live our inward lives for us? Need we, ought we to, entrust our dreams or nightmares to his mastering grip? Orwell himself was nervously, puritanically concerned with the effects of pulp fiction and of more or less sadistic crime stories on society and the imagination at large. Hence two of his most penetrating essays: "Boys' Weeklies," of 1939, and "Raffles and Miss Blandish," of 1944. Looking at the fiction of James Hadley Chase, Orwell finds in it a streak of corrupting sadism. Its gestures and values are those of Fascism. Orwell read closely. In Chase's "He Won't Need It Now," notes Orwell, "the hero . . . is described as stamping on somebody's face, and then, having crushed the man's mouth in, grinding his heel round and round in it." In "Nineteen Eighty-Four," this precise image was, if one can put it this way,

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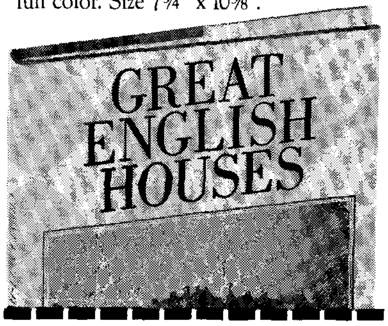

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to bear appalling fruit. Yet what of Orwell's own imaginings? The injection of ferocity, of vulgarity, of feverish tedium into society by pulp literature and the porn industry is an ugly but also a diffuse phenomenon, and one whose actual effects on behavior remain arguable. The preëmption, the blackening in advance, of 1984 by "Nineteen Eighty-Four" is a far more specific and compelling feat. Has literature the moral license to take from the future tense its conjugation of hope?

THERE is no evidence that Orwell ever asked himself this question. Neither metaphysics nor grandiloquence was his forte. His grainy sensibility was as resistant to elevation as the pudding in an English café on a November evening. Moreover, as Orwell wrote "Nineteen Eighty-Four" his own time was end-stopped. The tuberculosis from which he had suffered on and off for a long time declared its full virulence in 1947-48. Orwell knew himself to be a dying man. (He died some six months after publication of the book.) It may be, indeed, that terminal illness is the one constant in the inward history of "Nineteen Eighty-Four." Despite the available letters, ancillary writings, and contemporary testimony, there is much about the genesis and aims of the work which remains unclear.

In the letter to Warburg of October 22, 1948, Orwell states that he first thought of his novel in 1943. On the twenty-sixth of December, in reference to the publisher's blurb, Orwell says that what "Nineteen Eighty-Four" is "really meant to do is to discuss the implications of dividing the world up into 'Zones of influence' (I thought of it in 1944 as a result of the Teheran Conference), & in addition to indicate by parodying them the intellectual implications of totalitarianism." The slight disparity as to the date of inception—1943 in the one statement, 1944 in the other—is trivial. What matters is that we have no other witness as to either chronology. George Orwell has an enviable reputation for honesty, and there is no reason to suppose that he was seeking to deceive either himself or others. It is wholly plausible that the idea for some kind of utopian satire on an ideologically divided world, on a planet perilously split between superpowers, came to Orwell during the later part of the war in Europe and after one or another of the summit meetings be-

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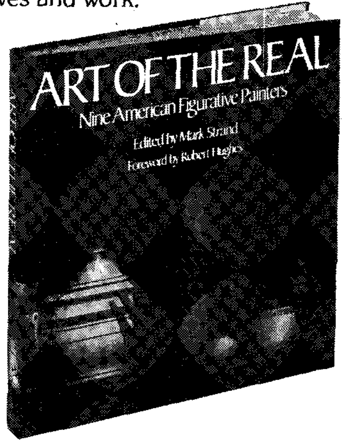

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veen Churchill, Roosevelt, and Sta-
n. Nevertheless, one should note that
ı early dating was very much in
'rwell's interest. For "Nineteen
ighty-Four," as he composed it and
; we now know it, depends crucially
ıd intimately on another book. And
ı this cardinal point Orwell's witness
—to choose one's words with care—
ıarded.

Orwell's review of Y. I. Zamyatin's
We" appeared in *Tribune*, a weekly
independent left-wing persuasion,
ı January 4, 1946. Orwell had read
e Russian text in a French transla-
ɔn. He termed it "one of the liter-
y curiosities of this book-burning
e." Aldous Huxley's "Brave New
orld," whose own influence on
Nineteen Eighty-Four" Orwell ac-
ıowledged repeatedly and with un-
orried ease, "must be partly derived"
ɔm Zamyatin. Despite appearances,
spite Zamyatin's self-exile from the
viet Union and the total suppression
ere of his book, "We" is, according
Orwell, not aimed at any particular
untry or regime. It satirizes, it gives
ırning of, "the implied aims of in-
strial civilization." Proof of this,
ys Orwell, is the fact that Zamyatin
s since coming to the West "written
me blistering satires on English
e." True, Zamyatin had found him-
f incarcerated in 1922 in the same
rridor of the same prison in which
e czarist police had put him in 1906,
t "We" should be read as "a study
the Machine, the genie that man
s thoughtlessly let out of its bottle
d cannot put back again." The re-
wer finds distinct qualities in Zam-
in's fantasy. Its political intuitions
d its insight into "Leader worship"
make the Russian novel "superior
Huxley's." But "so far as I can
lge it is not a book of the first
ler." Writing to Warburg on the
irtieth of March, 1949, when
Nineteen Eighty-Four" was going
press, Orwell supported the even-
ıl issue of an English-language ver-
n of "We." But again his enthusi-
n is distinctly muted. There is no
lication that he has changed his
nd as to its stature.

Zamyatin's "We," published in
24, tells of human existence in
he Single State." This state, ruled
"The Benefactor," enforces total
ıtrol over every aspect of mental
l bodily life. Surveillance and chas-
ment are in the hands of the politi-
police, or "Guardians." (Zam-
in's satiric pastiche of Plato's
epublic" is evident.) The Benefac-

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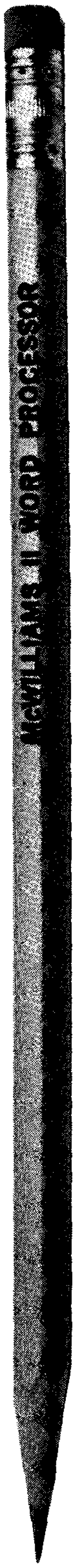

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tor's subjects inhabit glass houses, naked to constant inspection and recording. Men and women are identified not by proper names but by numbers. Ration coupons give them the right to lower their blinds and enjoy "the sex hour." The story of "We" is that of an attempted rebellion by D-503, who is, as Zamyatin was himself, an able engineer, but is at the same time "a poor conventional creature" (Orwell's description of him in his review). D-503 falls in love and is led into conspiracy. Caught by the all-seeing police, he betrays his beloved, I-330, and his confederates. He watches I-330 being tortured by means of compressed air under a glass bell. She does not break and must be eliminated. D-503, on the contrary, is given X-ray treatments so as to cure him of a tumor called "the imagination." He will live to recognize The Benefactor's omnipotent care.

I have expressly cited those elements in Zamyatin's fiction which Orwell picked out in his book review. "The Single State" becomes the "Oceania" of "Nineteen Eighty-Four;" The Benefactor is translated into "Big Brother;" Guardians are the equivalent of Orwell's "Thought Police;" Winston Smith does retain a name, but he is officially known and summoned as "6079 Smith W." The issue of authentic as against programmed sexuality, of an act of love between man and woman as the ultimate source of libertarian insurrection, is the crux in both narratives. The psychic and physical tortures under the glass bell are closely mirrored in Room 101 in "Nineteen Eighty-Four." The effect of Zamyatin's glass dwellings is precisely that achieved by Orwell's telescreens. Like D-503, Winston Smith will be cured of the cancer of autonomous imagining, of the malignant growth of private remembrance. So far as the plot goes, the difference is that Zamyatin's heroine dies unconquered, whereas Orwell's Julia joins her sometime beloved in betrayal and self-betrayal.

With one exception—and it is, as we will see, the touch of genius in "Nineteen Eighty-Four"—every major theme and most of the actual narrative situations in Orwell's text derive from Zamyatin. Without "We," "Nineteen Eighty-Four," in the guise in which we have it, would simply not exist. We know nothing of what may or may not have been the germ of Orwell's project in either 1943 or 1944. We do know that the actual

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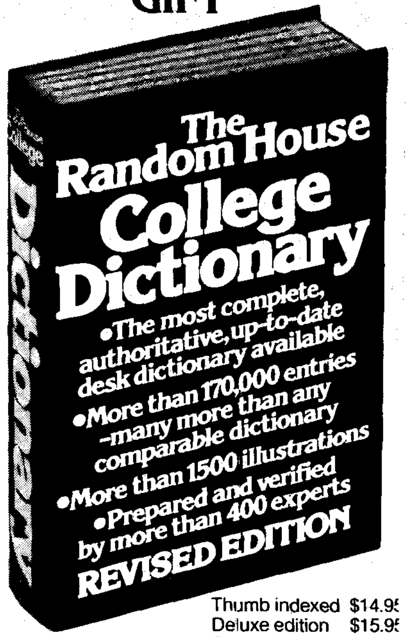
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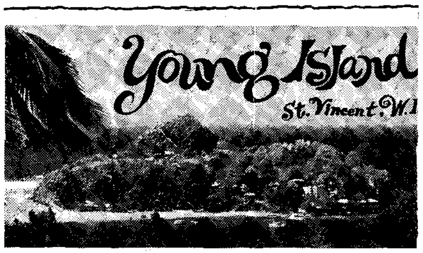

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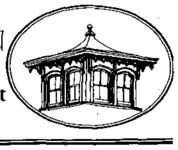

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plotting and realization of "Nineteen Eighty-Four" stemmed from a reading of Zamyatin in the winter of 1945-46. It was in August of 1946 that Orwell began his own version of the hell to come. And one must conclude that it was the absolutely central dependence of "Nineteen Eighty-Four" on its largely forgotten predecessor that made Orwell's references to Zamyatin so uneasy, so casual in their findings.

Other sources of suggestion are readily invoked. They include H. G. Wells' "The Sleeper Awakes," Jack London's "The Iron Heel" (a book :hat clearly marked much of Orwell's rision), and, of course, "Brave New World." More significant than any of :hese, however, seem to have been the writings of James Burnham. Orwell's "Second Thoughts on James Burniam" appeared in the periodical *Po'emic* for May, 1946. Burnham's con:ept of "managerialism," going back .o 1940, and his view of an apocalyptic evelling of human societies under echnocracy strike Orwell as pro-oundly suggestive. He finds Burniam's portrayal of Stalin in "Lenin's Ieir," of 1945, suspect; Burnham's ascination with the great war leader ınd potentate has produced "an act of ıomage, and even of self-abasement." 3ut certain motifs in Burnham's decription will in fact surface with Big 3rother. "So long as the common man :an get a hearing," concludes Orwell, .ll is not lost, and Burnham's prophe:ies may yet be proved erroneous. \gain, we note a theme to be devel·ped in "Nineteen Eighty-Four." On Iarch 29, 1947, when work on his ıovel was in full progress, Orwell ıublished in *The New Leader*, in New 'ork, a lengthy review of Burnham's 'The Struggle for the World." 3urnham's strident view that a Soviet ınslaught on the West is imminent eems to Orwell excessive. Its implicit icture of the globe as irremediably ivided between American capitalism nd Soviet Marxism is an oversimplification. There *is*, according to Orwell, third way—that of "democratic Socialism." And it is the historical duty f Europe, after two homicidal and, asically, internal wars, to show that democratic Socialism" can be made to rork. A "Socialist United States of :urope" may be very difficult to bring bout, argues Orwell, but it is cerainly not inconceivable. It may, in act, hold the fragile, elusive key to uman survival. Palpably, Orwell's ebate with Burnham points to the

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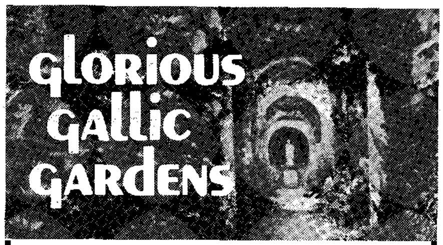

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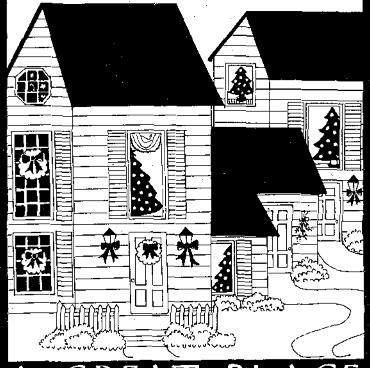

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"Eurocentric" pivot in "Nineteen Eighty-Four." It throws into sharp relief the full meaning of the novel's discarded title "The Last Man in Europe." Winston Smith's doomed attempt to preserve his individuality, to know and remember the historical past represents a quintessentially European refusal both of Stalinist totalitarianism and of the antihistorical mass culture of American capitalism. With Julia's and Winston Smith's defeat and abjection, "the last man in Europe" has been made extinct.

Orwell's article on "The Prevention of Literature" appeared in *Polemic* in January, 1946. Here, again, we can observe Orwell's views, and elements soon to be used in "Nineteen Eighty-Four," ripening, as it were, with Zamyatin's suggestion. " 'Daring to stand alone' is ideologically criminal as well as practically dangerous." No totalitarian order can allow the anarchic play of individual feeling or literary invention:

> A totalitarian society which succeeded in perpetuating itself would probably set up a schizophrenic system of thought, in which the laws of common sense held good in everyday life and in certain exact sciences, but could be disregarded by the politician, the historian, and the sociologist. Already there are countless people who would think it scandalous to falsify a scientific text-book, but would see nothing wrong in falsifying an historical fact. It is at the point where literature and politics cross that totalitarianism exerts its greatest pressure on the intellectual.

In this notion of systematic schizophrenia, state-enforced and controlled, we see the origins of "Doublethink." As he worked on his novel, Orwell came to see in the mere act of writing one of the last possibilities of humane resistance. He published his reflections on "Writers and Leviathan" in the summer, 1948, issue of *Politics & Letters*. Orwell's pragmatic socialism persuaded him that group loyalties are necessary: "And yet they are poisonous to literature, so long as literature is the product of individuals." It is when Winston Smith, feeble creature that he is, starts keeping a clandestine diary, starts putting his own words on the page, that Big Brother is threatened. True writing, observed Orwell, "will always be the product of the saner self that stands aside, records the things that are done and admits their necessity, but refuses to be deceived as to their true nature."

The theme of the relations between language and politics, between the condition of human speech and writ-

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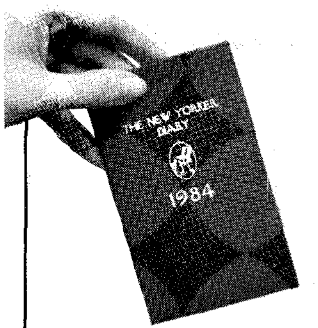

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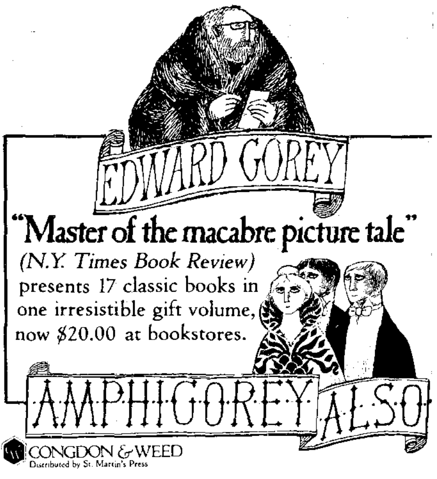

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ng, on the one hand, and that of the body politic, on the other, had moved o the very center of Orwell's concerns. He stated it incisively in the famous essay on "Politics and the English Language," of 1946. War propaganda, on both sides, had sickened Orwell. He sensed what would be the erosion of style brought on by the packaged mendacities of the mass media. Politics itself, wrote Orwell, "is a mass of lies, evasions, folly, hatred, and schizophrenia." And just because "all issues are political issues" this mass threatens to invade and extinguish the responsible vitalities of all human discourse. The decadence of English might still be curable. Never use a long word where a short one will do; use active modes rather than pas-ives wherever you can; no jargon where everyday English can serve; 'break any of these rules sooner than ay anything outright barbarous.' The close of the essay has the elo-uence of impatience:

> Political language . . . is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder re-pectable, and to give an appearance of olidity to pure wind. One cannot change his all in a moment, but one can at least hange one's own habits, and from time to me one can even, if one jeers loudly nough, send some worn-out and useless hrase—some *jackboot, Achilles' heel, hot-ed, melting pot, acid test, veritable inferno,* r other lump of verbal refuse—into the ustbin where it belongs.

One notes in passing that this closing hrase echoes a celebrated "Trotsky-sm." Trotsky and his rhetoric had oomed large in "Animal Farm;" they would do so again in the affairs of Airstrip One.

The perception of organic reciproc-ies between language and society is as ld as Plato. It had been reëxamined nd deepened in the political theory nd theory of history of Joseph de Maistre, the great voice of reaction nd cultural pessimism of the late ghteenth and early nineteenth centu-es. The writings of Bernard Shaw re frequently an avowed exercise in urging private and public speech of ant and illusion. Orwell adds to this olemic tradition a special interest in he corruption of language in chil-ren's books, in the popular arts, in ass entertainment and "bad" litera-ure (cf. the 1942 essay on Kipling, ith its analysis of the spellbinding oarseness of Kipling's idiom). But etween such critiques and the move Orwell makes in "Nineteen Eighty-our" there is still a gap.

Orwell's attitude toward Jonathan

"Is Balthus really any good?"
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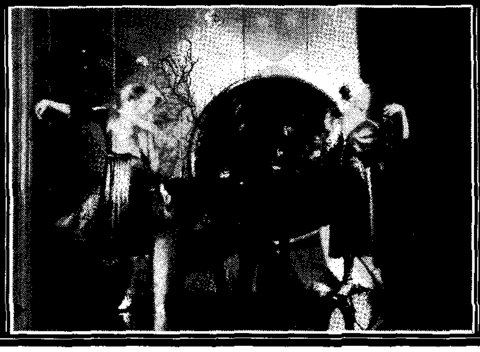

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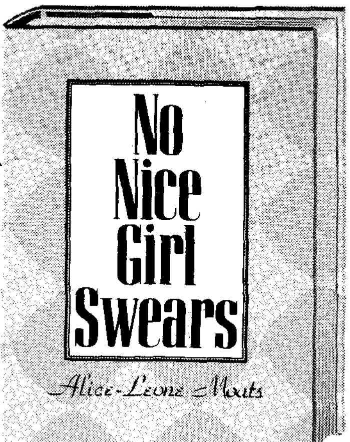

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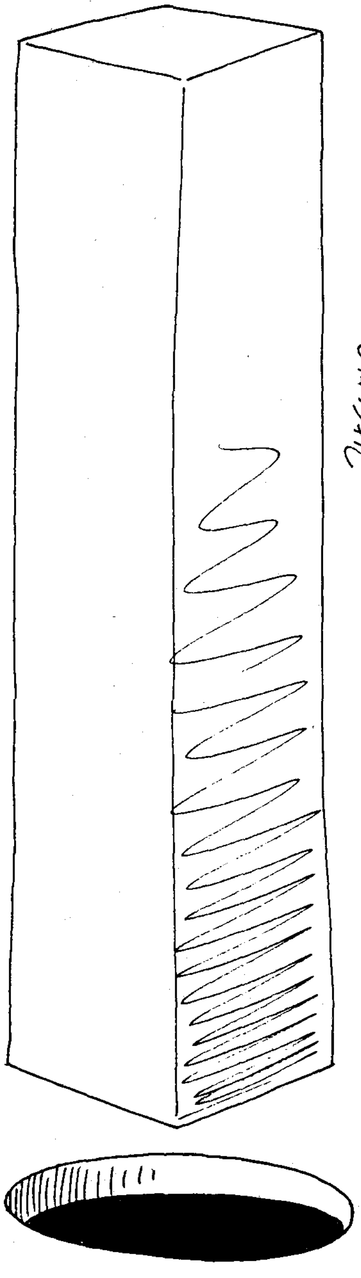

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Swift was ambiguous. “In a political and moral sense I am against him, so far as I understand him. Yet curiously enough he is one of the writers I admire with least reserve, and ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ in particular, is a book which it seems impossible for me to grow tired of.” It is, says Orwell, one of the six books he would preserve if all others were destined for destruction. The portrait of Swift latent in “Politics vs. Literature” (*Polemic* for September-October, 1946) comes close to being a self-portrait: “Swift did not possess ordinary wisdom, but he did possess a terrible intensity of vision, capable of picking out a single hidden truth and then magnifying it and distorting it.” In Part III of “Gulliver’s Travels” Orwell finds an “extraordinarily clear prevision of the spy-haunted ‘police-State.’ ” Informers, accusers, delators, prosecutors, perjurious witnesses throng the Kingdom of Tribnia. Indictment and counter-indictment are the mechanism of public affairs. Swift, remarks Orwell, anticipates the macabre automatism of the Moscow Purge Trials. Filtered through Zamyatin’s “We,” these several elements will be put to use in “Nineteen Eighty-Four.” But it is, I think, in another touch in Part III that Orwell came on the crucial hint. In the “Grand Academy of Lagado,” fiercely satirized by Swift, there are officious savants busy inventing new, systematically simplified forms of language. They are, of course, creating “Newspeak.”

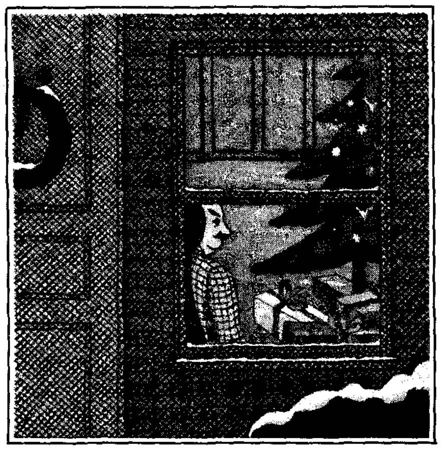
ORWELL’s seizure, development, systematization of Swift’s hint affords “Nineteen Eighty-Four” its claim to greatness. It is here that Orwell breaks away from and goes beyond the blueprint furnished by Zamyatin. “Doublethink,” “Big Brother,” “proles,” “Ministry of Love,” “Newspeak” itself have passed into the language. “Unperson” has become grimly indispensable in current accounts of the bureaucracies of terror, be they those of the Soviet Union or of Argentina, of Libya or of Indonesia. At a deeper level, and even without regard to the ghostly fun that Orwell is having with certain elements of Hegel’s dialectic as these appear in Marxist logic, the famous reversals in Newspeak—“War is Peace,” “Freedom is Slavery,” “Ignorance is Strength”—touch the nerve centers of our politics. The Appendix on “The Principles of Newspeak” has an unsparing authority lacking in much of the fiction itself. It was as i Orwell’s entire career as reporter, political analyst, literary and linguisti critic, novelist of ideas had been prelude to this chill statement:

> A person growing up with Newspeak a his sole language would no more know that *equal* had once been the secondar meaning of “politically equal,” or that *fre* had once meant “intellectually free,” than for instance, a person who had never hear of chess would be aware of the secondar meanings attaching to *queen* and *rook* There would be many crimes and error which it would be beyond his power t commit, simply because they were nameless and therefore unimaginable. And i was to be foreseen that with the passage o time the distinguishing characteristics o Newspeak would become more and mor pronounced—its words growing fewer an fewer, their meanings more and mor rigid, and the chance of putting them t improper uses always diminishing.

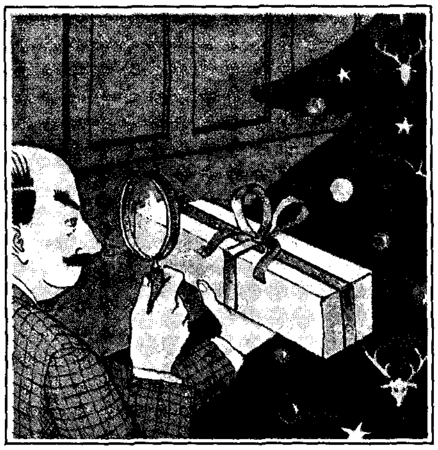
This axiom of economy may be th only inaccuracy in Orwell’s prevision based as it was on Swift. The Newspeak we in fact practice is one o verbal inflation: assassination withi intelligence services is reportedly labelled “separation with extreme prejudice;” recent developments in El Salvador or the Philippines are describe as “hopeful perceptions of human rights principles.” But the method the same. Clarity of representatio heresy of thought are to be made impossible by the elimination or obfuscation of the language in which the could be conceived and communicate One of Orwell’s dicta throws an a most intolerable light on much American primary and secondary education. Complex, polysyllabic word words difficult to pronounce, are i Newspeak held to be *ipso facto* ba words. Misheard, ambiguously registered, such words are not only élitist—they yield breathing space to nonconformity.

There is a sadistic, self-laceratin virtuosity in the uses to which “Nineteen Eighty-Four” puts this whole invention. Again, one of Orwell’s judgments on Swift is illuminating: “I the queerest way, pleasure and disgu are linked together.” The samples the translation from Oldspeak int Newspeak, the stylistic detergence an stenography of lies practiced by Winston Smith as he erases or falsifies a texts out of the past which might i any way cast doubt on today’s part line, are convincing. Though “goo thinkful,” “crimethink,” “joycamp, and “thinkpol” have not as yet foun entry into Anglo-American Englis they work effortlessly in the book. An we have only to open our daily pape

THE CASE OF THE HOLIDAY HOAX



"Bah, humbug," I cried unseasonably as I surveyed the puzzling presents clustered 'round my tree. " 'Tis not the spirit *behind* the gifts that's mystifying me," I mused, "the haunting question is the spirit *in* them."



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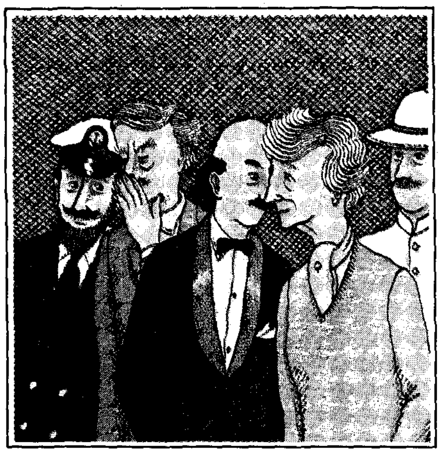
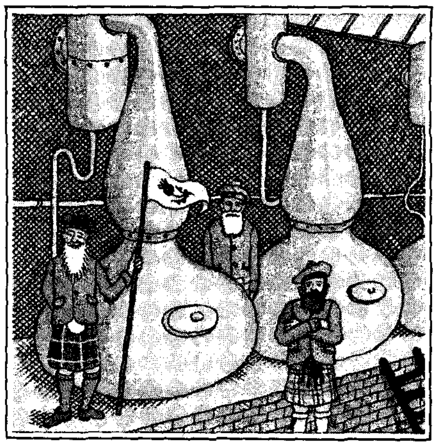
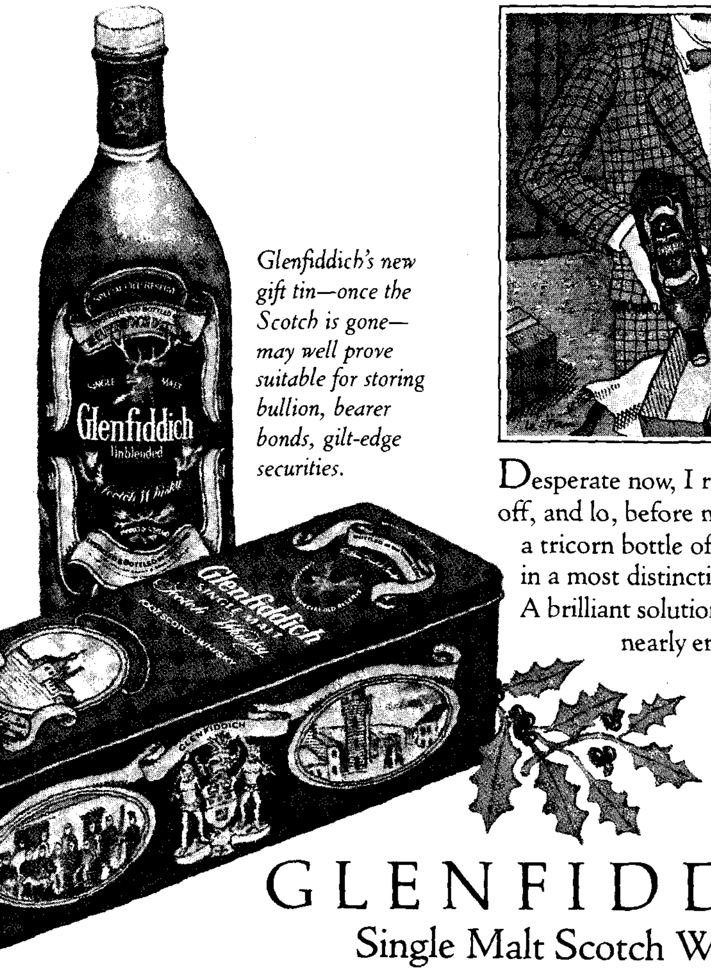


Despite the good will of the season, base suspicions filled my mind. "Was there a plot amongst my pals to put a *blended* Scotch beneath my tree? Had some cabal of cronies shared the sterling Single Malt among themselves?"



Then the horror of it struck me. "If my friends were not at fault, had the ancient copper stills worn out? Had Scottish Nationalists seized Banffshire? Was there no more *Glenfiddich* to be had?"



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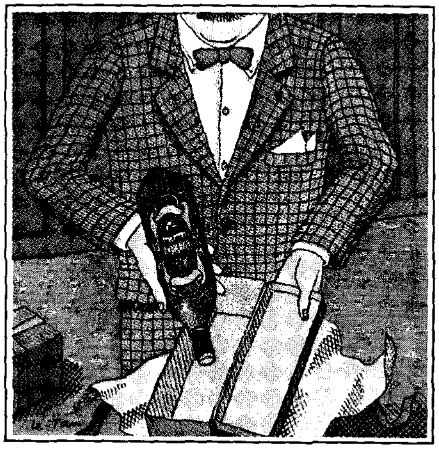

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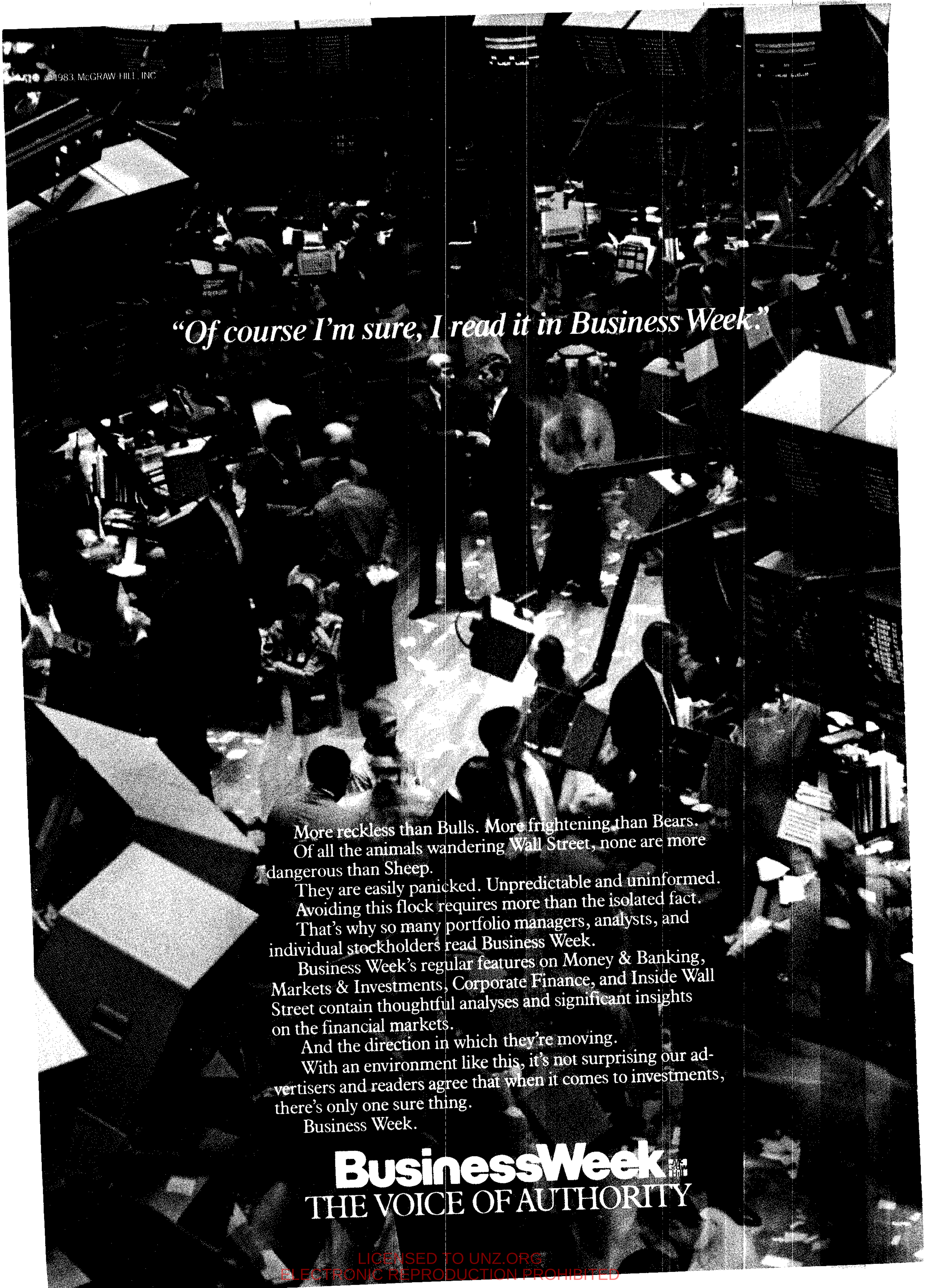

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or watch television to know just exactly how useful a term is "duckspeak": "It is one of those interesting words that have two contradictory meanings. Applied to an opponent, it is abuse; applied to someone you agree with, it is praise." Example: in Poland, martial law is a naked tyranny over basic human rights; in Turkey, it is a necessary preparation for the coming, one day, of democratic institutions. No less haunting and ingenious are Orwell's counter-examples, the explorations he proposes of Newspeak via negative inference. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron cannot be expressed in the vocabulary of Big Brother. They will, of course, be translated; such translation will change them not only into something different but "into something contradictory of what they used to be." In the Newspeak of licensed intercourse and procreation, the very phrase "I love you" will be an archaic, untranslatable "sexcrime." (A number of present-day manuals on the joys of sex or its social psychology are not far from Orwell's fantastication.) Even "I dream" will become, by virtue of its aura of private and clandestine freedom, an untranslatable and soon to be eradicated piece of Oldspeak. Had the author of "Nineteen Eighty-Four," one wonders, come across the boast of Reichsorganisationsleiter Robert Ley, bellowed shortly after the Nazi assumption of power in 1933: "Today the only individual in Germany who still has a private life is one who sleeps"?

The Newspeak theme exfoliates brilliantly. With a wink at the Britannica, Orwell tells us that the version in use in 1984 embodied the Ninth and Tenth Editions of the Newspeak Dictionary. But it is "with the final, perfected version, as embodied in the Eleventh Edition," that the Appendix is concerned. There are still prodigious masses of history, information, belles-lettres to be purged and translated. But by the year 2050 the great task will be accomplished. And at that blessed point language, as we once knew it, will not be needed: "In fact there will *be* no thought, as we understand it now. Orthodoxy means not thinking—not needing to think. Orthodoxy is unconsciousness." Or illiteracy; or a twenty-four-hour-a-day television system. Or the designation of a thermonuclear test by the title Operation Sunshine.

Little else in "Nineteen Eighty-Four" is of comparable strength. The matter of women and of sex elicited in Orwell's writings a queasy sentimentality. Julia is no exception. The bluebells bloom thick underfoot; the thrush begins "to pour forth a torrent of song;" Julia flings aside her clothes "with that same magnificent gesture by which a whole civilization seemed to be annihilated;" her body gleams white in the sun. Sex is referred to as "it"—not in Newspeak but in Orwell ("You like doing this? I don't mean simply me; I mean the thing in itself?" "I adore it"). Much the same sentimentality, at once genuine and self-ironizing, colors Winston Smith's mutinous descent into the "old London," into the forbidden world of the antique shop. There is the Victorian paperweight with "a strange, pink, convoluted object that recalled a rose or a sea anemone" at its dusty heart. "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's, You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's." Here are "girls in full bloom, with crudely lipsticked mouths," and youths chasing them. The mixture of fascination and repulsion experienced by Winston Smith, whose sensibility we are meant to recognize as humdrum and worn out, is at many points, and uncomfortably, Orwell's own.

Already, prior to "Nineteen Eighty-Four," accounts of torture in totalitarian police cells, of the methodical infliction of pain and humiliation on the human body, were numerous. After Auschwitz and the Gulag came the systematic bestialities of the wars in Algeria and in Vietnam. One's stomach has supped its fill of graphic horror and grown hardened. Nevertheless, the third part of Orwell's "Utopia" (his own exact designation) continues to be very nearly unbearable. Over all, this is as it should be. We are meant to imagine in our marrow, as it were, the hideous physical pain visited on Winston Smith. We are meant to retch at what is being told us:

> The elbow! He had slumped to his knees, almost paralyzed, clasping the stricken elbow with his other hand. Everything had exploded into yellow light. Inconceivable, inconceivable that one blow could cause such pain! The light cleared and he could see the other two looking down at him. The guard was laughing at his contortions. One question at any rate was answered. Never, for any reason on earth, could you wish for an increase of pain. Of pain you could wish only one thing: that it should stop. Nothing in the world was so bad as physical pain. In the

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> face of pain there are no heroes, no heroes, he thought over and over as he writhed on the floor, clutching uselessly at his disabled left arm.

This has stark authority. It bears witness to Orwell's unforgiving sense of the claims of the human body, of the perfectly legitimate ways in which these claims can, at times, overrule even the loftiest of ideals and obligations. Like Jonathan Swift, Orwell was rooted in the truthful stench and tearing of the flesh.

But it is not this articulation of agony that makes the close of "Nineteen Eighty-Four" so hard to take. We are, I think, up against something more complicated to define: a certain macabre prurience, a strain of sadistic kitsch of precisely the kind Orwell had tracked down in his studies of pulp fiction. We have Orwell's own words for it—he may, to be sure, have been deferring to his correspondent—that he found embarrassing the notorious proceedings in Room 101. The torture of the caged rats that are to be released so as to tear out Winston Smith's eyes and then devour his tongue was not Orwell's invention. One can read about it in those louche tomes on "Chastisement" or "The History of Torture and Mutilation" still to be found in the interior of secondhand bookshops off Charing Cross Road. But its application in "Nineteen Eighty-Four" has a kind of onanistic spell. There is "sickness" here, but in more than one sense. The letter to Warburg of October 22, 1948, contains an evident clue. The book, says Orwell, "is a good idea but the execution would have been better if I had not written it under the influence of T.B." That influence strikes one as pervasive. The tortures, the abjections, the self-betrayals enforced on 6079 Smith W. are, pretty obviously, a translation of those undergone by George Orwell in successive and utterly useless bouts of hospitalization. "*It was hopeless: every part of him, even his head, was held immovably. . . .* There was a violent convulsion of nausea inside him, and he almost lost consciousness. Everything had gone black. For an instant he was insane, a screaming animal." It is Orwell speaking, out of the pain of his wasted lungs, out of the pit of wasted therapy. How anodyne are, by comparison, the elegant, metaphysically observed encroachments of tuberculosis in Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain."

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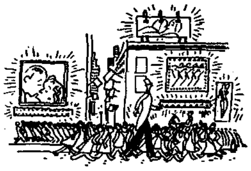

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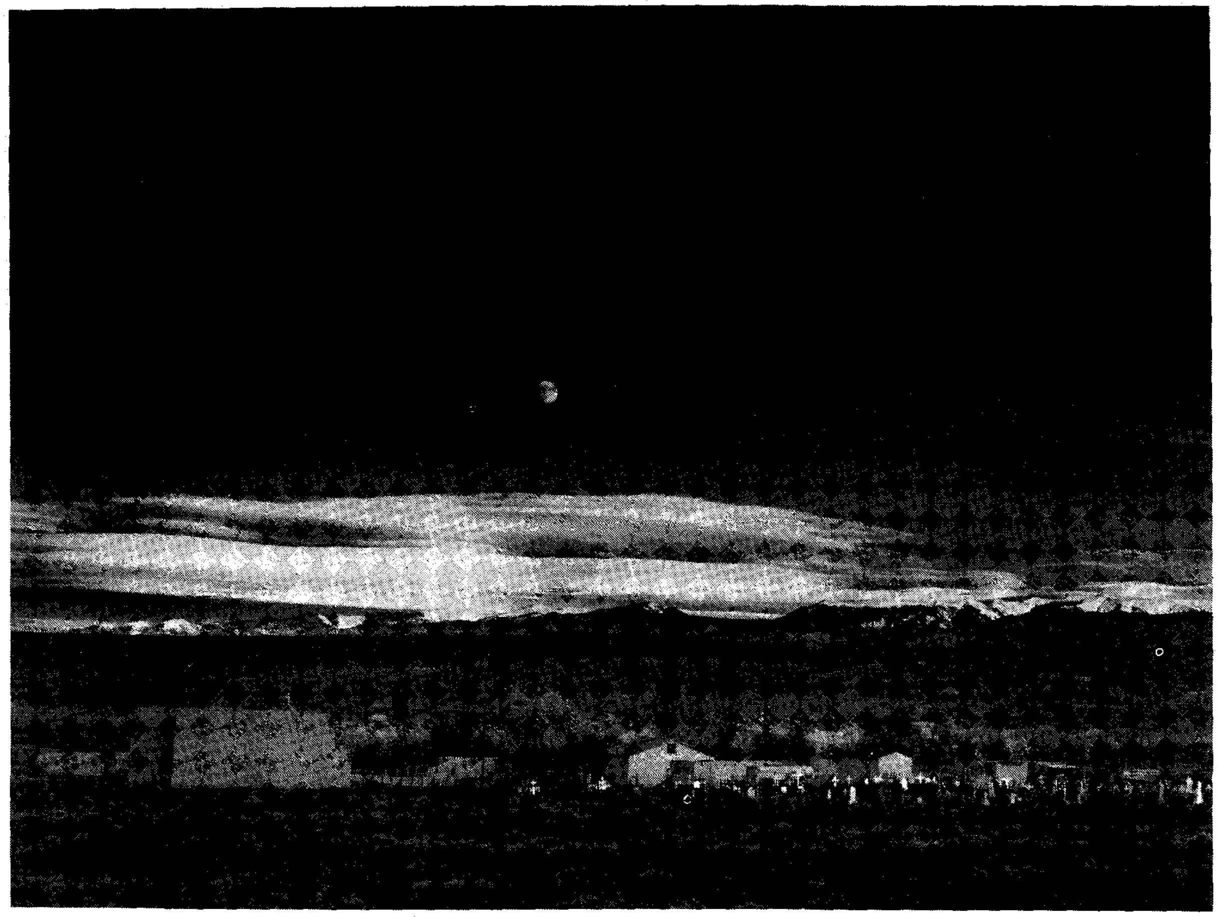

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teen Eighty-Four” is its focus. During much of the composition of the novel, Orwell seems to have viewed it as a monitory satire on technocratic managerialism, on mechanization run mad. In this light, “Nineteen Eighty-Four” would have been a blacker version of Karel Čapek’s “R.U.R.”—to which we owe the word “robot”—or of Charlie Chaplin’s “Modern Times.” But the book is nothing of the sort. It is a thinly veiled allegory on Stalinism, in which the actual events and ideological implications of the Stalin-Trotsky conflict are central. “Nineteen Eighty-Four” is at many levels an *expansion*, a literal “humanization,” of the schematic fable set out in “Animal Farm.” Orwell’s own statement, made in answer to an inquiry from Francis A. Henson, of the United Automobile Workers, shortly after “Nineteen Eighty-Four” appeared in America, is well known:

> My recent novel is NOT intended as an attack on Socialism . . . but as a show-up of *the perversions to which a centralized* economy is liable and which have already been partly realized in Communism and Fascism. I do not believe that the kind of society I describe necessarily *will* arrive, but I believe (allowing of course for the fact that the book is a satire) that something resembling it *could* arrive. I believe also that totalitarian ideas have taken root in the minds of intellectuals everywhere, and I have tried to draw these ideas out to their logical consequences. The scene of the book is laid in Britain in order to emphasize that the English-speaking races are not innately better than anyone else and that totalitarianism, *if not fought against*, could triumph anywhere.

In fact, however, the specificities of the Stalin-Trotsky theme cut across the generalities of the satire. And here Orwell’s attitude is highly ambivalent. “Goldstein” (Trotsky) is portrayed both with admiration and with distaste. The long extract given from Goldstein’s forbidden writings is an adroit parody of Trotsky’s own prose. When Winston Smith and Julia are trapped into joining the secret Brotherhood of Trotskyite dissenters, Orwell makes plain that this organization is as homicidal, as oppressive, as dogmatic as is the regime of Big Brother. Jewishness made Orwell uncomfortable. This reflex is patent in “Nineteen Eighty-Four.” It pierces in the bizarre motif of the woman who “might have been a jewess” being machine-gunned in the war film seen by Smith; it is made graphic in the person of Goldstein. Above all, it emerges in a little-noticed but crucial moment in the masterly Appendix: “What was

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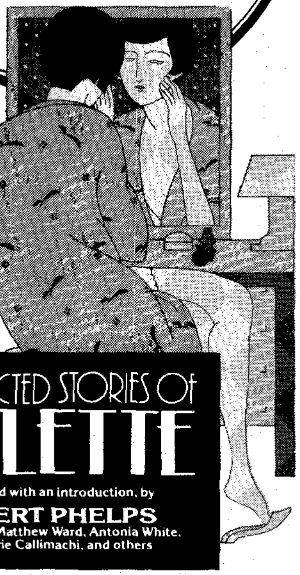

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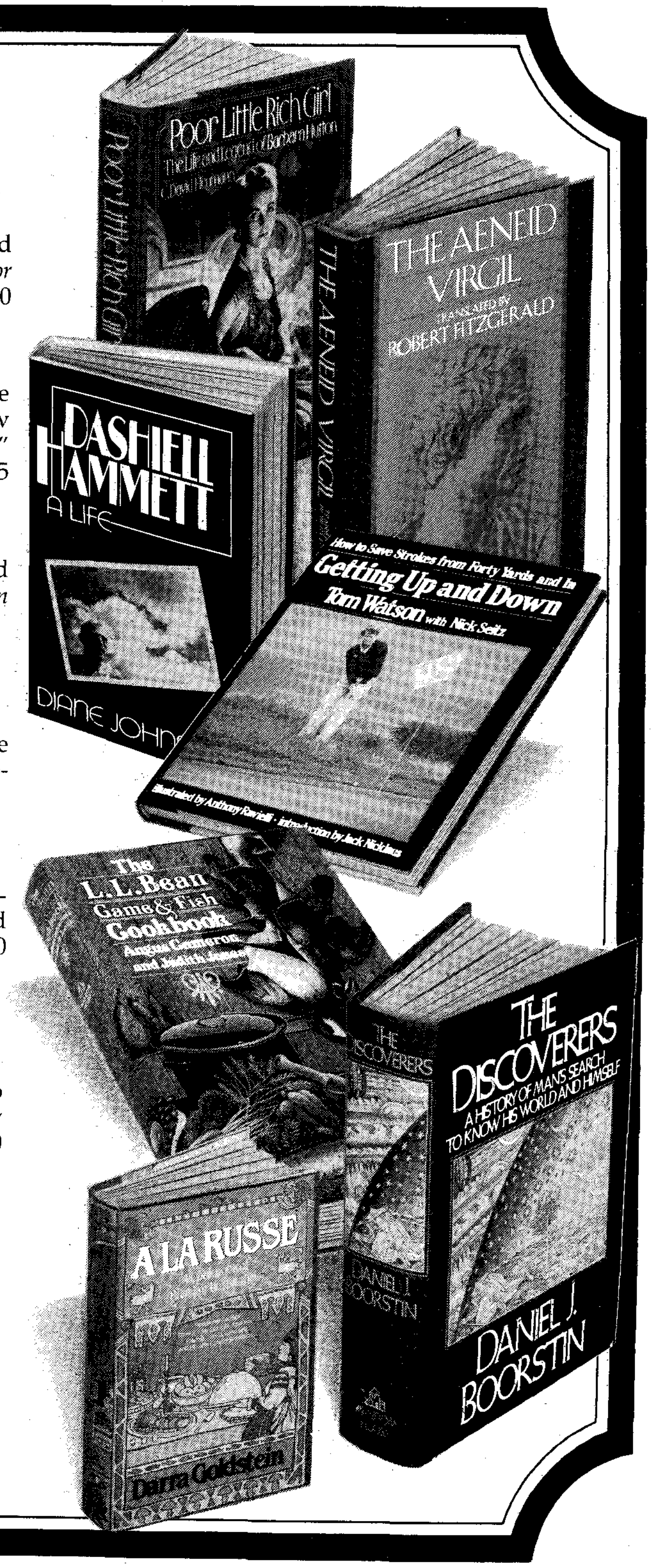
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required in a Party member was an outlook similar to that of the ancient Hebrew who knew, without knowing much else, that all nations other than his own worshipped 'false gods.' He did not need to know that these gods were called Baal, Osiris, Moloch, Ashtaroth, and the like: probably the less he knew about them the better for his orthodoxy. He knew Jehovah and the commandments of Jehovah; he knew, therefore, that all gods with other names or other attributes were false gods." Fair comment. But arresting in an advocate, in a descendant of Bunyan and of Milton.

At other key points, there are comparable ambiguities or confusions. "In the end the Party would announce that two and two made five, and you would have to believe it." Under torture, this is exactly what Winston Smith *will* believe. But there is more at work here than a fairly crass image of irrational abjection. The very right to proclaim that two and two make five, in the face of all precedent, of all orthodoxy, of all dictates of officious common sense, is that with which Dostoyevski's "Underground Man" identifies human freedom. So long, teaches Dostoyevski, as the human imagination can refuse assent to universal Euclidean axioms it will remain at liberty. Orwell knew this celebrated passage, of course. How, then, are we meant to read his use and reversal of it? What values, parodistic, nihilistic, or simply muddled, are we to attach to the injunction that those sane and brave enough to resist Big Brothers must be ready to "throw sulphuric acid in a child's face"? Winston Smith invents one "Comrade Ogilvy" for purposes of Party hagiography:

> It struck him as curious that you could create dead men but not living ones. Comrade Ogilvy, who had never existed in the present, now existed in the past, and when once the act of forgery was forgotten, he would exist just as authentically, and upon the same evidence, as Charlemagne or Julius Caesar.

Are we to conclude from this ingenious conceit that our own past history is unverifiable fabrication?

While working on this article, I have reread both Malraux's "Man's Fate" and Koestler's "Darkness at Noon." In regard to impact, to diffuse influence, "Nineteen Eighty-Four" is certainly the third in the set. It stands a good deal lower, however, in intrinsic stature. Malraux's remains a major novel, convincing in its sense of the uncertain density and intricacies of human behavior. Koestler's focus is

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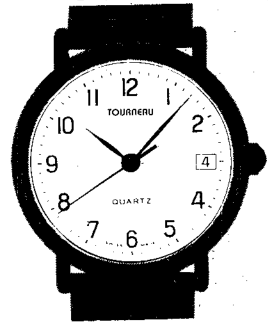

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sharp, as Orwell's is not. The sheer philosophic-political intelligence, the knowledge from inside, manifest in "Darkness at Noon" is of a different class from that in "Nineteen Eighty-Four." Such comparisons induce the interesting possibility that Orwell's book belongs to a very particular, restricted category: that of texts of tremendous force or ingenuity which should be read fairly early in life, and read thoroughly *once.* Such texts incise themselves on our minds and remembrance like a deep etching. When we come back to them, the impression of déjà vu, of imperative contrivance is, as in the case of certain famous news photographs, hard to take. Personally, I would include "Candide" and "The Red Badge of Courage" under this same rubric of the "one-time-unforgettable."

Will "Nineteen Eighty-Four" fade from immediacy and mass awareness after 1984? This is, I think, a very difficult question. "The actual outlook," reported Orwell in the *Partisan Review* for July-August, 1947, "is very dark, and any serious thought should start out from that fact." Nothing in our affairs today, domestically or internationally, refutes this proposition. For hundreds of millions of men and women on the earth, the all too famous climax of Orwell's vision, "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever," is not so much a prophecy as it is a banal picture of the present. If nuclear disaster comes to pass or our political systems collapse under the weight of armaments and greed, there may well be those—many, perhaps—who will recall Orwell's novel as an act of inspired annunciation. But it could also be that its weaknesses as an argument, as a work of art will tell. The memorations that will throng this coming year point to a work of relevance "in excess" but also to a book peculiarly flawed. Very probably, it could not be otherwise. For, as Thoreau asks, can a man kill time without doing injury to eternity?

—GEORGE STEINER

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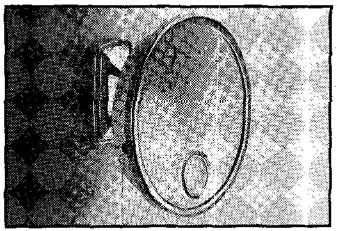

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